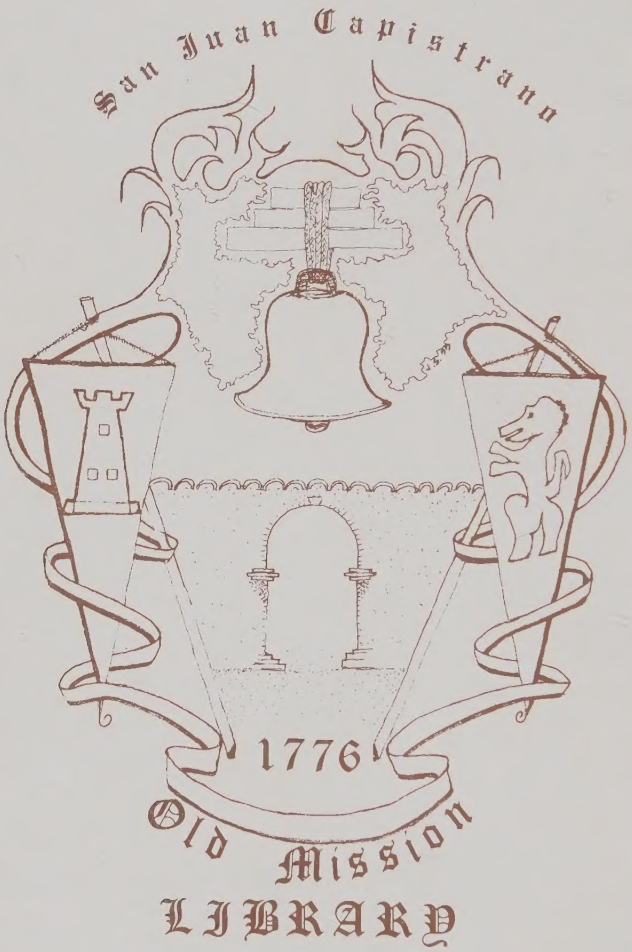
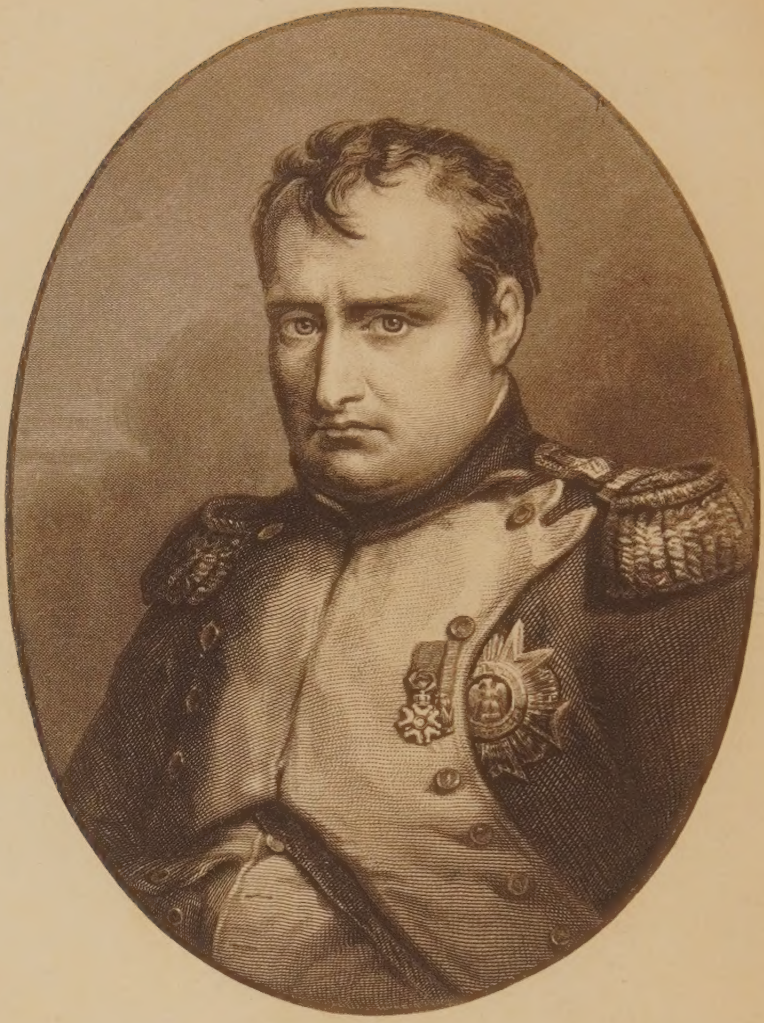

San Juan Capistrano
1776
Old Mission
LIBRARY

UNIVERSAL CLASSICS LIBRARY

ILLUSTRATED
WITH PHOTOGRAVURES ON
JAPAN VELLUM, ETCHINGS
HAND PAINTED INDIA-PLATE
REPRODUCTIONS, AND
FULL PAGE PORTRAITS
OF AUTHORS.

M WALTER DUNNE, PUBLISHER
WASHINGTON & LONDON

COPYRIGHT, 1901,
BY
M. WALTER DUNNE,
PUBLISHER.



MEMOIRS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON

FROM AJACCIO TO WATERLOO,
AS SOLDIER, EMPEROR, HUSBAND

BY

MADAME JUNOT
DUCHESSE DE D'ABRANTÈS

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II

WITH SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY

S. M. HAMILTON
EDITOR OF "LETTERS TO WASHINGTON"

M. WALTER DUNNE, PUBLISHER
WASHINGTON & LONDON

COPYRIGHT, 1901,
BY
M. WALTER DUNNE,
PUBLISHER

ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME I.

THE BEDCHAMBER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE IN THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU . . . . . *Frontispiece*
Hand-painted photogravure.

NAPOLEON AT CAIRO 215
Photogravure after Gerôme.

VOLUME II.

NAPOLEON, 1815 . . . . . *Frontispiece*
Photogravure after Sandoz.

THE THRONE OF NAPOLEON IN THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU 233

VOLUME III.

THE EDUCATION OF THE KING OF ROME . . . . *Frontispiece*
After Zamacois.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND 347
Photogravure after Gerard.

CONTENTS

VOL. II.

PAGE

CHAPTER I.— Napoleon's harshness to Josephine — Her jealousy of Madame Junot — Interviews with the First Consul at unofficial hours — Arrival of Junot — A hunting scene — Madame Junot's return to Paris 1

CHAP. II.— The theatres — A snuffy tragedian — The opera — A masked Ball 22

CHAP. III.— Private theatre at Malmaison — Actors and their critics — The bootless dragoon — Anecdote of Isabey — Leapfrog with the First Consul — Punch of the Republic 31

CHAP. IV.— Festivities in Paris — Career of General Brune — His murder — Junot's incomplete report 41

CHAP. V.— Count Louis von Cobentzel — Amusing scene with a special courier from Vienna 50

CHAP. VI.— *La Comédie Française* — General Sprengporten — Madame Récamier 56

CHAP. VII.— Uneasiness of General Rapp — Junot's interview with the First Consul — Order of the day regarding the Battle of Nazareth 62

CHAP. VIII. — Hoax upon the Princess Dolgorouki — M. De Lacépède — Perilous position of M. Robert 68

CHAP. IX.— Visit to Mademoiselle Clairon — The Queen of Babylon without bread — Her bust of Voltaire — Her opinion of Mademoiselle Mars — The mysterious shot 76

CHAP. X.— Admiral Linois's engagement — The flotilla at Boulogne — Scandalous pamphlets — The First Consul reproaches General Junot — General Junot's wound at Milan 83

CHAP. XI.— General Lannes's freedom — An appeal for an audience — Certificate of examination 99

CHAP. XII.— Illness of Madame Permon — Madame Junot's confinement — A merry dinner-party — Poor Andoche — An impromptu visit to the Tuileries — Birth of Junot's eldest daughter 106

CHAP. XIII.— M. d'Offreville a terrible bore — Talma — Comic scene at the *Théâtre Montansier* — The runaway cabriolet . 116

CHAP. XIV.— The King of Etruria — M. de Talleyrand — A Tuscan *Fête* — *Œdipus* at the *Comédie Française* — Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely — Proposed creation of the Legion of Honor — Cardinal Consalvi — *Te Deum* at Notre Dame 126

CHAP. XV.— Death of Madame Permon — Departure of Madame Leclerc for St. Domingo — Her fondness for dress — Toussaint — Death of General Leclerc 138

PAGE

CHAP. XVI. — Peace with England — Charles James Fox in Paris — Anecdote of Fox — The First Consul's coat — His well-shaped legs — Story of a Marseilles banker 149

CHAP. XVII. — Arrival of foreigners in Paris — The Duchess of Courland — Lady Conyngham — Lord Whitworth — "The Marquis of Steyne" — Count Philip von Cobentzel — Madame Demidoff 159

CHAP. XVIII. — The painter David — The Gobelin tapestries — The Museum of Painting and Sculpture at the Louvre — Cabinet of medals — Story of M. de Sartine — Intolerance of the clergy — The curé of St. Roche and Mademoiselle Chameroi — Napoleon's dignified rebuke 167

CHAP. XIX. — Cardinal Caprara — Baptism of Junot's eldest daughter — A little devil — Disappearance of Cardinal Caprara's biretta — The First Consul's godchild — General and the Countess Verdier — Madame Marmont 176

CHAP. XX. — The First Consulship for life — Breakfast given by General Junot — Present from the First Consul — Little Josephine Junot — Illness of Junot — Unexpected visit from Napoleon 185

CHAP. XXI. — Preparing for war with England — Proposed seizure of the English in a time of peace — Junot's remonstrances — Junot at Arras 196

CHAP. XXII. — Conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru — Arrest of Moreau — Death of the Duc d'Enghien — The Marshal Prince of Eckmühl 205

CHAP. XXIII. — Creation of the Legion of Honor — The Emperor at Boulogne — The manufactures of Lyons — Arrival of the Pope . 215

CHAP. XXIV. — The formation of the New Court — Madame Leclerc — Napoleon and his brothers 226

CHAP. XXV. — The Coronation of Napoleon and Josephine . . . 233

CHAP. XXVI. — Junot sent as Ambassador to Lisbon — The Emperor on the duties of ambassadors' wives — A drum major in petticoats — Arrival at Madrid 239

CHAP. XXVII. — The Spanish Court — Visit to Aranjuez — A Royal audience 249

CHAP. XXVIII. — The Prince of the Peace — The Spanish Royal Family — Beurnonville and Tallien 260

CHAP. XXIX. — Journey to Lisbon — Meeting with Jerôme Bonaparte — Marries Miss Patterson of Baltimore — The yellow fever — Ceremonies on arriving at Lisbon — General Lannes's house — Portuguese customs 271

CHAP. XXX. — Junot's scars — Hoops at Court — Presentation to the Royal Family — Lord Robert and Lady Fitzgerald — Lord Strangford — Foreign Ministers at Lisbon — The Papal Nuncio . . . 288

CHAP. XXXI. — Portuguese nobility — Society at Lisbon — General Lannes's sabre — Religious ceremony at the new convent — An autoclave — The theater at Lisbon 302

CHAP. XXXII. — The poison of flowers — The fortifications of Lisbon — Cintra — Defeat of Admiral Villeneuve — Commander Baudin's boasts — General Junot arrives, like Jehu, at Brunn . 313

PAGE

CHAP. XXXIII.— Caught in a storm on the Tagus — The Battle of Trafalgar — Capture of Ulm — The Battle of the three Emperors at Austerlitz — Marriage of the Viceroy of Italy — Madame Junot receives the order of St. Elizabeth — Fire caused by a water jug 326

CHAP. XXXIV.— *Fête* upon the "Topaze" — Monsignore Galeppi in a convivial mood — The Sorceress — Terrible death of the Princess of the Asturias — Madame Junot's return to Paris — Breakfast with the Empress Josephine — Presentation to *Madame Mère* 340

CHAP. XXXV.— The mother of Napoleon — The ladies of her Household — The other members of it — Madame de St. Martin's shawl — Naval operations — General Junot at Parma 352

CHAP. XXXVI.— Machinations of the Jesuits at Parma — Royal promotions in the Bonaparte family — Madame Campan — Conversation with the Emperor — Return of General Junot from Italy 368

CHAP. XXXVII.— General Junot appointed Governor of Paris — Congratulations of the twelve Mayors — In waiting at Pont-sur-Seine — Gianni — The Arch-Chancellor Cambacérès — Death of Fox 385

CHAP. XXXVIII.— Junot's home at Raincy — The campaign of 1806 — Valor of Marshal Davoût — Disloyalty of General Bernadotte — Ney at Magdeburg — The Berlin Decrees . . . 396

CHAP. XXXIX.— The Prince of Hatzfeld's indiscretion — Junot's defense of Dupuy in Egypt — Madame Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely 402

CHAP. XL.— Junot's father and mother — Murat's plumes — Intrigues for the succession — The Battle of Eylau — The Marshals at loggerheads — Augereau's costume — The great Sanhedrim . 412

CHAP. XLI.—The Princess Borghèse and her Household — Amateur theatricals — Mademoiselle Mars 425

CHAP. XLII.— The Duchess of Dantzic — Queen Hortense — The Emperor's Privy Purse — M. de Las Cases — The Battle of Friedland — The Duke of Belluno — The meeting at Tilsit — The Emperor Alexander — The Queen of Prussia 435

CHAP. XLIII.— Junot's flirtation with the Grand-Duchess of Berg — Napoleon's censure of it — Projected duel with Murat — Cardinal Maury — The Emperor in church — Haroun Alraschid — Festivities in Paris — Junot's quarrel with Clarke — His departure for the South 450

MEMOIRS OF MADAME JUNOT

DUCHESS OF ABRANTÈS

CHAPTER I.

Influence of the Weather on the First Consul — The Lord of the Château — Imperious Requisitions of the First Consul — The Ravine and the Calash — Useless Tears of Madame Bonaparte — Concession of the First Consul in My Favor — Bonaparte's Ill Humor and Irascibility — Madame Bonaparte's Journey to Plombières — Madame Louis Bonaparte Replacing Her Mother at Malmaison — Madame Bessières — Reversis and the Hearts — The Fish — Little Bièvre — The Court and the Cage — The First Consul Reading His Dispatches in My Chamber — Five O'clock in the Morning — Admirable Maxims on the Duties of a Chief Magistrate — Seeing Everything with One's Own Eyes, and the Petition of a Widow — Pretty Writing and Declaration — Amorous Assignations Turned over to the Minister of Police — Six in the Morning — Visit of the Next Day — A Gazette — Mademoiselle Abel and the Prince of Wirtemberg — The Archduke Charles — A Compliment from Bonaparte — Breakfast at Butard — Night of Distress — Carrying off the Key and the Door Double-Locked — Fresh Visit of the First Consul — The Master Key — Embarrassing Situation and Cruel Perplexity — Arrival of Junot at Malmaison — Monge, and the First Consul's Gayety — A Game of Chess with Bonaparte — Junot's Mistaken Suspicion — Indescribable Situation — Junot Asleep, and the First Consul at my Door — Incredible Scene — Bonaparte and Myself in a Calash — The Lie Given in Form, and without Any Consequences — Explanation — My Mother's Letter Shown to the First Consul — End of a Painful Scene, and My Departure for Paris — Return of Madame Bonaparte, and Visit to Malmaison — The Anniversary and Singular Memory of the First Consul.

Air and exercise were necessary to Napoleon's existence, and the privation of them, from rain or any other cause, chafed his temper, and made him not only disagreeable, but really ill, so that his humor at dinner was a pretty good index to the state of the weather. Alas! I can but too easily perceive that he sank under the double misery of a scorching sun and a

compulsory seclusion. The quintessence of barbarity was exhausted in the conduct of that monster in human shape delegated by England to St. Helena.

The First Consul was soon tired of retracing his own steps through the park at Malmaison, which was not sufficiently extensive to admit of his riding as he might have done at Morfontaine; and he often regretted not having an equally fine estate. Mademoiselle Julien decidedly refusing to sell, he sought elsewhere the means of enlarging his park, and entertained at one time the singular notion of purchasing the Ile Channorrier, which is very considerable, well planted, containing fine lawns, and situated in the middle of the Seine. When Josephine pointed out the impracticability of his scheme, he replied:

"At Morfontaine the lakes are on the other side of the road; a subterranean passage may easily be made, and by buying all the tract between the road and the river, and planting it as an English garden, it seems to me that it might be done."

M. de Channorrier, however, refused to sell his island, and Napoleon purchased the woods of Butard, which made a delightful addition to his park; and so enchanted was he with his new acquisition that on the second or third day afterward he insisted on taking us all there, that Madame Bonaparte might inspect the pavilion, which he was disposed to make a rendezvous for the chase. Josephine was suffering under one of those dreadful headaches which so often tortured her, poor woman! and for which there was no other remedy than sleep.

"Come, come! go with us," said the First Consul, "the air will do you good. It is the sovereign remedy for all pains."

Madame Bonaparte dared no longer refuse: she sent for a hat and shawl; and she, Madame Lavalette, and I mounted an open carriage. Napoleon preceded us, with Bourrienne; the aid-de-camp on duty had not been summoned for this excursion, with which the First Consul was as much delighted as a boy enjoying a holiday. He was on horseback, and sometimes galloped before us, then came back and took his wife's hand; as a child running before its mother returns to embrace her and then renews its race.

No words can describe the terrors of Madame Bonaparte in a carriage, and it is as difficult to express my own impatience, when I see a want of compassion for such weaknesses; they are troublesome, it is true, but are fruits of education, and no fault on the part of their victims, on whom they inflict a sort of martyrdom. Napoleon was not of my mind; he had no pity for his wife, and made no allowance for her.

As this was the first time of our going to Butard, the postilion did not know his way, and the road we followed brought us to a rivulet with banks sufficiently steep to render the passage somewhat difficult for a carriage. The moment Madame Bonaparte descried "this precipice," as she called it, she forbade him to proceed a step farther. The pricker, knowing her nervousness, answered, when interrogated, that the passage might really be dangerous.

"See there!" cried she; "I will not go to Butard this way. Go and tell the First Consul that I am returning to the *château*, unless he knows some other road"; and ordering the postilion to turn his horses, we retraced our way, but had not driven many yards before the First Consul rejoined us.

"What is the matter?" said he, with that expression of countenance peculiar to himself when anything displeased him; "what is this new whim about? Return whence you came," added he, slightly touching the shoulders of the postilion with his hunting whip; and, setting spurs to his horse, he galloped off again. We found him beside the fatal rivulet, examining its pretty high banks, but as he had just crossed it on horseback, everyone else must pass it too.

"Come," said Napoleon to the little lad who drove the carriage, "a good plunge, then draw in the reins, and you are over."

Madame Bonaparte uttered a piercing shriek, to which the forest re-echoed. "You shall never keep me in the carriage. Let me out! — Bonaparte! — I entreat you in mercy! — Let me out!" Weeping and clasping her hands, she was truly an object of pity. Napoleon looked at her, but, far from relenting, he shrugged his shoulders and roughly commanded her to be silent. "It is absolute childishness; you SHALL pass, and in the carriage. Come, did you hear me?" said he, swearing, to the postilion.

I saw it was time to interfere for myself, not without hope that the diversion might convince him of his error.

"General!" said I to the Consul, beckoning the pricker to come and open the door for me; "I am responsible for another life; I cannot stay here. The jerk will be violent, and may not only injure but kill me in my present condition," said I, smiling; "and you do not wish that, do you, General?"

"I," cried he, "do you the smallest harm! You! Alight; you are in the right; a jolt might do you much harm." And approaching the carriage, he himself assisted me to descend, for he had dismounted from his horse at the commencement of the scene. Encouraged by the kind expression of his countenance, I ventured, perhaps ridiculously enough, to say, as he supported me to alight:

"And a jolt may be very injurious to Madame Bonaparte, General, for if she were as I am——"

The First Consul looked at me with an air so amusingly stupefied, that, instead of jumping down, I stood on the step, laughing like a young fool as I was; and all at once he responded to my laugh in a tone so shrill and clear that it made us start. At length I jumped down, and Napoleon, who had instantly resumed his former gravity, reproved me for the imprudence of such an exertion. Then, as if fearful he had not been bitter enough in testifying his discontent toward his wife:

"Put up the step and let the carriage proceed," said he, with a tone which admitted of no reply. Madame Bonaparte was so pale, and suffered so acutely, that I could not avoid saying to Napoleon:

"General, you appear cruel, and yet you are not so. Madame Bonaparte is ill, she is in a fever: I conjure you, suffer her to alight!" He looked on me with an expression which made my blood curdle.

"Madame Junot, I never loved remonstrances even when a child; ask Signora Lætitia and Madame Permon, and consider whether I am likely to be tamed since." Then, perceiving that his words, and still more his look and tone, almost frightened me, he added, "Well, come, let me help you over THIS FORMIDABLE STREAM, THIS FRIGHTFUL PRECIPICE."

When we had crossed, Napoleon saw that the carriage did not stir, for Josephine, crying as if her execution

was preparing, entreated the postilion to stay another minute, as a condemned criminal would beg a reprieve.

"Very well, sir," said the First Consul; "do you choose to obey my orders?"

And this time it was not lightly that he applied a stroke of his whip to the postilion's back, who instantly whipping both his horses, made them take the plunge, and the carriage crossed the brook, but with such difficulty that one of the springs was broken and a pin loosened.

Madame Bonaparte's whole frame was disordered with pain, fear, and rage, and conscious that such passions give an interesting expression only to young faces, she wrapped herself in a large muslin veil, and we were sensible only of her sobs till our arrival at Butard; when her husband, incensed at finding her still in tears, pulled her quite roughly out of the carriage, and dragging her to a short distance in the wood, we could hear him scolding the more angrily because he had set out prepared for a joyous excursion. It would appear that Josephine had other reproaches to make him than concerned the passage of the rivulet, for I heard Napoleon answer her:

"You are a simpleton, and if you repeat such a word I shall say a wicked simpleton, because you do not think what you are saying. And you know that I have a mortal antipathy to all these jealousies that have no foundation for them. You will end by putting it into my head. Come! embrace me and hold your tongue; you are ugly when you cry: I have told you so before."

Our return was melancholy, in spite of the reconciliation. Madame Bonaparte let fall a few spitefully honeyed words upon my special favor in being permitted to quit the carriage. This leads me naturally to a circumstance which occurred the following year, and the remembrance of which has served me as a clue to many mysteries.

Madame Bonaparte was gone to Plombières without her daughter, who remained behind to do the honors for the ladies at Malmaison. Plays were acted every Wednesday; we had hunting parties, and the evenings were spent in laughing and chatting. Madame Louis Bonaparte, who was just married, was the most engaging of brides, as she had been of girls, and Madame Bessières

formed a very agreeable addition to our select society; she was gentle and witty, sensible and good. Never did I see the First Consul so agreeable as during that fortnight; he was amiable, constantly good humored and joyous, amused himself with making me recite Italian verses, and then we played at *reversis*, at which we laughed incessantly.

The First Consul was sure to have all the hearts in his tricks, and when any one tried to force Quinola, not a single heart could be found in the other three hands so that he carried off all the stakes, crying:

"I have all the fish!—all the fish! Who will buy all the fish in the house?"

At other times he played chess, and as he was not expert at the game, he had recourse to stratagem as at *reversis*. The game could never be finished because there were always found two bishops commanding either the white or the black squares. He was the first to laugh at these contrivances, but was annoyed if they were too seriously noticed; and as he never played for money they were a subject for joke rather than for resentment.

Thus we led a merry life, and the summer slipped pleasantly away; yet some of us wished to return home. I was particularly desirous to be mistress of my own house, though only seventeen, and to see my husband's recent gift to me, the produce of his wedding portion from the First Consul; this was the estate of Little Bièvre. I wished also to visit my mother and friends, whom I had not seen for some months; but we were obliged to abandon our projects; we could not even go to Ruelle, for our carriages and horses were at Paris; we saw our husbands, to be sure, every day and might have returned with them, for it must not be supposed that we were prisoners; yet the Consular Court was already a cage, the bars of which were indeed veiled with flowers,—nevertheless, it was a cage. Eventually the flowers became more scarce, but the bars were gilt.

One morning I was in a profound sleep, when suddenly I was awoke by a slight noise near me, and perceived the First Consul beside my bed. Thinking myself in a dream, I rubbed my eyes, which produced a laugh from him.

"It is really I," said he; "why so astonished?"

One minute had sufficed to wake me entirely, and by way of answer I extended my hand toward the open window, which the extreme heat had obliged me to leave open. The sky was still of that deep blue which succeeds the first hour of dawn. The somber green of the trees showed that the sun was searcely risen. I looked at my watch, and found it was not yet five o'clock.

"Really!" said he, when I showed it to him; "no later than that? so much the better, we are going to chat," and taking an armchair, he placed it at the foot of my bed, seated himself, crossed his legs, and established himself there as he used to do, five years earlier, in my mother's easy chair at the Hôtel de la Tranquillité. He held in his hand a thick packet of letters, on which was written in large characters, "For the First Consul, for himself; for him alone, personally:" in short, every form of secrecy and security was adopted, and successfully, for the First Consul reserved for himself alone the letters superscribed with those words; and when I told him that such an employment must be troublesome to him, and he should refer it to some confidential person, he answered me, "By and by, perhaps; at present it is impossible. I must answer all. At the commencement of the return of order I must not be ignorant of any want, any complaint."

"But," said I; pointing to a large letter, which by its bad writing, and the awkward position of the seal, showed that its author was not much accustomed to epistolary labors, "this letter probably contains only a request which might have been made through the intervention of a secretary." Napoleon opened the letter, and read from one end to the other, three long pages filled with very indifferent writing. When he had finished he said to me, "Well, this letter itself proves that I do right in seeing with my own eyes. Here, read it."

It was from a woman whose son had been killed in Egypt. She was the widow of a soldier who died in the service, and having no means of subsistence, she had written, she said, more than ten letters to the Minister of War, the First Consul and his secretary, and had received no answer.

"You see it is necessary I should myself see all that is especially recommended to my attention." And he rose to fetch a pen from a table, made a sort of mark, probably agreed upon between Bourrienne and himself, and again sat down as if in his cabinet. "Ah! here is a trap," said he, taking off one, two, three, four envelopes, each highly scented with essence of roses, and inscribed in a pretty handwriting, with the talismanic words, FOR THE FIRST CONSUL ONLY. He came at length to the last envelope, and a laugh soon burst from him, of which I, who knew the rareness of such hilarity, expected no common explanation.

"It is a declaration," said he, "not of war, but of love. It is a beautiful lady, who has loved me, she says, from the day she beheld me present the Treaty of Campo-Formio to the Directory. And if I wish to see her, I have only to give orders to the sentinel at the iron gate, on the side of Bougival, to let a woman pass dressed in white, and giving the word NAPOLEON! and that [looking at the date], faith! this very evening."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried I; "you will not be so imprudent?" He looked attentively at me; then said, "What is it to you if I do? What harm can it do me?"

"What is it to me! What harm can it do you! Really, General, those are strange questions. May not this woman be bribed by your enemies? The snare, you will say, is too palpable. For all that it may be perilous; and you ask me what does your imprudence signify to me!"

Napoleon looked at me again, and then began to laugh. "I said it in joke; do you think me so simple, so stupid, as to nibble at such a bait? I am receiving such letters every day, with meetings appointed sometimes at the Tuileries, sometimes at the Luxembourg, but the only answer I make to such worthy missives is that which they deserve"; and stepping again toward the table, he wrote a few words, referring it to the Minister of Police.

"The deuce, there is six o'clock!" he exclaimed, hearing a timepiece strike, and approaching the bed he collected his papers, pinched my foot through the bedclothes, and smiling with the graciousness which sometimes brightened his countenance he went away singing, with that squalling voice, so strongly contrasted with the fine sonorous accent of his speech—

« Non, non, zi'l est impossible
D'avoir un plus aimable enfant.
Un plus aimable? Ah! si vraiment,» etc.

It was his favorite air. Madame Dugazon, in the character of Camilla, must have made a great impression on him, for this was the only song he repeated; but from the first day of singing it, he said *z'il est*, etc. Junot, who heard him say it at Toulon, could never cure him of the habit; he never sang this song, however, unless in excellent humor. I thought no more of this visit; and neither I nor my waiting maid took any notice of the quantity of envelopes he had left on the ground.

About nine in the evening the First Consul drew near me, and whispered, « I am going to the Bougival Gate.» « I do not believe a word of it,» said I in the same tone. « You know too well the irreparable loss to France should any evil befall you. If you say another such word I will tell Madame Hortense, or Junot.»

« You are a little simpleton,» said he, pinching my ear; then threatening me with his finger: « If you think of telling one word of what I have said to you, I shall not only be displeased but pained.» « The last consideration would suffice, General.» He gazed at me: « The mother's head, the mother's head, absolutely!» I made no answer; and, perceiving that I kept silence, after waiting some minutes, he passed to the billiard-room.

The following morning I was again awakened in surprise by the same knock at my maid's chamber door, and the First Consul entered, as before, with a packet of letters and papers in his hand. He again begged my pardon for waking me three hours too early, but added:

« Why do you sleep with your window open? It is fatal for women who, like you, have teeth of pearl. You must not risk the loss of your teeth; they resemble your mother's and are real little pearls.» And he began to read the journals, making marks under several lines with his nails. He sometimes shrugged his shoulders, and muttered a few words, which I did not hear. He was reading, I think, a foreign gazette, written in French; from a question he put to me, I think his subject was the Prince of Wirtemberg, eldest son of the Duke, and now King of Wirtemberg.

This young Prince had been found in Paris, almost in disguise, with a young lady of good birth, whom he had not run away with but seduced. The ear of the Duke, it appears, was not easily gained, and Mademoiselle Abel could not obtain the only reparation which can be offered to a credulous girl. Junot had been concerned in finding the young people. Having no interest in the story, I had but a confused knowledge of it, but what I heard was not to the credit of the young Prince. His countrymen, it appears, did not judge more favorably, for the article was vehement.

"Have you seen this young lady?" asked the First Consul. I replied in the negative. "Ah! I remember, when I wished Junot to take her home, that you might take charge of her, he leaped several feet high. And the young Duke?" said he. I had not seen him either, or did not remember to have met him, and was quite unacquainted with his person.

"He is one of those young fools who think themselves privileged in all things BECAUSE THEY ARE PRINCES," said the First Consul; "he has behaved ill in this affair, and the father of the girl, being known as a diplomatist, should have insisted more strongly on the reparation." Then striking the journal with the back of his hand: "Here is a man who will never incur a syllable of reproach! the Archduke Charles. That man has a soul, a golden heart. He is a virtuous man; and that word includes everything, when spoken of a prince."

After running through some journals and letters, the First Consul again pinched my foot through the bedclothes, and descended to his cabinet, uttering a few false notes. I called my waiting woman, who had not been long in my service, and without explanation prohibited her ever opening the door to anyone who might knock so early in the morning. "But, Madame, if it be the First Consul?" "I will not be awakened so early by the First Consul or anyone else. Do as I bid you."

The day resembled others, except that in the evening we took an airing toward Butard. As we passed near the spot which had so alarmed Madame Bonaparte the First Consul praised my courage.

"Nay," said I; "I think I was rather cowardly to alight."

"That was a precaution for your situation, and does you credit; I saw, nevertheless, that you had no fear."

Perhaps it never happened to Napoleon to say so long a compliment twice in his life, and it so surprised me that I could not answer; but it reached other ears than mine, and the surprise was not for me alone. "I should like to give you a breakfast here the day after to-morrow," said the First Consul, when we were in the Pavilion; "we will have a little hunting before and after; it will do me good, and amuse us all. The day after to-morrow, Tuesday, I give you all the rendezvous here, at ten."

Entering my apartment, I gave orders to the waiting maid, and went to bed much wearied, without knowing why. I was depressed; I wished to see my friends; that home so happy, so animated, the charm of my life, was not for me at Malmaison. I was treated with kindness, but I lived among strangers. Besides, I scarcely saw my husband, and I knew I was necessary to him, and was yet too young to guess that this necessity would not be eternal.

I spent the night in tears; I would have given years of my life — that life yet in its morning, and whose day promised such beauty and brilliancy — to the familiar spirit who would have transported me to the side of my mother and husband. At length I fell asleep, like children when their eyes are fatigued with weeping. But my sleep was agitated, and the first light of morning scarcely penetrated my venetian blinds before I awoke, fancying I had heard a noise near my door; but, on listening, I heard nothing. Suddenly it occurred to me I ought to take the key, for my maid would certainly not dare to refuse the First Consul, and I was determined these morning visits should not be repeated. I saw no harm in them, but knew enough of the world to avoid the construction that might be put upon them. I rose, therefore, very gently, and crossing my maid's room, was not a little surprised to find the door as unsecured as when we went to bed; the key was outside, and the bolt unfastened.

For a moment I was enraged, but, restraining myself, gently opened the door, withdrew the key, double-turned the lock, and, carrying the key with me, returned to my

bed, without the power of sleeping; my watch was at hand, and I followed the motion of the fingers until, as they pointed to six, I heard the First Consul's foot in the corridor. He stopped at the door and knocked, but much less loudly than the preceding days. After waiting a moment he knocked again, and this time awoke my maid, who told him I had taken the key. He made no answer, and went away.

When the sound of his steps died away on the stairs leading to his cabinet, I breathed freely, and burst into tears. I looked on the First Consul as a brother, or perhaps rather as a father, since my sentiments toward him were always founded on deep admiration. He was the protector and support of my husband; and Junot himself had the tenderest affection for him: in what light would he view this gross distrust which deprived him of a moment's distraction in conversing with a child he had known from her birth! But having taken my resolution, I became more tranquil; and desiring my maid to shut the door from her room, I was again in a sound sleep, when the door opened violently and I saw the First Consul.

"Are you afraid of being assassinated, then?" said he, with a sharpness that relieved me of all fear; for when any attempt is made to curb me I grow restive, and he might read in my countenance that I was more offended than repentant. I told him, that having risen very early, I had taken the key out of my maid's room, choosing my chamber to be entered only by my own door. Napoleon fixed on me his eyes of the falcon and the eagle together, and made no reply: a foolish timidity prevented my telling him my resolution; and I bitterly repented it.

"To-morrow is the hunting party at Butard," said he; "you have not forgotten it since last night, have you? We set out early, and, that you may be ready, I shall come myself to wake you, and, as you are not among a horde of Tartars do not barricade yourself again as you have done. You see that your precaution against an old friend has not prevented his reaching you. Adieu!" and away he went, but this time without singing. I looked at my watch, and found it nine o'clock, which distracted me, for at that hour all the chambermaids were about in the house, and it was impossible but some of them

must have seen him go in or out. "But how did he get in?" I asked myself.

I called my maid Caroline, and asked her why she had departed from my orders. She told me that the First Consul had opened the door with a master key, and that she dared not hinder his entering my room.

Hereupon I reflected on the course I should pursue. My first suggestion was to demand a carriage of Madame Louis Bonaparte, but what reason could I assign? Ten years later I should have gone to the stables and ordered a carriage, but at seventeen, a timidity, not of character, but of manners, deterred me. I dressed myself, therefore, and went to breakfast with a determined purpose, but great irresolution as to the manner of executing it. Duroc, who would have been my adviser, my friend, and, above all, my means of acting was absent in Lorraine, and never was I in so much need of his friendship. There was not an individual in the *château* whom I deemed capable of comprehending my situation.

Madame Louis Bonaparte was kind, sensible, and sufficiently acquainted with the world to know what was due to its observances, but an all-powerful consideration arrested me as I was rising to consult her. I fell back almost stunned, and uncertain what course to adopt. I was determined to return to Paris, and knew that by writing at once to Junot that I was ill and wished to return home, my carriage would arrive in the course of the next day; but it was the same day, Monday, that I resolved to go, not Tuesday, and still less Wednesday. Then again, I was unwilling to appear uncivil to Madame Louis Bonaparte, or to wound the First Consul's feelings.

"*Mon Dieu!*" I exclaimed, dropping my head on my hands; "what can I do?" At the same moment I felt myself pressed in a gentle embrace, and a well known voice inquired: "What is the matter, then, my Laura?" It was my husband; I threw myself into his arms, folded my own around him, embraced him, kissed his hair and his hands, and so eagerly caressed him that my cheek was scratched by one of his epaulettes, and the blood flowed.

"What is the matter, then?" repeated Junot, stanching

the blood and drying my tears. "What is the matter, my poor little one? Look at me then: do not you know four days have elapsed since I saw you?" "My love, I want to go away — to return to Paris." "Oh, you may be assured that as soon as Madame Bonaparte returns I will take you with me." "And why not now?" "Now! before her return? nay, you do not think of it, my darling?"

I insisted no further, for my plan was now arranged. Junot, though, with all the other acting authorities, prohibited from sleeping out of Paris, frequently visited Malmaison, sometimes after dinner, sometimes in the morning, but, in either case, departed not till we had retired for the night.

This day Junot arrived and stayed to dinner by the First Consul's desire, communicated through the aid-de-camp on duty. When we assembled in the dining-room the First Consul was in high spirits, joked all dinner time with M. Monge, and made him explain more than ten times over the nature of trade winds, with which he was himself perfectly well acquainted, but the worthy man had so singular a mode of arranging his hands when speaking, and of running post in his narrative, that he was very amusing, and would have been ridiculous had he not combined the most excellent heart with his great knowledge.

After dinner billiards were introduced as usual; I played a game of chess with the First Consul; and at the usual hour we all separated — some to their rest, and others to return to Paris. I prevented Junot's accompanying Bessières by telling him I had a commission to give him for my mother; and, as I must write, it would be necessary to return to my chamber.

When there, my earnest and persevering supplications that Junot would carry me home with him inspired him at last with the idea that some one had offended me, and his unbounded rage and resentment against the supposed defaulter absolutely terrified me; but, reassured on this head, no arguments, no entreaties could prevail with him "to carry me off," as he said, "in the night, like a heroine of romance." I am now sensible that he could not sanction so ridiculous an act, but I was then very young.

Our discussion had been very long, and at half after twelve, finding Junot resolute, there remained no other expedient than that of persuading him to stay. Here I was much more strongly armed, and after some resistance he said with a smile: "Happily, there are no longer arrests to fear, but you will procure me a scolding;" and he remained.

I double-locked my maid's door, carefully drew the bolts, and took away the key; my own door I left simply shut, with the key outside, and all thus disposed I went to bed, very foolishly convinced that I had adopted the best means of making the First Consul understand that since he was pleased to honor me with his visits, I should prefer any other hour for receiving them to that which he had chosen.

As the village clock was striking five I awoke; all was quiet in the *château*, as in the middle of the night. The weather was beautifully serene, and the fine foliage of the park plantations gently undulated in the wind, while a golden ray already tinted the upper branches. All this silence and repose formed so striking a contrast with my own mental uneasiness that I could not avoid starting when my eye fell on Junot sleeping by my side. His sleep was tranquil; yet was there something at once imposing and picturesque in that fine and manly figure, that countenance embrowned by the suns of Africa, that youthful forehead already plowed with scars, those marked features, and that fair head encircled with a Turkish turban of red and brown, which had accidentally fallen in his way overnight, and been adopted as a nightcap. He was not strikingly handsome, but it could not be denied that he was good-looking.

The half hour had just struck when I heard the First Consul's steps resound in our corridor. My heart beat violently; I could have wished Junot at Paris, or concealed; but at that moment a sleeping movement partly opened his shirt, and displayed two wounds received at the Battle of Castiglione; a little further, just below the heart, was that given him by Lanusse, when in defense of his beloved General he drew his sword against a brave brother-in-arms. "Ah!" thought I, "I fear nothing: there is an impenetrable buckler," and resting my head on my pillow, I awaited the event.

The door opened noisily. "What! still asleep, Madame Junot, on a hunting day! I told you that——" The First Consul as he spoke advanced, and now stood at the foot of the bed, where, drawing aside the curtain, he stood motionless at the sight of his faithful and devoted friend. I am almost sure he at first believed it a vision. Junot, on the other hand, scarcely awake, leaning on one elbow, looked at the First Consul with an air of astonishment that would have diverted a less interested spectator; but his countenance expressed no symptoms of displeasure.

"Why, General! what are you doing in a lady's chamber at this hour?" He uttered these words in a tone of perfect good humor. "I came to awake Madame Junot for the chase," replied the First Consul in the same tone; "but," after a prolonged glance at me, which is still present to my memory, notwithstanding the thirty years that have since intervened,— "but I find her provided with an alarum still earlier than myself. I might scold, for you are contraband here, M. Junot." "General," said Junot, "if ever a fault deserved pardon, it is mine. Had you seen that little siren last night exercising all her magic for more than an hour to seduce me, I think you would pardon me."

The First Consul smiled, but his smile was evidently forced. "I absolve you, then, entirely. It is Madame Junot who shall be punished," and he laughed that laugh WHICH LAUGHS NOT. "To prove that I am not angry, I permit you to accompany us to the chase. Have you a horse?" "No, General, I came in a carriage." "Well! Jardin shall find you one, and I allow you to lecture me at your leisure" (because he was a bad huntsman). "Adieu, Madame Junot; come, get up and be diligent," and he left us.

"Faith!" said Junot, jumping up in his bed, "THAT IS AN ADMIRABLE MAN! What goodness! Instead of scolding, instead of sending me sneaking back to my duty in Paris! Confess, my Laura, that he is not only an astonishing being, but above the sphere of human nature."

When we were all ready and assembled on the stone bridge in the garden, several carriages and saddle horses were brought. A small phaeton led the way; the First Consul seated himself in it, and beckoning to me, said:

"Madame Junot, will you honor me with your company?"

These words were accompanied with a smile whose expression did not please me; I got in without reply; the door was shut, and the little light carriage, inclining to the right, followed an alley that led to one of the iron gates of the park. I knew the First Consul would only remain in the carriage from the *château* to the rendezvous, where he was to mount his horse; but the drive appeared to me very long, and I would have given anything to escape.

When we were at some distance from the *château*, the First Consul, who till then had been watching the horsemen as they passed us to go to the rendezvous, turned toward me, and crossing his arms, said: "You think yourself very clever." I made no reply, and he repeated: "You think yourself very clever; do you not?"

As his tone was now positively interrogative, I answered with firmness, "I do not give myself credit for extraordinary sense, but I think I am not a simpleton." "A simpleton, no; but a fool." I was silent. "Can you explain the reason why you made your husband stay?" "The explanation is clear and brief, General. I love Junot; we are married, and I thought there was no scandal in a husband remaining with his wife." "You knew I had prohibited it, and you knew, too, that my orders ought to be obeyed."

"They do not concern me. When the Consuls signify their will as to the degree of intimacy that shall subsist between a married couple, and the number of days and hours that should be allotted to their interviews, then I shall think of submitting; till then, I confess, General, my good pleasure shall be my only law."

Here I was growing uncivil, for I was angry, and probably my manner put him out of humor too, for he resumed with asperity, and a sort of irony: "You had no other reason, then, but love for your husband in making him stay?" "No, General." "You have told a lie there." "General——" "Yes, you have told a lie," repeated he in an irritated tone; "I understand the motive of your proceedings. You have a distrust of me, which you ought not to have. Ah! you have no answer," said he in a tone of triumph.

"And if I have been impelled by a different motive from the distrust you speak of, General — if I have perceived that your visit at such an hour in the chamber of a young woman of my age might compromise me strangely in the eyes of the other inhabitants of this house?" I shall never forget Napoleon's expression of countenance at this moment; it displayed a rapid succession of sentiments, none of them evil.

"If that be true," said he at last, "why did you not tell me your uneasiness? Have I not shown you friendship enough, naughty child, within the last week to obtain your confidence?"

"There I was perhaps in fault. I should have considered that you had known me a child, General; that my relations love you; that you were once tenderly attached to my mother" (he looked on the other side of the road); "and, above all, that there was another and a stronger reason which should have encouraged me to tell you what I thought of this visit on the second or the third day; this is that I am the wife of Junot — of the man who loves you best in the world. This morning when I heard your step when you were about to enter my chamber, I confess I had some fear of your resentment: but looking at the scars upon his bosom, received partly for your glory, I assured myself that you would never be the cause of suffering to the noble and excellent heart which beats perhaps more strongly for you than for me, in the scarred bosom of Junot."

"You are reading me almost a homily. Who talks of afflicting Junot? Why not have spoken to me?"

"And how was I to do so? When yesterday morning you employed a method that might be called unworthy, to enter my apartment, after my conduct should have shown you, General, that the morning visit which you had the goodness to make me was viewed by me in its true light, as unbecoming; you entered only for a minute, and in a humor certainly not inviting confidence. I was left then to my own resources, and my judgment has perhaps erred."

"Is there none of your mother's advice in all this?"

"My mother, General! how could my mother direct me? My poor mother! I have not seen her this month." "You can write;" and Napoleon's searching glance

seemed to pierce me with its scrutiny. "General, I have not written to my mother that I was not in safety under your roof; it would have given her too much pain."

"Madame Junot, you have known me long enough to be assured that you will not obtain the continuance of my friendship by speaking in the manner you are now doing; there is nothing wanting to your proceedings but that you should have communicated to Junot the device you have so happily imagined." And again I met the same investigating look.

"I shall not reply to that challenge, General," replied I, with impatience I could not disguise; "if you grant me neither sense nor judgment, allow me at least a heart that would not wantonly wound one whom I know, and whom you know also." "Again!" and he struck the frame of the carriage with his clenched fist; "again! hold your tongue!"

"No, General, I cannot; I shall continue what I would have the honor of saying to you. I entreat you to believe that neither my mother, my husband, nor any one of my friends, has been informed of what has passed within the last week. I must add that, imputing no ill intentions to you, it would have been absurd on my part to complain of a mark of friendship, because it might compromise me; but I thought proper to put a stop to it at whatever price; and, in so doing, my youth has no doubt led me into error, since I have displeased you. I am sorry for it; but that is all I can say."

We had nearly arrived; the dogs, the horns, all the clamor of the chase were audible. The First Consul's countenance assumed a less somber hue than it had worn during my long speech. "And you give me your word of honor that Junot knows nothing of all this foolish affair?" "Good Heaven! General, how can you conceive such an idea, knowing Junot as you do? He is an Othello in the violence of his passions; an African in heat of blood; his feeble French reason would not have had strength enough to judge sanely of all this: and ——" I stopped. "Well, what then? Come, do not make these pauses in speaking; nothing is more silly." "Well, General, if I had told Junot what has passed this week, neither he nor I would have been here this morning; you know Junot well enough for that, do you not?"

Napoleon, in his turn, made no answer, but played with his fingers on the frame of the carriage. At last, turning toward me: "You will not believe, then, that I meant you no harm?" "On the contrary, General, I am so convinced that you had no ill intention toward me, that I can assure you neither my attachment for you, an attachment dating from infancy, nor the admiration which I feel even more strongly than others, is at all lessened by it; and here is my hand as pledge of my words."

I cannot express or explain the movement of his forehead, his look, and half smile, as, gently shaking his head, he refused my hand. I was hurt at the refusal.

"We are at variance, then," said I, "because it has pleased you to follow a course in which all the blame is on your side, and you will LET THE BEARD GROW, AND WEAR THE DAGGER,* because you have given me pain."

For a minute his eyes were fixed on the road; then turning suddenly to me, he extended his little hand, after having ungloved it: "Be assured of my friendship, Madame Junot; you might, had you chosen, have strengthened it; but early education is not easily eradicated. It inculcates sentiments, and those with which you have been inspired for me are not friendly; you do not like me, and I am sure——"

"I take the liberty of interrupting you, General, to request that you will not talk thus. You pain me; and so much the more as your arguments and inferences are both false. Tell me that you do not believe them; it would be too painful to me to leave you in such a persuasion."

The First Consul was looking at the dogs which the pricker was leading in couples, and he turned so suddenly round as to derange the motion of the carriage. "You are going?" "On our return from the hunt, General, I have induced Junot to take me home, and here is a letter that, as you will perceive, would have determined me, independently of the incidents of the last few days" (I said this with a smile), "to go to my mother."

It was from my mother, urging my return to her, and I had received it while dressing that morning. "If the First Consul, or Madame Louis Bonaparte, should raise

* These are the customs of Corsica, when anyone is offended, or fancies himself offended, who thereby announces himself as an avenger.

difficulties," added she, "show them my letter, and beg they will not detain a daughter from the bedside of her sick mother."

The First Consul, casting his eyes over it, shrugged his shoulders and smiled with a sort of disdain which pained me. "And when do you return!" asked he with a tone of derision that might have offended a person better disposed than I was, and accordingly I answered with asperity: "Whenever I am wanted, for my part, General; but you may dispose of my apartment, I shall never again occupy it."

"As you will. For the rest, you are right to go this morning; after all this foolish affair, you and I should not meet with much satisfaction at present. You are quite right. Jardin! my horse." And opening the door himself, he jumped out of the carriage, mounted his horse, and galloped off.

On our return to the *château*, I told Madame Louis that my mother's health imperatively demanded my presence in Paris, and that I intended to return with Junot. She understood me, and I even believe she entirely understood my motives. She wished to detain me to dinner, but Junot's absence the preceding night required an earlier return, and, declining the invitation, we dined at Paris with my mother.

I visited Malmaison some time after Madame Bonaparte's return from Plombières, where she had passed the season; that is to say, six weeks. The First Consul was tolerably cordial, but I could perceive that he still cherished the notion, equally eccentric and injurious, that I had been prompted in all that had passed during the last week of my stay. It gave me pain; but knowing no human means of defeating this prepossession, I left the task to time,* without changing the line of conduct I had marked out for myself.

A year afterward I dined one day at Malmaison, while residing at Bièvre; satisfied with my charming home, I

* I know to a certainty that, at this time, FALSE REPORTS envenomed all the words of my mother to the First Consul's ears, and I am nearly sure that this story came to the knowledge of persons who would make a pernicious use of it toward us both. The First Consul long retained a rancor, which he certainly would not have felt had it not been both instilled and carefully nourished.

left it as little as possible, and always returned the same evening. That day I ordered my carriage at ten, but, as I was preparing for departure, a sudden storm came on, of such terrific violence as to injure the trees in the park. Madame Bonaparte protested against allowing me to go through such a tempest, and said that MY CHAMBER should be prepared. In answer to my persevering excuses, she promised me both linen and a waiting maid, and urged the danger of crossing the woods at so late an hour. "I fear nothing, madame," I answered, "I have four men with me. Permit me, then, to take leave of you."

The First Consul was occupied, meanwhile, in pulling the fire about with the tongs, and apparently paying no attention to the conversation, though I could perceive a smile on his countenance. At last, as Madame Bonaparte insisted still more strongly on my staying, he said from his place, without resigning the tongs or turning his head: "Torment her no more, Josephine; I know her; she will not stay."

CHAPTER II.

The Theaters — My Boxes — The First Representation of PINTO — M. Carion de Nisas and the Death of Montmorency — Vanhove and Louis XIII.'s Snuffbox — Tortures of the Inquisition — Partiality for the Théâtre Feydeau, and the Performances of Elleviou — The Italian Opera — The Duke de Mouchy's Duets with Junot — Cimarosa — The Théâtre de Montansier — The Masquerade, a Comic Scene.

ONE of the advantages attached to Junot's position as Commandant of Paris was a box at each of the theaters. I confess I was truly grateful for the amusement I thus enjoyed. It afforded me also the means of bestowing pleasure, which was always to me one of the greatest I could enjoy, and in good truth it was not sparingly accorded to me. Tickets for morning and evening representations were eagerly asked, and I received, at a much later period, no less than eleven requests for the loan of my box at the *Comédie Française* for the second representation of "The Templars." I had opportunities of being generous seven or eight times a

day: I accorded them in the belief that by so doing I should secure, if not real friends, at least a sort of amicable relation with my numerous acquaintances which might survive the obligation. I was young when these ideas occupied my mind.

I went frequently to the theater — a pleasure with which I had hitherto been so little acquainted that I had visited the Opera but once and the French comedy three times: at the first representation of "Pinto," the most glorious of disturbances past, present, or to come; that of "Montmorency" by Carion de Nisas; and the *début* of Lafont, which was so stormy that I verily thought the *Théâtre Française* must have been built with unusual strength to resist such attacks.

"Pinto," fine as is the subject of the Braganza conspiracy, of which Lemercier was fully capable of taking the utmost advantage, did not suit the taste of that era of clipping scissors and decisive words, which demanded: "Take away that phrase." "Why?" "Because I do not choose that it should stand there." "What is the objection to it?" "I will not allow it." "But surely there is some reason against it — is it unsuitable?" "Not at all; but no matter, it must be removed."

In speaking of my mother's acquaintances, I was in error in omitting the most witty, perhaps, of the circle, M. Carion de Nisas. I know few minds of more various powers, more agreeable, gay, and inoffensive, and withal more *piquant;* but notwithstanding his great dramatic talent he was unfortunate in his theatrical productions. I shall never forget the state of mind he was in at the first representation of "The Death of Montmorency," which I believe killed him more effectually than the *Connétable* was killed, and that owing to circumstances altogether foreign to his work.

The tragedy contained some fine verses and interesting situations; the Cardinal's political views, and the entire scene in which he develops his plans for the aggrandizement of France, are strikingly beautiful, and the inconsistencies of the piece might have passed unperceived if it had been better performed; but Talma, who played Montmorency, was the only one of the *corps dramatique* that seemed to possess common sense. Baptiste the elder, Madame Petit-Vanhove, and more especially Vanhove the

father, were all out of their element. But Vanhove was admirably placed for producing laughter, which completed the despair of M. de Nisas.

Vanhove the elder had the trifling fault of getting tipsy, not to say actually drunk, on the night of a first representation especially. As he was a wretched performer habitually, it might be hoped that wine would produce a happy effect upon him; but not at all, he was so much the worse. The day of the first representation of "The Death of Montmorency," notwithstanding the most careful supervision from his daughter, and Talma, who was his son-in-law *in petto*, he drank a little to give him courage, as he said; but by the evening, when it was necessary to assume something of a royal air, his spirit was found mounted a little degree beyond courage.

Although Louis XIII., the great personage he was destined to represent, is not suspected of having been a snuff taker, there was no such thing as persuading him to give up a round case containing a pound of snuff, which he called his snuffbox. His daughter, already dressed for the part of Anne of Austria, used every possible argument to prevent his appearing upon the stage with this piece of contraband goods. He was thoroughly tipsy, and had taken up a phrase from which there was no driving him.

"Prove to me that Louis XIII. did not take snuff, and I will lay down my arms; prove it to me." "But, my father——" said Madame Petit-Vanhove. "Prove to me that Louis XIII. did not take snuff."

And he so stuffed his unfortunate nose that it was scarcely possible to hear his voice, while the fumes of the snuff further increased his drunkenness; and so completely did he parody some of his part that laughter prevailed over both hisses and applause. M. de Nisas came occasionally to our box, which enabled me to observe a torment of which I should otherwise have had no conception. At one period he was ready to expire; pale, with suspended respiration, and his forehead steeped in perspiration; in fact, it was impossible to laugh—that would have killed him outright. He looked without seeing, and seemed to have but one sense in which all the others were absorbed. What a terrible punishment! I cannot imagine how anyone can voluntarily submit to

such torture! I think I should be more at my ease in the water trench of the holy tribunal.*

Setting aside the partiality of friendship, the play contained some fine passages; among others, I remember the following which was given with much effect: Montmorency, condemned to death, is about to be rescued by the soldiers and the people; his sister, his wife, and the Queen who loves him are listening with the utmost anxiety to the issue of the attempt; the Cardinal is relating it, and concludes with these words: "In reply to the mutineers, I threw them his head."

The situation at this instant is admirable, and reminds one of "Iphigenia." The piece, however, failed, and failed utterly, which proves that a man of genius may write a bad tragedy; and I fear this happens not unfrequently.

The *Feydeau* was one of the theaters at which I passed my evenings with the greatest pleasure; it boasted at that time a degree of perfection which it has never recovered. It possessed several admirable performers, and the chief among them was Elleviou — a treasure, not only for his own excellence, but because the other actors in performing with him were emulous of rising to his height; its orchestra was complete, and its charming pieces were played with perfection.

The charm which our native music — gay, brilliant, and expressive — has for our French ears did not prevent our enjoying the Italian Opera, which was established at Paris in the year 1801. The company occupied at first a small theater, called the Olympic *Salon*, in the Rue Chantereine. This theater, not much larger than a *salon* for private representations, drew together the best society of Paris. Its open boxes, between high pillars, required full dress, an obligation sufficiently agreeable to ladies; and I remember to have seen the first tier

* In the prisons of the Inquisition in Spain three kinds of torture were in use, of which that by water was the most agonizing. The patient lay extended in a kind of trench or coffin open at the feet and at the head; his face was covered with a wet cloth, on which water was thrown, intended to filter drop by drop into the throat, and as the nose and mouth could not breathe through this cloth, which intercepted at once the air and water, the result was that on removing it the cloth and throat were found full of blood from the small vessels which had burst.

of boxes entirely occupied by very elegantly-dressed women, almost all young; and, what was still more remarkable, all of my acquaintance, except the inmates of two boxes.

My mother, who found a sovereign panacea for all her sufferings in good Italian music, never failed to take her place in my box on the night of the Opera Bouffe. The Duc de Mouchy frequently accompanied her. He was then, and has ever since been, an excellent *dilettante*. He was passionately fond of Italian music, and sang charmingly in the bouffe style. I have often accompanied him and my husband in that duo from "The Clandestine Marriage" — "Se fiato," etc. Neither of them ever failed in note or time; and the harmony of intonation and expression was perfect. The Duke had a superb voice, a full and sonorous baritone, which it was delightful to hear; Junot was far behind him, and had no other merit than correctness and time. His voice was harsh, because TO THE RIGHT ABOUT FACE, and BY FOURS TO THE LEFT, will not form a supple voice, even if it has the good fortune to remain correct; and my lessons were not sufficiently vigorous to make him an accomplished musician.

The Italian Opera naturally leads to some mention of Cimarosa, who was scarcely fifty years old at his death. He was born at Naples, and educated at the Conservatory of Loretto, where the works of the incomparable Durante formed his chief study. He left the Conservatoire young, and, according to the then prevailing fashion among struggling composers, had to make choice of a patron. He was acquainted with Madame Ballante, whose immense fortune gave her the means of patronizing the arts. She received the young musician, and soon found how honorable to herself would prove the protection she extended to him.

Madame Ballante had a daughter who did not listen with impunity to his ravishing notes; she loved him passionately, and the mother permitted his addresses; they were married, but after a brief but happy union she died, leaving a son. He was in despair; his mother-in-law, Madame Ballante, had educated and adopted a young orphan, whom she bestowed on Cimarosa, saying: "My friend, she is my second daughter!" Alas! his tender

heart was not destined for happiness: his second wife also died young, leaving him a son and a daughter.

Cimarosa, besides extreme goodness of heart, possessed much talent and considerable information. He sang to perfection, and accompanied his voice with brilliant execution. My brother, who was enchanted with his compositions, as those who have a soul for music must always be, once spent a whole morning with him trying music, Cimarosa at the piano, my brother accompanying with his harp. Cimarosa gave a theme, which Albert took up and varied; the author then sang it in various keys and movements, as a barcarole, canzonet, polacca, romance, etc., and this delightful contest lasted three hours. "The most agreeable hours," my brother has often observed, "which in my life I have ever passed in this manner."

Cimarosa was a charming companion, gay, fond of a laugh, and possessing in the highest degree that generosity which is always inherent in an artist of true talent. How many unfortunate emigrants has he not relieved! When at Paris, his beautiful *Finale del Matrimonio*, *Pria che spunti*, or *Quelle pupille tenere*, were applauded with rapture approaching to frenzy; it was not known that the profits of these immortal productions were devoted to the comfort of our happy countrymen. But he lived under a Government incapable of appreciating him, and, instead of a wreath in the name of the country, persecutions and chains were the reward of his humanity — persecutions which, it is well known, hastened his end. He attempted, but in vain, to struggle against Royal terrorism; more skillful than the Republican, its cruelty was even more active and permanent. This, it is true, could not easily be, but the horrors committed at Naples are not known to the public, and the eye which could penetrate that multitude of assassinations, legal robberies, and religious persecutions to which Naples was at this time a prey, would turn aside in disgust.

Madame Ballante was also a victim to the trouble which distracted that beautiful country; she lost all her fortune, and Cimarosa had the consolation of receiving her at his home. "You are the mistress of my house," said he; "is not everything I possess your property? Are you not my mother?" Cimarosa died on the 10th of

January, 1801; his name will be as immortal as his works.

But to return to Paris. The Opera was always the admiration of Europe, but has greatly improved since the period of which I am now writing. Another theater was at that time much frequented—the *Théâtre de Montansier;* Tiercelin, Vertepré, Brunet, and Bosquier-Gavaudan attracted thither all the lovers of frank and hearty gayety; its receipts exceeded those of the Opera by fourteen or fifteen thousand francs per annum.

For some weeks I had experienced so ardent a desire to see a masquerade that I began to feel absolutely unhappy in finding the carnival drawing to a close without having joined in this amusement, just then reintroduced by the First Consul, who had himself attended them. I determined to ask my mother to take me to one; but my first word brought an answer that put a stop to all my hopes in that quarter. "In the first place," said she, "It wearies me beyond everything; in the next, I do not choose that you should go to gape for four hours in a room full of dust and the odor of rancid oil." "I gape!" cried I, "gape at a masked ball, which everyone asserts to be the most diverting of all amusements!" "You do not know what you are talking of," replied my mother; "but, if you are obstinate, go with your husband; your marriage is still sufficiently recent to permit you to be seen together, even if you should be recognized."

At this moment my aunt Comnéna came in. She had been some time in Paris, and, while waiting the arrival of the rest of her family, lived with my mother. She was still a young woman, gay, because she was happy, and taking pleasure in everything.

As soon as she heard of my want of a chaperon, she offered to accompany me to the ball at the Opera, and so enchantingly that I could not refrain from jumping up to embrace her, while I returned a thousand thanks. "It is understood, then," said she. "I shall dine with you; we will mask to the teeth, and give ample provocation to many people who will never suspect us of being at the ball to-night."

Now, it is necessary to explain the cause of the extreme avidity with which the masked ball was attended. This innocent pastime has been suppressed from the com-

mencement of the Revolution, because it was unknown to the Romans and Athenians. Here, however, was a slight mistake, for at Rome tradition shows that if masquerades did not actually exist, there was, at least, a sufficient approach to them to authorize ours. At length the generation which was passing away wished to divert itself once more under a mask; and the generation which was looking up demanded cheerfulness; with one voice, then, the masquerade was called for. Two only had yet been given.

Junot laughed at my desire to go to this ball, and said the same thing as my mother: "Ah, my poor Laurette, how you will be overpowered with *ennui!*" "Ah!" exclaimed I; scarce able to restrain my tears, "you are all leagued against my pleasure; why should I be wearied where everyone else is amused?"

"Let them say on, niece, we will be amused too; and at two o'clock in the morning your husband shall see whether you are wearied, and repent of his impertinence." "Agreed," cried Junot, "I wish for nothing better; we shall see."

We dined very gayly, and passed a delightful evening; my aunt was always communicative, open, sincere, and possessed excellent spirits. My delight, however, was great when midnight arrived; I summoned my maid, and my aunt and I were ready in an instant. While I was looking in the glass to see how my domino became me, I started and gave a piercing cry on perceiving behind me a great black phantom, with large, brilliant eyes and a negro face.

"Oh, heavens, how you frightened me!" I exclaimed, while Junot embraced me, laughing heartily. "Oh! oh! is this your courage? how will you bear, then, to find yourself among two thousand such masks? I looked at him, and was still frightened; his great black figure was anything but agreeable. "But why have you made yourself such an object!" "Why? was it not agreed that I should give an arm to you and my aunt?" "What of that?" "What of that? Would you have me promenade the *salon* of the Opera with my face uncovered? A pretty concern we should make of this masked ball! No, I sacrifice myself for your pleasure to-night; let us take our masks and be gone."

I did not wait a second order, but the horses went too slowly to please me; I thought we should never reach this much desired Opera house. At length we entered as the clock struck one, Junot giving us each an arm. On first stepping into the room and casting my eyes round me, the effect of the novel and strange scene upon me was like that of walking the deck of a ship. My head was giddy; I grasped Junot's arm with all my strength; my aunt made me sit down; this indisposition was the effect of the sudden light and excessive heat.

When I had recovered myself, "Now," said Junot, "how do you propose to proceed? You are to amuse yourself according to your taste, and you are to be very much amused, you know; you should speak to some of your acquaintances." "I see none," said I. My aunt laughed, for some persons that she recognized were passing every minute, and she began to predict that I should speak to no one all night. "Come," said Junot, "take courage."

My heart beat and my cheeks burned, as though I was about to commit some bad action, but, summoning resolution, I addressed myself to M. Victor de Laigle, whom I was in the habit of meeting at my mother's, and, indeed, at the entertainments of all my friends. I approached him, and in an accent which I intended to be witty, said to him, "Good evening, how do you do?"

He took my hand, eyed my figure, examined my feet, and then muttered: "Hem — hem — not much amiss. Well! but have you nothing to say to a man beyond inquiries after his health?" He retained my hand a moment longer, then, dropping it, turned on his heel, saying, "What a stupid mask!"

What I felt at this moment it would be impossible to describe; to hear myself called stupid by an acquaintance! It confused me beyond all conception, and I stood rooted to the spot and actually stupefied. M. Victor de Laigle was by this time at the opposite end of the room, laughing and jesting with other masks, and no doubt saying, "I have just escaped from the stupidest little mask, yonder, that I ever encountered."

It was in vain that Junot and my aunt reasoned with me; nothing could console me for having been called stupid in conversation. "But you must agree," said

Junot, "that you deserved it; was ever such a thing heard of as asking a man how he is, in company, by way of conversation?" "What would you have had me say?"

"Faith! I can't tell: anything but that." And in truth he was in the right; it was scarcely possible to be more foolish than I was this night. I never mentioned this little scene to M. Victor de Laigle, and he is still ignorant of it, unless Junot charitably informed him who it was who was so anxious about his health at the masquerade. The result of this wearisome night, from which I expected so much pleasure, was to give me a disgust for masked balls, which for years I could not get over; nor, indeed, have I ever again taken pleasure in them.

CHAPTER III.

The Private Theater of Malmaison — "Esther" at Madame Campan's — Eugène Beauharnais and M. Didelot — M. de Bourrienne an Excellent Actor — Representation of "The Barber of Seville" — Madame Louis Bonaparte as Rosina — Madame Murat — Rivalry between the Companies of Neuilly and Malmaison — Lucien Zamora and Eliza Alzira — "Lovers' Follies" — My Despair and the Tight Boots — The Officer in White Satin Slippers — The Theatrical Saber and a Real Wound — Comic Acting of Cambacérès — The First Consul Director of the Stage — Mr. Fox and Bonaparte's Three Countenances — Isabey and the First Consul — General Lallemand — Michau's Tragi-comic Adventure during the Revolution.

EVERYONE who has trodden the boards of a private theater will agree with me that no circumstances of their lives afford reminiscences more abounding in pleasure and gayety than the rehearsals, and everything, in short, that is merely preparatory. But in candor they must equally admit that the actual scenic representation is absolute torture. I have experienced both, and can speak from practical knowledge.

Mademoiselle de Beauharnais's success at Madame Campan's in the representations of "Esther" and other pieces, in which Mademoiselles Auguier and Mademoiselle Pannelier, as well as herself, gave proofs of remarkable talent, naturally induced her to bring the theater of

Malmaison into use. Eugène Beauharnais was a perfect actor. I may, without partiality, say that Junot had superior talent; M. Didelot was an admirable Crispin; I acquitted myself tolerably in my parts; and General Lauriston was a noble Almaviva, or any other lover in Court dress.

But the cleverest of our company was M. de Bourrienne; he played the more dignified characters in real perfection; and his talent was the more pleasing as it was not the result of study, but of a perfect comprehension of his part. Grandménil and Caumont, at that time the supporters of such characters at the *Comédie Française*, could have discovered no flaw in M. de Bourrienne's performance of Bartholo, of Albert in "Lovers' Follies," of the Miser, or of Harpagène; in "The Florentine" he might, perhaps, even furnish them occasionally with a turn of expression worth seizing and copying.

The First Consul himself was almost the sole manager of our dramatic repertory. It was at first but limited, for we dared not venture on first-rate plays, or undertake parts beyond our capacity. We played "The Heir," "The Thoughtless Ones," "The Rivals," "Defiance and Malice," and a number of charming little witty pieces, which certainly have not been equaled since either in good sense or good style. Afterward we grew bolder; the First Consul himself demanded longer plays. The repertory was all at once increased by fifty pieces, which were put into our hands with a careful distribution of the several parts in conformity with our individual talents. The theater at Malmaison had at that time an excellent company; latterly it was open to everyone, and was no longer endurable.

The first play acted at Malmaison was "The Barber of Seville," and in saying that this representation was perfect I do not hazard a word that memory can call in question. We have still many survivors of that merry and delightful period, and I fear no contradiction in asserting again that "The Barber of Seville" was acted at the theater of Malmaison better than it could now be performed in ANY THEATER IN PARIS.

Mademoiselle Hortense de Beauharnais took the part of Rosina; M. de Bourrienne that of Bartholo; M. Didelot, Figaro; General Lauriston, Almaviva; Eugène, Basile;

and General Savary sneezed in perfection in the part of the Sleeper Awakened.

I have just observed that Bourrienne played well because he understood and felt his part. The same may be said of Mademoiselle Hortense. Gayety, wit, sensibility, delicacy, all that the author Beaumarchais meant to infuse into his Rosina, she caught instinctively; she entered into the character of the young and fair Andalusian with all her native grace and elegance. To her fine acting she united a charming figure and an exquisite carriage, especially on the stage. Many years have elapsed since those joyous evenings, but my memory still forcibly recalls the graceful and pleasing image of Mademoiselle Beauharnais,* with her profusion of fair ringlets beneath a black velvet hat, ornamented with long pink feathers, and the black dress so admirably fitted to her small and symmetrical shape. I seem yet to see and hear her.

Her brother Eugène was equally perfect as Basile, and M. de Bourrienne in the part of Bartholo. General Lauriston succeeded well in the various situations of Almaviva, though some fault was found with those of the soldier and the bachelor. He was not altogether perfect till the grandee of Spain reappeared under the mantle of the student. M. Didelot was excellent in Figaro.

But our success was most remarkable in that point which generally reduces the managers of private theaters to despair; that is to say, the perfect correspondence of the whole piece: the parts were thoroughly learned, and everything went off well.

Madame Murat sometimes acted at Malmaison. She was very pretty. Her hands and arms were beautiful, and her fair bosom acquired new brilliancy beneath a black velvet bodice, with a gold stomacher; but she had an unfortunate accent, which was particularly fatal to the parts she selected. Her sisterly relation to the First Consul, however, screened this defect from observation, whereas Madame Louis Bonaparte, had she been but the wife of an aid-de-camp, must have been applauded for the excellence of her acting.

This reminds me of an incident which befell me, partly

* Hortense Beauharnais, wife of Louis Bonaparte.

through the instrumentality of Madame Murat, or, at least, through her want of acquaintance with the stage.

There was a sort of rivalry between Malmaison and Neuilly. Lucien frequently acted both in tragedy and comedy with his eldest sister, Madame Bacciochi. Lucien acquitted himself admirably, and declaimed to perfection. His only failing, and that not altogether dependent on himself, was the modulation of his voice, which was too shrill and in too elevated a key for a tragic tone. But this inconvenience was slight, and Lucien gave great satisfaction as Zamora. I have heard his performance criticised; in my own judgment I did not perceive the defects attributed to him, and I was delighted with him almost throughout the part.

Not so with Madame Bacciochi. Her acting was irresistibly laughable. The First Consul found it so, and, far from flying into a rage, as M. de Bourrienne represents, he did nothing but laugh during the whole play whenever his sister appeared on the stage, and when we returned to the drawing-room, he exclaimed: "I think we have seen Alzira beautifully parodied." He repeated the same thing to Madame Bacciochi herself, who was not the best pleased with it.

Plays of all kinds, of three and afterward of five acts, were performed at Neuilly — we had no fear of tragedy, still less of comedy. Regnard's "Lovers' Follies," not too perfectly represented, spurred us to emulation. It was got up at Malmaison. Madame Louis was to undertake Agatha, Lisette was assigned to me, Albert to M. de Bourrienne, Erasto to Eugène, and Crispin to M. Didelot.

By this arrangement the piece would have been well managed, but the spirit of mischief intervened. Madame Louis, always good natured and yielding at the first request, reversed the whole order of things. Madame Murat performed Lisette. Agatha, a part which I did not like, and which was not suited to me, fell to my lot, and as the climax of misfortune, for some reason I do not remember, Eugène could not play Erasto; this was known only two days before the representation, and Junot was obliged in that time to learn the whole part, and to act it with only a single rehearsal; but all this was nothing compared to what followed.

This unfortunate part of Agatha is very difficult; it requires much judgment. A ray of reason must be always perceptible to the lover, while the guardian, though an acute and sensible man, must believe his young ward a confirmed idiot; then a degree of sentiment must pervade all that chaos of singing, dancing, accident, and battle; in short, it is extremely difficult to play the part well, and Dugazon, who was my instructor and set his heart on my success, had nearly overset my courage by saying to me one day:

"You must not play this part; you will fail as completely as they do at Neuilly." "Oh, don't say so!" I exclaimed, terrified at the idea. "I have not a doubt of it," he proceeded; "and the more certainly as you are horribly supported. The General, too, has a part that does not suit him. The play will be a total failure."

And thereupon Dugazon began to mimic everyone who was to support the dialogue with me, and with such buffoonery that it was impossible to avoid laughing till the tears came. My self-love, however, would not permit me to laugh at his prophecy that the play would prove a failure, and I did all in my power to prevent it; but there was no remedy, and the hour of the tragi-comedy arrived at length.

To form a just conception of the nervousness (that is the proper word) felt by us Comedians in Ordinary of Malmaison, it should be premised that on the day of our representation, which was generally Wednesday, it was the First Consul's habit to invite forty persons to dinner, and a hundred and fifty for the evening, and consequently to hear, criticise, and banter us without mercy. The Consuls, the Ministers, the Diplomatic Corps, Councilors of State, Senators, their wives, and all the members of the then Military Household of the First Consul, formed our audience. But the most terrible was the First Consul himself. There he sat in his box, close beside us, his eyes following us and accompanying their glances with a smile more or less arch at the slightest departure from the piece.

The morning of the representation of "Lovers' Follies," Dugazon said to me after hearing Bourrienne rehearse Albert admirably: "Well, take courage, my pupil, you

will save the state. You two may do wonders. Crispin is good, too. As for the General, his part is nothing. Come, carry this off successfully, and you will deserve well of the country by foiling a conspiracy."

In the part of Agatha the dress is changed five or six times. I had requested Madame Murat, and Dugazon also had charged her, not to enter the stage to commence the third act without first ascertaining that I had completed my officer's dress under my black domino as the old grandmother. The first two acts had passed off tolerably, with the exception of a few errors of memory and some little deficiency of spirit; but the piece still marched — it was soon destined to LIMP.

Whether from misunderstanding or forgetfulness, Lisette appeared upon the scene without troubling herself about me. The question whether or not I was ready was, however, deserving of attention, for but a very short scene intervenes between that in which I receive the money from Albert and my return as an officer. It was therefore imperatively necessary that I should be in full costume underneath my great black cloak, and I was accordingly putting on my boots when I heard the first lines of the act; I cried out directly, but in vain; I had not yet come to the end of my troubles. The day was suffocatingly hot: agitation and fear threw me almost into a fever, which did not accelerate matters; the boots would not come on, and while my waiting maid pulled till she almost broke my leg, my ankle began to swell. At length I heard the speech preceding my own, and throwing the boot ten feet off, I hastily assumed my black domino, and entered upon the scene; but my poor head was wandering. I mechanically repeated the words assigned me, but my feet at the moment occupied my whole attention.

In an interval between the couplets I whispered to Junot: "What can I do? I cannot get my boots on!"

"Hey! What?" said he, for he could not hear. I repeated the same thing to Bourrienne, but as I spoke very low and quickly neither of them understood; this little by-play, however, so puzzling to them, began to excite more notice than I wished in other quarters. At last I made my exit, ran to my boots, and endeavored to draw them on — impossible; the foot was still more swelled, and I

might as easily have shod the Colossus of Rhodes as have driven my feet into either of them.

At this moment Dugazon, who was roaming about behind the scenes, arrived to witness my despair. He ran up to me, and, embracing me, said: "All goes on well, but what the deuce were you looking for under your feet just now?" As my brain at the moment retained but one fixed idea, I answered, staring at him in utter consternation: "I cannot get my boots on!" "You have not your boots on?" said he, swearing — "you have not your boots on?"

At that moment my husband's valet, who was to bring me a very small saber that I had ordered, tapped at my room door, and presenting a sword as large as Mahomet's Damascus blade, told me in his German jargon that my saber was not ready, but that he had brought me the smallest of the *Chenerals*, and it was necessary to be cautious in using it, for it would cut like a razor.

"Here is a new trouble!" I exclaimed.

"Eh! do not be uneasy," said Dugazon, capering; "it is all very well. You have a greatcoat; never mind black shoes, keep on your white ones. Agatha is mad: it is no disguise. All those about her know that an access of her malady has just seized her, and that she has assumed a military dress because her head is unsteady. Well, she has forgotten her white shoes! Really, upon my honor, this is not amiss."

Saying this, he pushed me on the stage, and it was fortunate that he did so, for my turn was come, and I should never have had the courage to appear thus as an officer of dragoons in white satin slippers. I took good care not to look toward the First Consul's box; to have seen his smile or frown would have struck me mute.

The result of this fine story is that I played the last scene like a true maniac. But, owing to those unlucky boots, I forgot the Turkish saber and its sharpness, and when at the conclusion Agatha flourishes it about the ears of Albert, and then suddenly falls into a swoon, the point of the unfortunate Damascus penetrated my white slipper and made a deep cut in my foot, of which I still bear the scar.

But let me ask, Was anyone ever seen to enter a thea-

ter in the dress of a dragoon officer and in white satin slippers?

The First Consul was for six months unmerciful upon those unlucky white slippers. I verily think he would have dragged them into a discussion even upon the bull *Unigenitus*.

I now remember it was the same day that, the conversation turning at table on the pleasure of acting in the country, the First Consul said to Cambacérès, who expressed his participation in it: "That this pleasure could consist only in hearsay, for he surely had never taken part in a comedy." Cambacérès seemed piqued, and replied in an accent really amusing when contrasted with his melancholy and severe countenance:

"And why, Citizen First Consul, do you think that I have not gayety enough to act in comedy?" "Really, Citizen Cambacérès," replied Napoleon, "I think you have no gayety at all."

"Well, I have very often acted in comedy, nevertheless, not only at Montpellier, but Béziers, at the house of an old family friend, where for six months in the year the theater was in activity, and one of the parts in which I was eminently successful was that of Renaud d'Aste."

"And did you sing?" cried Madame Bonaparte, and all the party laughed, but Cambacérès, no way disconcerted by our hilarity, continued: "And as all characters suited me alike, I played equally well Le Montauciel in '*The Deserter*.'" This time the laugh was universal. But Cambacérès was not easily turned from an agreeable subject, and having once entered on the history of his scenic adventure, the petty jealousies and intrigues of his company, there was no stopping him under half an hour; the rather, as Napoleon, his elbow on the table, listened with an attention which did not surprise me, because I had observed the interest with which he would attend to our reports of the thousand little incidents that arise during the rehearsal of a play.

The First Consul should have been seen in his functions of stage manager to be known under an aspect entirely different from all his portraits. "The First Consul at Malmaison, the First Consul at St. Cloud, and the First Consul at the Tuileries," said Mr. Fox to me,

« are three men forming together the *beau idéal* of human greatness; but I could wish to be a painter," added he, « to take his portrait under these different characters, because I should have three resemblances of the same face with three different aspects.»

The statesman was right; I had remarked it before him, and was pleased at hearing my own idea so strikingly expressed by the man whom, of all Englishmen, I at that time most highly appreciated. It was perfectly true, and Bonaparte at Malmaison was admirable in extreme simplicity.

One of our best actors was Isabey, perhaps the very best, Queen Hortense excepted. He, however, ceased to form often a member of our *corps comique* rather than *dramatique*, for reasons which were but imperfectly explained.

One day the First Consul, on dismounting from his horse, and traversing the gallery adjoining the center *salon* at Malmaison, stopped to examine a portfolio of engravings which had been placed upon a table at the park end of the gallery. Isabey is said to have entered a moment after him from the theater, and by the opposite door at the end next the Court. The First Consul was then slim, and wore the uniform of the GUIDES or HORSE CHASSEURS of the Guard — that beloved uniform, the very sight of which makes the heart beat. Eugène Beauharnais, as I have before observed, was Colonel of that fine regiment.

Isabey, who had not heard the First Consul return from his ride, seeing a small, slender figure at the end of the gallery, dressed in the uniform of the CHASSEURS, and observing the two epaulettes, supposed it to be Eugène, with whom he was extremely intimate, and determined to take him by surprise. Dexterous, light, active, and supple as a cat in his movements, he advanced softly, without the slightest sound, to within a short distance, then, taking a spring, leaped at one bound upon the First Consul and alighted on his neck. Napoleon imagined the house was falling, or that the OLD GENTLEMAN was come to strangle him. Rising up, he disengaged himself by main force from his newfashioned collar, and threw poor Isabey in his turn upon the ground, and, presenting to his dismayed view a countenance for which

he was certainly little prepared, demanded in a severe tone:

"What is the meaning of this buffoonery?"

"I thought it was Eugène," stammered out the luckless youth.

"And suppose it was Eugène," replied the First Consul, "must you needs break his shoulderblades?" And he walked out of the gallery.

This story was soon bruited about. The First Consul had too much tact not to perceive that his was the ridiculous share of the adventure; Isabey understood it to the full as well, and both would willingly have kept the secret. But whether the one in the first moment of his panic related the whole to Eugène himself, or the other in his resentment could not withhold it from Madame Bonaparte, the affair got wind. I know that a short time afterward its truth was denied. At all events, if it caused the departure of Isabey and his loss to our company, I must call it an act of useless injustice.

General Lallemand, at that time aid-de-camp to my husband, was also one of our best actors. I have seen but few good comedians, and of those very few indeed were his equals. His talent was natural, but had been improved by the instructions of Michau, from whom he imbibed a portion of that ease and humor which was the principal charm of Michau's own acting.

This excellent man once said to me, "It is always useful to make people laugh," and in illustration of this truth related an anecdote of himself. Passing once quietly along the streets, he encountered one of those disorderly mobs that were in the habit of parading Paris in those happy days when the lamp posts served for hanging up our gallant citizens; they would have made him join their march, but he resisted, and demanded in the name of that liberty, whose scarlet ensign was as usual conspicuous in the foremost group, that he should be suffered to continue his route in pursuance of his own affairs. The discussion was brief, the lamp was shattered, and poor Michau, already stripped of his coat, was on the point of being hoisted in its place, when a fat fellow, with his plump arms bare, and a red and jolly face, rushed into the midst of the banditti and snatched Michau from their grasp, exclaiming:

"What are you about, simpletons? don't you know 'Punch of the *République?*'" The *Comédie Française* was at that time called the *Théâtre de la République.*

And thanks to his title of "Punch," with which his deliverer, the butcher's boy, had invested him, Michau found himself at liberty, and accepted the apologies which two hundred rascals offered for their design of hanging him, as coolly as if they had simply trodden on his toes!

CHAPTER IV.

The Fruit of Our Triumphs, and the Peace with Austria — Brilliant Festivities at Paris — Revival of Trade — The Balls of Malmaison — Luxury and Elegance — Negotiations at Luneville — General Brune's Victories — The Archduke Charles and Marshal Bellegarde — Early History of General Brune — His Exploits in Holland and Italy — The Convention of Montfaucon — The Battle of Pozzolo — Brune Appointed a Marshal of France — His Interview with Gustavus IV. — His Disgrace — His Command in Provence — His Tragical Death and Prophetical Verses — Madame de Montesson and the Lieutenant of Hussars — Bonaparte Chooses to Be Informed of Everything — Junot's Supposed Police.

A series of victories of the French arms had at length determined Austria to conclude a treaty of peace; it was signed at Luneville by Count Louis von Cobentzel for the Emperor and Germanic Confederation on the one part, and by Joseph Bonaparte in the name of the French Republic, which might still call itself One, and more than ever Indivisible.

All who had been concerned in the Congress came to Paris to share in the magnificent *fêtes* which the First Consul commanded, that the people might have an opportunity of testifying their joy; and that a free circulation of money might revive commerce, and give work to that multitude of individuals who, to the number of a hundred thousand, exist in Paris by the labor of their hands — a labor which, though chiefly devoted to objects of luxury, produces those commodities which the higher classes, especially in seasons of festivity, can no more do without than the lower can subsist without bread. The

fêtes given by the Government were a signal not only to Paris, but to the whole of France, for balls, dinners, and social assemblages of every kind. Hence commenced in Paris, at this period, life and gayety, which ceased not to animate it till the change introduced in 1814. Each succeeding day brought ten invitations for the evening.

The almost Oriental luxury which the Emperor afterward introduced into his Court was not then known. Madame Bonaparte, who possessed in the highest perfection the art of dressing, set the example of extreme elegance. No sight could be more charming than a ball at Malmaison, composed of the numerous ladies connected with the Military Household which the First Consul had just formed, and who constituted, without having yet received the name, the Court of Madame Bonaparte.

All were young, many were pretty, and I know but one ugly enough to merit the epithet. When this beautiful group was attired in robes of white crape trimmed with flowers, and their hair ornamented with garlands as fresh as the complexion of their merry faces, smiling with happiness and good humor, it was a charming and striking spectacle to see the animated dance which derived its zest from their gayety in the same room in which the First Consul and the most eminent persons in Europe were promenading. These assemblies required a continual renewal of dress, and the first year of the Consulate saw the revival of that trade in the manufacturing towns of France, which again became an honor to the country. The Government officers, no doubt, made smaller accumulations, or laid out less money on estates; but shopkeepers sold their goods, domestics procured places, and workmen got into employment through the medium of from eight to ten thousand balls and five or six thousand dinners, which were given in the course of the winter at Paris. It followed that the silk mercers sold a million yards of satin or velvet, crape and tulle in proportion, the shoemakers manufactured their shoes, the artificial florist was called to assist at the toilet with his flowers, the hairdresser and dressmaker with their industry, and the perfumer with his gloves, fans, and essences.

The higher classes of trade were equally indispensable; the jeweler, the goldsmith, the glass and porcelain manufacturer, the upholsterer, the cabinet maker, all flourished;

the money passed through their hands into those of their workpeople, and the immense population of this great town were all employed and all happy, because the superior classes received company, and expended their incomes in an honorable manner.

I have known the people of the Faubourgs at this period, when to be peaceful they asked only to be employed, and work was furnished to them in abundance. More virtues or more noble sentiments will nowhere be found than among the working classes of Paris. Never did they rise into tumult through the whole course of the Revolution except when driven into violence by misery and hunger. Hunger! the most imperious of wants! that which blinds the eye and deafens the ear to all other considerations, and ripens the fruits sown by an improvident Government — despair and revolt.

But at the epoch* of which I am writing things were not so; all prospered. The Peace of Luneville, which secured to France the Rhine as the limit, had been signed. The concessions stipulated at Campo-Formio between General Bonaparte and Count Louis von Cobentzel were confirmed; these concessions were the Duchies of Milan, of Mantu and Modena, together with the Ionian Islands, to be added to the Cisalpine Republic. All was glory shed upon France by the First Consul, and sensibly felt by a grateful nation.

All this was not, however, conceded without much hesitation on the part of the Austrians; it was the necessity of retreating on all sides before our cannon which first induced Austria to treat without the consent of England, notwithstanding her recent engagement to the contrary. This was a great victory gained over English gold. But Joseph Bonaparte, after having given some grand dinners at Paris to the Count von Cobentzel, in which department we had given him all the assistance in our power, was obliged to maintain against him at Luneville many long and warm discussions upon every point to be surrendered, for, alas! we were unreasonable, and asked, the plenipotentiary thought, too much. Happily for the success of Joseph's negotiations, he received, just at the critical moment, a courier from General Brune, bringing a copy of a dispatch to the First

* The 9th of February, 1801.

Consul, announcing a victory in the true Republican style of conciseness:

«Citizen First Consul,

«I have the honor to inform you that I crossed the Adige yesterday, 1st of January, immediately above Verona; which puts me into a position to announce to you very shortly the occupation of that town. I salute you with respect,

«Brune.»

Accordingly, on the 3d of January Verona was occupied by our troops, as well as Vicenza some days afterward, and the Brenta was then crossed. In fact, the army was now on the march, and with sufficient rapidity to form a junction with Moreau, who, on his part, encamped at the distance of twenty-five leagues from Vienna, had concluded an armistice with the Archduke Charles, a good prince, an honest man, and a great captain,* but often unfortunate. M. de Bellegarde, who was so too (that is, unfortunate; for the rest I am not competent to speak), took the same method to obtain some quiet sleep.

An armistice was concluded between him and General Brune, and three weeks after the glorious Treaty of Luneville was signed, which wholly restored Marshal Bellegarde's repose, and I may add *en passant* that of some other Austrian Generals-in-Chief, who had had enough of this war. The Prince Charles was the only one of them whose noble conduct, even under every reverse, was worthy of his exalted birth and great soul. I more than esteem the character of this Prince, and believe I know it as well as a personage of his rank can be known without the advantage of personal access.

Brune, who gave so fortunate an impetus to the diplomacy of Luneville, was born at Brives, and, like all natives of the South, was ardent, active, fond of literature, poetry, and the fine arts; he possessed a large share of information, betook himself to composition, and to facilitate the publication of his works, became a printer. When the Revolution opened, Brune was young; his head and heart confessed but one idea — glory and his country. He soon cast away his pen, ink, and paper, and took up sword and gun to enter one of those

* Who defeated Napoleon at the Battle of Aspern.

battalions of heroes which France produced by thousands in those radiant days of glory and liberty, and which were formed without the necessity of beating to arms. His battalion of the Seine and Oise was commanded by General Lapoype.

None of our Marshals have been so misrepresented as Brune. He was not one of Moreau's Generals, as it was the fashion to denominate those who had served in the Army of the Rhine. Had the restored Princes believed him so, they would surely have protected him from the popular fury, as senseless as all the accusations which have been advanced against him; but Brune did not belong to the Army of the Rhine, neither was he in Paris in the autumn of 1792.

Those, therefore, who accuse him of participating in the horrible saturnalia of the Septembrisers, to which, had he been at Paris, he would neither in heart, word, nor jest have assented, should, before staining his life with a falsehood, in order to palliate the horror of his death, have ascertained whether in physical possibility he could have committed the atrocious crime with which he is charged, and of which an alibi of several hundred leagues is, I apprehend, a sufficient refutation. Brune was not at Paris in September, 1792, but at Radmack.

Brune advanced rapidly to an elevated rank in the army; he had courage and agreeable address, a union always tending to success, but at this period insuring it. The cannon made gaps in the ranks with a frightful rapidity, and so caused rapid promotion for those who obtained the notice of their chiefs, though it might be only to advance them more certainly to the honors of a soldier's grave. The cradle of Brune's glory was the Army of Italy, then under the command of Kellerman and Brunet.

It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the activity of Brune's military life and a renown well earned before General Bonaparte's accession to the command of the Army of Italy in 1795, he is scarcely mentioned in the journals of the time; the "*Moniteur*," for example, notices him only in 1797. Brune, however, largely contributed his portion of the glory to the three brilliant days preceding and following the battle of Rivoli, which decided the fate of Italy. He was soon after made Commander-in-Chief of

the army in Helvetia; laid siege to Berne, and by its surrender compelled the submission of all Switzerland. From thence he was transferred to the Texel, to oppose the landing of the Anglo-Russian army under the command of the Duke of York, which might have been a fatal event for France, while at the same moment Masséna was sinking in Switzerland under the superior force of the enemy.

The road to Paris was open to the enemy, and Brune, with 20,000 men, whom the Directory kept in a state of inefficient provision, was to check the advance of an Anglo-Russian army which had been disembarked at Alkmaar, and was joined by a Dutch force of 18,000 men. The Duke of York was entirely beaten at Bergen-op-Zoom, which led to the capitulation of his whole army at Alkmaar; and Masséna at the same time gained the battle of Zurich—two victories which saved France, as Marshal Villars had saved her at Denain.

Peace now gave a momentary security to our frontier, and the overthrow of the Directory opened a prospect of good government for France; the First Consul's anxious care was directed to the re-establishment of order in those fine provinces so long desolated by internal conflicts, and he sent Brune into the West, where General Hedouville had already prepared a convention, which was signed almost immediately after, and secured the submission and tranquillity of both sides of the Loire. At this period the First Consul appointed Brune to the command of the Army of Italy, which brings us to the point whence we set out.

It was in the month of November, 1800, that Macdonald, at the head of the Army of the Grisons, comprehending the importance of his junction with Brune, penetrated into the Valteline by the passage of the Splugen, one of the most elevated summits of the Alps, and, braving tempests and avalanches, succeeded in his prodigious efforts by the most unprecedented display of courage and industry. But to the Chief of the Staff of this army, General Mathieu Dumas, is to be attributed, perhaps almost even more than to Macdonald himself, this triumph over the elements and nature; all the resources which patience, vigilance, activity, and philanthropy could supply to the warrior, he provided, in

forestalling his wants and protecting him from other dangers than those of the sword and the cannon.

Brune, meanwhile, was attempting the passage of the Mincio, in face of the fine army of Marshal Bellegarde; the battle of Pozzolo, in which Suchet, unsupported, sustained for many hours the whole weight of the enemy's forces, and which was finally decided by an admirable charge of cavalry, under Davoût, enabled him, on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of December, 1800, to effect his purpose, and nearly destroy the Austrian army. Its ultimate important influence upon the conditions of the Peace of Luneville has been already detailed.

Brune now returned to France, retired to his estate of Saint Just, in Champagne, did good in his neighborhood, and amused himself with literature. In 1804 he was one of the sixteen Marshals whom Bonaparte appointed on the establishment of the Empire. In 1807 Brune was ordered with a *corps d'armée* into Swedish Pomerania; he took Stralsund and the Isle of Rugen, and forced the Swedish army to retire. His interview with the King of Sweden during the siege of Stralsund, the particulars of which, as published by Gustavus, Brune denied to be correct, caused Napoleon's high displeasure; he continued for many years in disgrace, and the name of the conqueror of Bergen and the pacificator of the East was, during this period, never pronounced.

On Napoleon's return, however, in March, 1815, Marshal Brune was drawn from his retirement and accepted a post of great confidence and delicacy — the command of the Eighth Military Division, which committed the peace of the South to his keeping. The restoration of Louis XVIII. and his re-entry into Paris found Brune at his post; he went to Toulon himself to restore the white flag there, lest its reappearance should be the signal for popular tumult, and was afterward summoned to Paris. It was on his way thither, at Avignon, that he met with the dreadful death which has stained the era to which it belongs with indelible infamy. Many particulars of it I received from an eyewitness.

Marshal Brune on reaching Avignon was warned that much agitation prevailed in the town, and that it was particularly directed against him; he was strongly recommended to avoid passing through; but turning a deaf ear

to all advice, he commanded his postilions to drive to the posthouse; here an armed mob of 800 men, calling themselves Royalists, besieged him in a room to which they had driven him for refuge; the Mayor, the Prefect, and a few *gens-d'armes* succeeded in protecting him during four hours from their infuriated attacks, while 3,000 citizens looked with apathy upon the atrocious scene, without affording the smallest assistance. The gallant resistance of the police was at length overpowered, and under the stupid pretense that the Marshal had been the murderer of the Princesse de Lamballe — a vile slander generally circulated, and which I have already refuted, in proving that he was not at Paris when that tragedy was performed — he was put to death by the mob in the most barbarous manner; his lacerated corpse, after being dragged through the mud, was thrown into the Rhone; and the river refusing to contain it, it lay two days unburied upon the strand, whither the waves had cast it.

Junot was necessarily acquainted with many facts and events, because the military Commandant of a great city receives a daily report as to its order or condition, and this opened to him an infinity of doors of observation, into which sometimes he would not even look. Frequently, indeed, have I seen reports given in by the old Adjutant Laborde, which Junot has made him transcribe in order to omit certain names, or some words which might compromise the parties concerned in them, and were of no importance to the safety of the First Consul. On this subject I will cite an anecdote.

A lady of some importance in good society was involved in the reports concerning some conspiracy under the Consulate (I do not remember whether it was the infernal machine or that of Chevalier), but the fact was that this lady, perfectly innocent, had been induced by the giddiness of a young fool to give him an asylum against the political proscription he had incurred, while he represented the cause of his danger to her as totally different from the fact. The *gendarmerie* traced him, and took him from under the wing of Madame de Montesson. The lady no sooner discovered the real state of the case than in great alarm she hastened to visit Junot. She was held in much consideration by the First Consul: Madame Bonaparte was attached to her; she felt herself

deserving of their good will, and the bare idea of figuring in an affair which must come under the cognizance of the tribunals distressed her exceedingly.

Junot immediately perceived that she had committed no intentional error, and the report was altered; the name of Madame de Montesson did not appear in it — there was no occasion that it should; the young man was arrested, which was the required point. Some time afterward the First Consul asked Junot: "In what house was the young Lieutenant of the 12th arrested?" For a moment Junot was embarrassed, but he remembered that it had been stated in the report that he had been taken while walking in the Champs-Elysées, and he answered accordingly. The First Consul answered Junot, pulling him by the ear:

"You have a bad memory, Junot; he was arrested at Madame de Montesson's house." He then added more seriously: "You were right, my dear Junot, in listening to Madame de Montesson's request; I have a respect for her, and I am glad you did not insert her name in the report, but you should have mentioned it verbally to me, and not have entirely overlooked the circumstance."

In this little trait the character of Napoleon is very conspicuous. He would always know everything, and was offended by the smallest concealment. Junot discovered Fouché to have been the channel by which the First Consul became acquainted with this affair.

I have reported this little story to prove that Junot suppressed whatever tended to scandal, if it had no immediate reference to the Emperor's safety. Many of these reports are to this day among his papers; they are purely military, but in these times of trouble were the depositories of many names connected with affairs into which the police were prying, but which, fortunately for their proprietors, fell into the hands of a man of honor. With respect to the large sums which Junot received for the secret police of the capital, and of which he remitted an annuity of 3,000 francs to a reporter,* I know nothing of them.

I suppose, however, that the First Consul, unwilling to charge all the appointments of the Commandant of Paris

* The exact expression in the original is not altogether complimentary, "*à un mauvais bulletiniste.*"

upon the military funds, gave Junot a pension upon the extraordinary revenue raised by the Minister of Police, and which was solely at his own disposal; the daily reports were drawn up at the office of the Military Staff of Paris, or the Quai de Voltaire, and were brought to Junot by the Chief of the Staff, the Adjutant-General Doucet, under whose orders several district adjutants exercised a close SURVEILLANCE over the peace and good order of Paris; these were Junot's agents and bulletinists, but they were not police spies. I may add that never did Junot, nor Marshal Mortier, who, in his quality of General Commanding the First Military Division, was his chief, in the performance of their duty compromise one innocent person. But I can easily conceive that there are men whose crooked policy, wishing always to remain in shadow, would endeavor to the utmost to frustrate the object of all these cares, and, failing to do so, would spare no slander which might bring those cares into disrepute. Hence I apprehend the origin of the animosity with which the Military Staff of Paris has been pursued.

CHAPTER V.

Count Louis von Cobentzel — His Taste for Fêtes and Frivolities — Anecdote of His Embassy to the Court of Catherine — The Theater at the Hermitage — The Ambassador as Comtesse d'Escarbagnas — The New Courier and His Dispatches — Change of Costume — Victories of Bonaparte and Diplomacy in Masquerade — Lord Whitworth — Talents and Manners of Count von Cobentzel — Count Philip von Cobentzel, His Successor.

COUNT LOUIS VON COBENTZEL, who had just signed, at Luneville, the treaty of peace between Austria and France, was the greatest lover of spectacles, *fêtes*, and all kinds of merry diversion, that I have ever met with in my life. The Emperor, his master, had made a judicious selection in appointing him envoy for signing a treaty of peace. He interested himself in the programmes of all the intended *fêtes;* enjoyed them by anticipation, and gave his opinion on the preparations.

I frequently saw him, for, as he was passionately fond of plays, and I had a box at all the theaters, he preferred going privately with Junot and me to appearing in the official box of the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Count Louis was middle-aged, very ugly, and is truly reported to have resembled Mirabeau. He had the same sallow face, and his eyes, which, however, bore no other resemblance to those of Mirabeau, were equally small. He had also the same enormous head of hair, which gave so singular an effect to Mirabeau's countenance. Count Louis was lively and sensible, but withal had plenty of follies — follies which he is said to have only adopted in imitation of Prince Kaunitz. He had been for a long time Austrian Ambassador at the Court of the great Catherine, and retained a profound and enthusiastic admiration for that Sovereign, who kept a theater, played herself, and carried the condescension so far as to write comedies for the amusement of her Court. When Count von Cobentzel was once launched on this favorite topic it was a vain hope to extract a word from him that did not bear reference to the theater at the Hermitage, in which his frightful person would certainly not set off his dramatic talents to the best advantage.

The First Consul related to us one evening that M. de Cobentzel had had a temporary stage constructed in the palace of the Austrian Ambassador at St. Petersburg, principally with the object, as you may suppose, of acting himself. One day the Ambassador was to assume the character of the Comtesse d'Escarbagnas. The Empress had promised to be present, and the COUNT-COUNTESS was dressed early to be in readiness for appearing on the stage the moment the Czarina had taken her seat. She arrived, and the Ambassador was sought for, but neither HE NOR THE COUNTESS could be found.

At length, after a tiresome search, he was discovered in his cabinet, in male attire indeed, but with his hair puffed, in high-heeled shoes, and so suffocated with passion that he could scarcely articulate the words, "Hang that villain for me!" pointing to a man who was praying all the saints in heaven to defend him from the supposed madman.

This was a special courier from Vienna arrived in haste, with very important dispatches, and specially ordered to

deliver them into the Ambassador's own hands; for Catherine II. made no scruple of violating the seals, not only of her own subjects, but of foreigners, and even Ambassadors, whose diplomatic character is sacred among the most savage nations. M. de Beausset, when Ambassador from France, made serious complaints of this gross breach of international law. The courier was a young man, recently attached to the Foreign Office, and had never even seen the Count von Cobentzel. He arrived at seven in the evening, just as the Count, having finished his toilet as Comtesse d'Escarbagnas, was complacently contemplating the reflection in a large looking-glass of a figure which has perhaps never since been paralleled; smiling at his whimsical visage, adding a patch, flirting his fan, enlarging his hoop, and repeating the most striking passages of his part. At this moment the courier from Vienna was announced. The Count replied that he would see him the next morning, but at present he was otherwise occupied; recommending that he should repose himself for the night, and leave business till the morning.

But the young man was a novice in diplomacy, and scrupulously conscientious in discharging his commission. His orders were to use all diligence and at whatever cost to reach St. Petersburg before midnight on this very day. He had arrived, and loudly and pertinaciously insisted on seeing the Ambassador. One of the secretaries informed M. de Cobentzel of the courier's orders. "Why, what does the obstinate fellow want? Is he possessed? Well, send him in!"

The secretary, accustomed to the fooleries of his master, without an instant's reflection on the necessity of preparing a stranger for the interview, introduced him into the cabinet, saying, "There is the Ambassador." And the courier found himself in the presence of a woman dressed in the fashion of his grandmother's days, who advanced affectedly to meet him, and while putting with one hand an extra patch on a round cheek, already concealed behind a thick coat of rouge, stretched out the other to receive the packet, saying: "Well, sir, let us see those important dispatches." The courier turned round instead of answering, to request an explanation of the strange spectacle that thus presented itself. But the

secretary had vanished, the door was shut, and he found himself alone with the burlesque vision.

"I wished to speak to the Ambassador," cried the young man, whose brain, somewhat heated by the fatigue of several days' rapid traveling, was nearly overset upon seeing a feminine figure seize the ministerial packet and endeavor to snatch it from him, saying all the while, "Here is the Ambassador! I am the Ambassador!"

The young Austrian was strong, and retained a firm hold of the dispatches confided to him; but beginning to be frightened, he called for help, insisting on seeing the Ambassador, and refusing to recognize him under this disguise. In vain Count von Cobentzel ran after him round the cabinet, explaining why on this particular occasion he was dressed in his fine brocaded gown and velvet petticoat. Greek would have been more intelligible to his companion. At length the Count exclaimed in despair :

"Well, blockhead, you shall see him, you shall see your Ambassador," and, entering his bedchamber, he threw off his gown and petticoat, and returned to the obstinate courier in white silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, black breeches, and puffed hair — another edition of my dragoon's dress and white satin shoes.

Accordingly, the young courier, more than ever persuaded of his insanity, persisted in refusing to surrender the Imperial packet, until the Ambassador was growing seriously angry, when, to complete his fury, the Empress's arrival was announced to him. The secretary of the embassy explained this strange scene to the diplomatic messenger, and persuaded him at length to give his dispatches into the hands of Count Louis von Cobentzel. The Count read them, and found them indeed a singular prologue to the comedy he was about to perform.

They announced to him that Beaulieu and Wurmser had no better fortune in Italy than the Archduke Charles upon the Rhine. That General Bonaparte, then twenty-six years of age, was taking possession of Italy at the head of 36,000 Frenchmen, and was beating General Beaulieu, notwithstanding (and very probably on account of) his seventy-six years, though he had 50,000 men under his orders. They also warned the Ambassador that it was of the utmost importance to induce the Czarina to

give effect to her promises, so long since made, of placing an armament by sea and land at the disposal of the allies, and pressed him not to lose a moment in communicating this intelligence to the Empress, and in entering upon the question of the armament.

This order admitted of no delay in its execution; Count von Cobentzel felt it, and I may say painfully. England was at this moment about to sign a treaty of subsidy and alliance with Russia; Austria was deeply interested in avoiding the smallest offense to England, and the Count felt that it would be an agreeable compliment to the British Ambassador to consult him on this important occasion. Lord Whitworth was sent for and came. To form a just conception of this interview the two personages should be known.

Lord Whitworth (who was educated at Tonbridge School) was tall, perfectly well made, and handsome, with a countenance and manner of the highest distinction. I have never known a man better calculated to represent a nation, great, prosperous, and haughty; always magnificently dressed, even at the Consular Court, it may be imagined how particular he would be at that of Catherine II., where Eastern luxury prevailed to a magical extent. Imagine, then, the contrast he would present to the countenance, figure, and manners of M. de Cobentzel, always a little burlesque, and decorated on this occasion, for the amusement of the persons who witnessed the conversation, in the absurd accouterments of the Comtesse d'Escarbagnas.

The English peer received the Count's communication with the cold politeness habitual to him, and recommending him not to keep the Empress waiting, went to apologize for a delay which admitted of no apology but the truth. I believe, though I am not quite sure of it, that the Empress, in her impatience to be informed more at length of the details of events of which the English Ambassador could only give the outline, required the immediate presence of the Count von Cobentzel, who came in his gown, hoop, and puffs to the audience.

Count Louis von Cobentzel, though really agreeable, was much less so than he would have been had he permitted his own good sense and information to direct his manners, instead of servilely copying those of Prince

Kaunitz and Prince Potemkin, to both of whom he affected to bear a personal resemblance, and whose frivolity and morality, both of the school of Louis XV., he assumed together with an exclusive predilection for the great world. This world was the Court, beyond the luminous circle of which all to him was chaos.

His good sense made him understand that a generation had sprung up in which were to be found names bearing a luster of renown fully equal to that of heraldic blazonry. He knew this, but to his aristocratic ears the sound of the word "citizen," applied to the Head of the Government, produced discord in all social harmony; and he could not reconcile himself to the necessity of addressing Madame Lannes without the title of Princess. He had talent, however, and was, as I have said, agreeable; he related multitudes of anecdotes about the Court of Russia, all very amusing; that of the Comtesse d'Escarbagnas did NOT come from himself, but was told me at a later period by the Count's cousin, Count Philip von Cobentzel, who very soon succeeded him as Ambassador at Paris, and remained here till our rupture with the Austrians in 1804.

In 1801 also a treaty of peace was signed at Florence between France and Naples. It is worthy of remark that in this treaty the Isle of Elba was made over to France, although not as an object of much consideration, for it was always regarded as a barren and savage rock; thirteen years later it became the only asylum of the monarch to whom it belonged.

CHAPTER VI.

The Ambassador at the Theaters — The Vaudeville — The Comédie Française — Fleury — All Superiority Dangerous — The Duc d'Orléans and the Blacksmith — Fleury, « King of Prussia » and the Comte de Perigord in Prison — Paul I. and General Sprengporten — Portrait of Madame Recamier — Gradual Change in the State of Society — The Bankers' Fêtes — Foreigners in Paris — Death of the Emperor Paul and Accession of Alexander — The Russians at Paris — The Chevalier Kalitscheff and the Count Markoff.

Louis von Cobentzel was fond of joking, especially when he was, as he called it, incognito; that is to say, when he left two dozen ribbons and medals in his carriage, and retained but two or three; which with his black coat, almost French, his silk stockings, diamond shoe-buckles and full-dressed head, made him a personage not very likely to diminish the merriment of such of the frequenters of the Montansier and the Vaudeville as should chance to meet him in the corridors. Our box at the Vaudeville having a private entrance and staircase from the Rue de Chartres, made it particularly agreeable to the Ambassador, and his frequent presence there was an additional attraction and amusement to us.

In the seasons of 1800, 1801, and 1802, the Vaudevilles resumed the gayety which the stern events of the preceding years had greatly diminished; song was resumed, and farce did not seek its subjects in Plutarch, Livy, or the State Trials. Pero and his friends, Scarron's marriage, and a thousand other such subjects, were more suitable to this temple of gayety than ambitious names, the very sound of which is sufficient to chase away mirth. At this moment the companies of the Vaudeville and the Théâtre de Montansier were particularly well chosen.

The *Comédie Française* was also in its glory. Talma, Lafont, St. Prix, Monvel — what an admirable constellation of talent! Then Mademoiselle Raucourt, Madame Vestris, Monsieur Fleury, Mademoiselle Georges, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, Mademoiselle Volnais, and Mademoiselle Bourgoin; the recent *débuts* of the last four still divided the society of Paris into rival factions; but

greater than all these was Mademoiselle Mars, already the queen of comedy.

Fleury was one of the performers at this theater who pleased me best; I never heard him assume any character without giving it full effect, by his excellent judgment and good sense. His manners were those of a perfect gentleman, fully imbued with the *ton* of good company, with none of the affectation of the present day.

I must especially speak of the triumph of his art in the character of Frederick in "The Two Pages." Many persons can yet remember the astonishment of Prince Henry when he saw his brother upon the stage, speaking, walking, blowing his nose—in all points Frederick himself. And that mask, as it may be called, with which, at his pleasure, he assumed another face, was wholly furnished by a play of the muscles altogether his own, and for which he was in no degree indebted to any theatrical contrivance. This was proved to me in a singular manner by the Comte de Perigord.

This nobleman was thrown into prison during the Reign of Terror, when not ostracism only, but imprisonment and death were frequently the reward of genius, as well as of aristocracy of whatever kind; even success in the lowest grades of life was not exempt. For example, the Duc d'Orléans had for a companion in death a blacksmith, who had been denounced and condemned because the president of his Section was also a blacksmith and had hung fewer bells than his neighbor. *

The entire company of the *Comédie Française* were for similar reasons under lock and key, and M. de Perigord was painfully surprised at meeting in prison so many persons who had contributed to his enjoymont in the days of happiness. But a Frenchman, it is well known can be gay even in the presence of death, and the friend and companion of Marshal Saxe was not very likely to be otherwise. Every time, therefore, that the old Count met Fleury in the gloomy galleries of their prison he stopped, made a low obeisance, and said, "How does Your Majesty do?"

"At the instant," continued M. de Perigord, "the King of Prussia stood before me, such as we have seen him

*Referring to the bells then used on the peaked collars of the horses.

in "The Two Pages," such as he was at Potsdam two years before his death: his back bowed, but his carriage imposing nevertheless, the same air, and the same play of countenance. And this total change effected in a few seconds, in a damp dungeon, by the light of a grated casement, and when a turnkey might interrupt this dramatic entertainment by marching us before the revolutionary tribunal, that is to say, to death!"

There is great talent, no doubt, in this active and ever ready play of the features and alteration of the whole person; but I think the mental firmness of the man, which will permit him to exercise these faculties in the midst of the most imminent danger, is still more worthy of admiration than the powers of the actor.

The Austrian Embassy was not the only one which at this period enlivened Paris; the Emperor of Russia, if he had not an actual representative at the Consular Court, had at least a medium of communication with the First Consul in the person of General Sprengporten. Charmed with the generosity with which Napoleon had treated Russia, in sending home without ransom or exchange, well clothed and provided for, the eight thousand prisoners taken at Alkmaar on the surrender of the Anglo-Russian Army, Paul had charged General Sprengporten with a letter of thanks to the First Consul, but without giving him any diplomatic status.*

This General gave charming *fêtes;* and though himself of a disposition habitually melancholy, arising from his exile from his native country, to which his engagements in the Russian service were a bar to his ever returning, he so frankly testified his desire to see his guests well amused that it was impossible to avoid being so. He was, moreover, a bachelor; and this circumstance contributed to the freedom of intercourse and mirth which his house offered.

It was here that I first saw Madame Recamier; I had

*General Sprengporten was not a Russian, but born in Finland of an ancient family. At the period of the famous revolution in Sweden in 1776, he was much attached to the cause of Gustavus III., but he arrived at Stockholm too late to assist the young King; the *chapeaux* had beaten the *bonnets*, and Gustavus was the conqueror. Sprengporten afterward passed into the Russian service, and although not formally Ambassador at Paris he was treated and listened to as such.

heard her much spoken of, and I acknowledge that my mother had prejudiced my judgment concerning her, in persuading herself, and consequently me, that Madame Recamier's reputation was exaggerated, and that she must necessarily be a person of overbearing pretensions.

Great, then, was my surprise when I beheld that lovely face, so blooming, so childish, and yet so beautiful! and still greater when I observed the timid uneasiness she experienced in her triumph. No doubt it was pleasing to be proclaimed the unrivaled beauty of the *fête;* but it was evident that she was pained by the envious glances of the females, who could not wholly suppress the ill will with which they witnessed her monopoly of adoration.

Madame Recamier truly deserved that homage; she was really a pretty woman! The expression of her eyes was mild and intellectual, her smile was gracious, her language interesting; her whole person possessed the charm of native grace, goodness, and intelligence. She reminded me at first sight of the Madonnas of the Italian painters; but the resemblance consisted wholly in expression — not in regularity of features.

It was the mind which animated her eyes and blushed in her cheek; the smile which so frequently played upon her rosy lips expressed the unaffected joy of a young heart, happy in pleasing and being beloved. When Madame Recamier was in England she excited the same enthusiasm in the multitudes who thronged to see her, because there is in grace and goodness a charm which exercises its power, without appeal, over the people of every country.

At the time when I first met Madame Recamier she was in the prime of her beauty and of her brilliant existence. M. Recamier was at the head of one of the first banking houses of Paris; his misfortunes were not then foreseen. He had, therefore, the means of giving to his charming consort all the enjoyments of wealth and luxury, as a poor return for her tender attentions and the happiness which she shed over his home and his life. M. Recamier's house was a delightful residence; nothing was comparable to the *fêtes* he gave to foreigners recommended to him, and whose choice of M. Recamier for their banker was no doubt fixed by the desire of an

introduction to his wife. Curiosity attracted them to his house; they were retained there by the charm which acted equally upon old and young, male and female.

Madame Recamier is an indispensable figure in contemporary memoirs. Not that she either reflected or impressed her era, but because she could have belonged to that era alone. One cannot expect to find, in future times, a woman like her — a woman whose friendship has been courted by the most remarkable persons of the age; a woman whose beauty has thrown at her feet all the men whose eyes have once been set upon her; whose love has been the object of universal desire, yet whose virtue has remained pure; whose unsullied reputation never suffered from the attacks of jealousy or envy; a woman who lost none of the affections which had been pledged to her, because in her days of gayety and splendor she had the merit of being always ready to sacrifice her own enjoyments to afford consolation — which no one could do more sweetly and effectually — to any friend in affliction. To the world Madame Recamier is a celebrated woman; to those who had the happiness to know and to appreciate her she was a peculiar and gifted being, formed by Nature as a perfect model in one of her most beneficent moods.

Since the 18th Brumaire society had been reuniting and grouping round a Government which offered it at length not only security but prosperity. The peace with Germany, that which was in progress with Russia, and a preliminary treaty already far advanced with Great Britain, afforded a bright horizon to replace those thick clouds which weighed upon the bosoms even of individuals, oppressing all with fears, not only for their possessions but their lives.

Paris once more became the abode of joy and pleasure. In the two first years of the Consulate the finest *fêtes*, except those of the Government, the Ministers, and other authorities, were given by the richest bankers, such as M. Recamier, M. Perregaux, and two or three others; then followed MM. Seguin, Hainguerlot, and other opulent persons, who returned to France in pleasures the wealth she had bestowed upon them.

These *fêtes* were soon rendered more brilliant by the presence of numerous foreigners of distinction, who

crowded into France as soon as they were permitted to travel. Italy, England, Switzerland, sent their contributions of visitors who, in exchange for the gold with which they enriched us, were taught the arts of refined entertainments.

The Russians followed the Germans as soon as their new sovereign gave them permission to quit their frozen regions. The Emperor Paul was just dead; and Alexander, the eldest of his sons, had mounted the throne at twenty-three years of age. The despotic domination of the Czars immediately gave place to a paternal government, as much wiser as it was more gentle. I remember that at this period the Russians who came to Paris cherished for their young sovereign a sentiment bordering upon idolatry. Many kept his portrait in their innermost apartment, beside that of the favorite saint, surrounded like it with lights and gems, and as much venerated as St. Alexander Newsky or St. Nicholas.

Our definite arrangements with the Court of St. Petersburg, however, did not proceed very rapidly. M. Sprengporten was recalled and replaced by the Chevalier Kalitscheff, who also had no diplomatic rank, but was simply the bearer of a letter from the Emperor of Russia to the First Consul. One remarkable circumstance attached to his mission was that, though sent by the Emperor Paul, before he could deliver his letter the throne was already filled by Alexander. He was soon succeeded by the Count Markoff, in quality of Minister Plenipotentiary, which, however, he did not assume till two months after his arrival here. General Hédouville was appointed by the First Consul to reside at St. Petersburg in the same capacity: all appointments of this nature were made with extreme caution; the Foreign Powers feared even to form alliances with France, for the Directory had rendered them suspicious of our good intentions.

CHAPTER VII.

A Visit from Rapp — An Invitation to Malmaison — Conversation on the Road — Rapp's Attachment to the First Consul — Chagrin and Melancholy of Bonaparte — Uneasiness of His Two Aids-de-Camp — Bonaparte Refuses His Breakfast — A Ride on Horseback and Fear of Assassins — The Horses at Full Gallop — Deep Affliction of the First Consul and His Conversation with Junot — A Dinner at Malmaison — The Loss of Egypt — Great Projects Overthrown — The Intended Pillar — The Action of Nazareth — An Order of the Day the Proudest Title of Nobility — The Picture and the Portrait.

ONE FINE morning in the summer of 1801 Rapp joined our breakfast table, bringing an order to Junot to attend the First Consul at Malmaison, and an invitation to me to spend the day there. We set out immediately after breakfast, and as Rapp was returning to Malmaison we gave him a place in our carriage.

I have already spoken of Rapp as a brave and frank soldier, but the quality which marked his character most strongly at this moment was his ardent attachment to the First Consul. Rapp, Duroc, Lannes, Bessières, Lemarrois, and two or three others of the Army of Italy and Egypt sympathized perfectly with Junot in this respect, and uttered precisely the same language. The First Consul was to them (as an adored mistress would be to most young men) the thought which predominated over every other.

On this occasion we remarked that Rapp was thoughtful and that a strong feeling seemed to oppress him. We had scarcely reached the Barrière de l'Etoile when Junot, who had been contemplating Rapp's countenance, caught the reflection of its melancholy, and before we arrived at Nanterre he said to his brave brother-in-arms, taking his hand:

"Rapp, there is something the matter yonder . . . the General ——" And his eye, fixed upon the excellent young man, seemed to fear a confirmation of his apprehensions.

Rapp at first bowed his head without answering; then pressing Junot's hand, "I know nothing," he said; "but

the General has certainly received some painful news. I know him as if I had spent my whole life by his side, and when his forehead wrinkles and his eyelids fall. . . .» Here he knit his eyebrows as Napoleon was accustomed to do when deep in thought. «Then when retaining this melancholy air he pushes away his plate at dinner, throws up his napkin, removes his chair, walks to and fro, and orders three cups of coffee an hour hence, I say to myself that he has met with some cause of distress. This is the life he led all day yesterday, and this morning the same course has recommenced. This is why I am returning to Malmaison, though my attendance ended at noon. But I should be miserable at Paris.»

Junot pressed Rapp's hand: the brave fellow had so entirely expressed his own feelings! I looked at both of them; Junot's eyes were wet, and Rapp was looking out of the coach window ashamed of his emotion.

«But,» said I to them, «permit me to tell you that you are behaving like children. What! because the First Consul is perhaps out of humor, or, at the most, because you believe him to be vexed, you are so unhappy as to be absolutely ashamed of your feelings! I repeat it, you are as unreasonable as two babies.»

Their two faces turned toward each other to take a mutual survey; and I burst into a laugh. Rapp was offended. «I may be ridiculous in expressing overanxiety,» said he; «but I who have seen the General's altered physiognomy . . . you know, Junot, I who have seen him know that it is not ill-humor; it is grief. Yesterday morning, after rising from breakfast, which he had not eaten, he ordered the horses, and we rode out to the park of Bougival. We were alone with Jardin; so long as we were within sight of the house the General walked his horse; but we had no sooner passed the paling than he spurred it, and the poor beast galloped up the stony road of Bougival, where he might have been killed ten times over; for if the horse had stumbled upon one of the round and polished stones the hill is strewn with he might have rolled to the bottom without the possibility of being saved. When we reached the summit, there, under the fine trees at the entrance of the wood, he stopped short. The horse was blown and could not advance a step.

«I rode up to the General; he was alone; Jardin was

still a long way behind. I then thought no more of the horse falling; but I pictured to myself in the dark and desert wood assassins in waiting to dog my General's steps. I saw that the most devoted guardianship cannot be so active but that danger may outstrip it; he had been there two minutes, and alone! The misfortunes which might have been accomplished in this short time presented themselves so forcibly to me that for a moment I forgot myself. I took the liberty to tell the First Consul that he rode like a madman and did not know what he was about. "Why the devil, General," said I, "do you alarm those who are devoted to you in this way?"

"What! You spoke to him in that manner!" said Junot, with a look of astonishment.

"Certainly," replied Rapp, "and why not? You all try to frighten me out of speaking frankly to the First Consul; but I cannot believe it would displease him: he knows when the heart speaks." Rapp accompanied this speech with a collection of energetic words which may be dispensed with here. His language had nothing coarse in it, but he often introduced into it interjections and exclamations to which it would be difficult to do justice in writing. "But to return to what I was saying just now about the General; when I pointed out to him the solitude which surrounded us, he smiled, so. . . ." And Rapp smiled with an expression of disdain and bitterness, at the same time inclining his head in a manner altogether peculiar to Napoleon, and which those only who have known him well can figure to themselves or understand.

"Then he said to me: 'Danger has no terrors for me, Colonel Rapp; there are even moments when I court it, for some days of my life are heavy to bear.' And thereupon he recommenced his furious gallop, but this time, if we were not in a level country, at least the road was such that it was practicable to follow him. Jardin and I did not let him outride us, but kept our horses close on the heels of his. We rode in this manner six leagues, I think; however, on our return, the First Consul seemed much more calm than when we set out."

Junot was thoughtful. All that Rapp had said did indeed indicate that some great trouble affected the

First Consul. Junot questioned his comrade; but Rapp, who could easily remark the emotion which the countenance of Napoleon exhibited, was wholly deficient in that fine discrimination which could trace such emotion to its cause. I was perfectly astonished at the style, almost of eloquence, in which he had just related the particulars of his preceding day's ride, and I recognized in it a new proof that the eloquence of the heart is the most poetic; that of genius, when compared with it, appears cold and formal.

When we arrived at Malmaison, the First Consul was in his cabinet. He immediately sent for Junot, who, for above an hour, was closeted with him. Some time before dinner we saw them walking in the alley which leads toward Jonchére* and Bougival. Junot was serious, and seemed to listen with great attention to the First Consul. Sometimes the countenance of Napoleon became animated; once he stopped opposite the house, and, as if he would explain demonstratively to Junot what he was saying, he traced some figures with his feet upon the sand, and probably finding this mode insufficient to his purpose, asked Junot for his sword, and, without drawing it from the scabbard, used it to trace his explanatory figures with more ease.

When we entered the dining-room the First Consul was already at table; he placed me by his side, and talked of things so entirely indifferent that it was manifest he was supporting a conversation to which he gave no attention at all, only to avoid the awkwardness of total silence. I examined him narrowly, and was convinced that he was under the influence of a strong impression. Alas! the subject was but too serious; we had lost Egypt!

In returning to Paris, Junot was strongly affected. He told me all he had learned from the First Consul, and how much he was himself distressed in seeing the affliction which weighed upon a great mind whose every sentiment was powerful and ardent.

"It is so long," said Junot, "since I have known his projects with respect to Egypt! When we walked upon the Boulevards Neufs on one of those fine summer evenings which then afforded us all the pleasure we enjoyed;

* A country house, which afterward belonged to Eugène.

when we were at Paris, unhappy and unemployed, then it was that the First Consul spoke to me of the East, of Egypt, of Syria, and the Druses; and when these brilliant dreams subsequently became glorious realities, when General Bonaparte saw in his own hands the power of executing such important projects, I know that he considered it the finest moment of his life. I know not what Heaven may have in store for him; but I may affirm that to constitute Egypt the station from whence, at some future day, the blow should be struck which should annihilate the prosperity of England was his most cherished purpose, and was about to receive its accomplishment. When, then, he said to me to-day, 'Junot, we have lost Egypt!'* I felt all the pain with which he would receive the intelligence that Egypt was actually lost: and my heart throbbed with anguish. Rapp was right! the General suffered cruelly yesterday!"

Junot repeated to me all that had passed during the two hours he had been alone with the First Consul. Not only had Napoleon, during this conference, spoken like a patriot, aud wept over the irreparable loss which the commerce and prosperity of France had sustained, but he had felt as the chief of the army and the friend of his soldiers. He regretted the land which the blood of thousands of Frenchmen had enriched! those burning sands where their bones must wither! "He had intended," said Junot, "to raise a monument to Sulkowsky, to Julien. . . . 'I would have erected at the foot of Mount Tabor a pillar on which the names of the three hundred brave men whom you commanded at Nazareth should be inscribed. We also should have braved ages, and posterity would have found our glory in the deserts of Syria'—but as the Consul said," continued Junot, "'My projects, and my dreams, England has destroyed them all.'"

*It is necessary, in order to understand the ulterior objects of Napoleon with respect to India after he should have conquered Egypt, to read the instructions given by him to M. de Lascaris [which are to be found in M. de Lamartine's "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," vol. iii., p. 145]. This account, taken from the papers of M. de Lascaris, furnishes proofs of the gigantic conception of Napoleon, and is highly interesting.

Junot then described to me a plan which had hitherto only been sketched out, but which was about to receive its completion. At the time of the famous action of Nazareth, where Junot, cut off from the corps to which he belonged, found himself at the head of a few hundred men opposed to the Grand Vizier's advanced guard of three thousand, commanded by Ayoub-Bey, and obtained a complete victory, one of the finest achievements in our wars, the General-in-Chief immediately ordered that this victory should be consecrated in the most glorious manner.* The Order of the Day, then issued, had not yet been executed, but the First Consul, in the most affectionate terms, assured Junot that it should be forthwith. I here insert that Order of the Day; it is a noble trophy to preserve; my children are entitled to be proud of it. They have no cause to fear that their hereditary nobility should be contested, for they will always be the sons of the conqueror of Nazareth.

HEADQUARTERS BEFORE ACRE,
2 Floréal, Year vii.

ORDER OF THE DAY.

The General-in-Chief, desirous of giving a mark of his particular satisfaction to the three hundred brave soldiers commanded by General Junot, who in the action of Nazareth repulsed a Turkish corps of cavalry of three thousand men, took five standards, and covered the field of battle with the dead bodies of the enemy, Orders:—

Article 1. That a medal of 12,000 francs shall be given as a prize to the best picture representing the action of Nazareth.

Article 2. The costume of the French in the picture shall be the uniform of the 2d light infantry and the 14th dragoons. General Junot and the Chiefs of the Brigade Duvivier, and of the 14th dragoons, shall be represented in it.

Article 3. The General Staff shall cause our artists in Egypt to draw the costumes of the Mamelukes, the Janissaries of Damascus and Aleppo, the Maugrebins and the Arabs,† and shall send them to the Minister of the Interior, inviting him to cause copies of them to be executed and transmitted to the principal painters of Paris, Milan, Florence, Rome, and Naples, and to name the judges who shall award the prize and the period when it shall be announced.

Article 4. The present Order of the Day shall be sent to the munici-

* Two dukedoms, it is said, were on the point of creation by Napoleon had it not been for disasters in the Peninsula: Junot, as Duke of Nazareth, and Jourdan, as Duke of Fleurus.

† These troops composed the Turkish corps opposed to Junot and his brave division.

pality of the commune of all the soldiers who shared in the action of Nazareth. The General-in-Chief,

BONAPARTE.

ALEXANDER BERTHIER,
General-of-Division, Chief of the Staff.

I believe that this Order of the Day is unique in our wars. The Directory, which was not fond of acknowledging the glory of our arms, was obliged to publish it, and directions were given that General Bonaparte's orders should be executed. The competition took place after the return both of General Bonaparte and Junot, and the prize was adjudged to M. le Gros, who received orders for the picture, but never completed it. The magnificent portrait of the Duke of Abrantès, the immortal work I may call it of M. le Gros, was destined for this picture of the action of Nazareth. The portrait, of which the head, or rather the face, only is complete, is a *chef-d'œuvre*, not only for the painting but the resemblance. How often has my heart thanked M. le Gros!

CHAPTER VIII.

Mystification — The First Consul Represses It — The Princess Dolgorouky — Mystification of the Institute at Her House — Robert — The Catacombs — The Plank at St. Peter's.

AT THIS period, when strangers abounded in Paris, a fashion existed which, in its various ramifications, served for the daily amusement of society. This was the art of mystification, *anglice* hoaxing, which had just sprung up among us. To make game of one's friends was an amusement of old standing; but now, for the first time, men made the art of mystification, as it was called, a profession, a regular means of livelihood: for example, an entertainment was to be provided in the best manner for a party of friends; M. or Madame N. must be mystified; but how? Send for Musson, Thiémé, or Legras; it was done with the same ease that you would send to Corcelet,* the Chevet of that day, for a truffled turkey.

* Corcelet was still well known at Paris in 1836, but the shop of Chevet was more visited by the epicureans.

But there existed a more general species of mystification in which a whole party were made actors, and that without the help of the inimitable Musson; I am about to give a special instance of this kind presently. The First Consul, who detested this diversion, was the cause of its falling into disuse, by the expression of his displeasure. Junot and I were once warmly reprimanded by him for having caused the mystification of a man by the whole audience of a theater, without any intention on the part of the spectator-actors. But the scene which I am now about to relate especially concerns the Russian Princess Dolgorouky, who arrived in Paris at the time when these follies were still rife, though fear of the First Consul had rendered them less frequent than they had once been.

This lady was by far the most distinguished among the Russians at Paris, for her qualifications of person, mind, and manners. She was called impertinent, but as I never found her so I can say nothing upon that subject; she was certainly stiff, with some bombast and more affectation; but her manners were nevertheless those of the best society. She was polite, but distant; she never conferred an obligation without hesitating; at a first introduction she courtesied even without smiling, nor was it till she was certain of finding the person that pleased her that she advanced graciously to offer her hand.

She was thought handsome by some, because she was tall and finely formed; but this striking figure was surmounted by a countenance of harshness and severity almost repulsive. La Harpe, the Abbé Delille, and others of our literati, held her in high respect, and the superiority of her intellectual acquirements could not be denied; from all this resulted the reputation not only of a witty but of a learned lady — the character in the world the most alarming. Some young people, or perhaps some ladies, wearied and annoyed by the ceremonious airs of the noble stranger, whose haughtiness was ill-placed in a country where liberty, and especially equality, were at that moment in their verdure and activity, determined to make her the subject of a mystification. Her pretensions as a *bel-esprit* were well known, and were made the text of the drama.

The Princess* occupied a very small house in the Faubourg Saint Honoré, where she could not dine more than eight or ten persons; if she wished to entertain twenty she was obliged to invite them to tea. The Princess returned home one afternoon about five o'clock, much fatigued by a traveler's visits to the curiosities of Paris, and had just taken up a reclining position upon a sofa when the folding doors of her drawing-room opened, and her groom of the chambers announced M. de Lacépède.

M. de Lacépède would have been heartily welcome to me or to any of my friends, because we were personally acquainted with him; but the Princess had never seen him, and notwithstanding her learned reputation, it is by no means sure that she had read any of his works. Be this as it may, there he was; and as he was the politest of men the compliments of the *éntree* went off very well. The gentleman was not under the smallest embarrassment, but the lady thought the hour he had chosen for his visit a somewhat strange one. A few minutes, however, only elapsed before the door was opened again to admit M. de Lalande. He was presently followed by M. Suard. At length, in about a quarter of an hour, the most important members of the Institute, the greatest strangers to the world of fashion, from the solitude to which their scientific studies confined them, were all assembled in the Princess Dolgorouky's little drawing-room, except, indeed, those who happened to be acquainted with the hostess, whose situation was every moment becoming more uneasy from the increasing number of her singular visitors.

This was, however, neither the place nor the occasion for the exhibition of those stately airs which disconcert inferiors. The Princess had sense, and though incapable of understanding the extraordinary situation in which she found herself, she perfectly understood that she was at home, and whatever might be the cause of this truly eccentric meeting, it was for her to prove that her humor was not always so disagreeable as was reported. The conversation, nevertheless, became more and more difficult to sustain. One of the learned visitors had raised a discussion respecting some ivory fossils which had been

* She was a daughter of the Princess of Nassau-Usingen.

found, I know not where, and referred continually to the Princess, who was equally at a loss how to answer or where to hide her head. At length a familiar face presented itself to her notice; her friend Millin was announced.

"So," said he to the Princess, kissing her hand with as much respect as if she had been the favorite sultana —"so it is by a singular accident only that I have heard of the scientific treasures and rare curiosities you have received from your northern estates! I, the most faithful, the most devoted of your servants! Oh, Princess, Princess!"

She looked at him with amazement; but at length obtained from him, rapidly and in an undertone, an explanation of the whole mystery, and learned that, two days before, the most distinguished members of the Institute — the elect, in fact, from every section of the most learned — had each received an invitation in his own proper name to dine with her. A note appended to the invitation informed him, moreover, that some most curious objects of natural history had been sent to her from her estates in Siberia, which she not only desired to submit to the examination of the most scientific men in France, but proposed to offer to their acceptance.

Not another word was wanting to attract the attention of the whole learned body. The division of one of M. Demidoff's mines would not have tempted these minds devoted to science and learning; but the possibility of possessing a true moonstone, the carcass, or even a rib of a fossil elephant, had drawn these talented men from their retreat. M. de Lacépède had missed the single hour's sleep he allowed himself each day while engaged on one of his great works, in the hope of seeing some skin, or some delicate bone which he might recognize as the spoil of one of those superb serpents a hundred and eighty feet in length which overran the world some twenty-five thousand years ago.

Millin had not seen these invitations, for the authors of the hoax had taken good care not to send them to the acquaintances of the Princess, but he, having met M. de Lalande at the Tuileries, had learned from him

that there was to be a scientific meeting at the Princess Dolgorouky's, together with its cause; he wondered much that he had been forgotten, but fortunately determined, nevertheless, to make one of the party.

The result of this explanation by M. Millin was the discovery that the Princess had been hoaxed, a matter of serious concern to one who thought so much of the observations which might be made upon her, but she parried it with all the show of indifference she could assume, and followed the excellent advice of Millin, to retire for a week or two into the country. Her friend had more wit than to undertake the refutation of the story, one of the most ill-judged proceedings imaginable, unless supported by incontestable proofs.

The learned men implicated in the transaction, when the true state of the case came to be whispered among them, sneaked one by one out of the house, and *restaurateurs* being by no means so numerous as at present, they found some difficulty in procuring a dinner at six o'clock in the evening. Aware of the ridicule to which they were exposed (and who so sensible to ridicule as such men?), they took care to be silent, and thus the matter dropped, forgotten in ten days, as everything is at Paris unless supported by a prolonged discussion; and this adventure, which never gained much credence, was nearly unknown, and entirely failed to effect the purpose of its contrivers. After awhile it was formally denied, but was perfectly true nevertheless.

"The dignity of science was somewhat compromised," said old Robert, who was as ready in conversation as at his easel; "this affair would have made a good subject for the pencil," and, in fact, the interior of the drawing-room, with the perplexity of the hostess, and the dismayed countenances of her guests when they found that neither serpents, elephants, nor dinner were forthcoming, would have made an amusing scene.

This Robert was an excellent old man; he had an affectionate friendship for me, which I cordially returned. He was a man of intelligence, had seen much, and retained much, and his judgment being good, his conversation was extremely attractive. It was he who was the hero of that adventure so famous in the annals of the

French Academy at Rome, and which has furnished the text to M. Delille's fine poetical episode of the Catacombs.*

But how cold and colorless, how devoid of interest, are those verses in comparison with the rapid and animated narration I received from Robert's own lips, when, at seventy-nine years of age, sitting by my fireside, he related the peril he had run in studying the frescoes in the Catacombs of St. Sebastian at Rome from having lost the threads which guided him through the intricacies of these prodigious vaults.† With what simple, yet glowing, because heartfelt, eloquence did this old man portray the horrors of the youth of twenty creeping for two days in living agony, among the stones from which he had been copying, in search of a ball of thread! His remembrance of the mother he was to see no more, of his country, and of that glorious futurity of which the imagination of a youthful artist had dreamed, and before which a leaden curtain was falling. Then comes physical suffering, with its overwhelming force; he is hungry, he is in pain, in torture. But what words can paint the delirium of his joy, when, by accidentally dropping his hand upon a heap of bones, it feels his guardian ball!

Soon after this adventure of the Catacombs he fell again, and by his own fault, into a danger equally imminent, but less known. He was one day in St. Peter's, after the hour of prayer, alone, contemplating in the calmness of solitude the thousand wonders of the Christian giant. Suddenly he saw a cord descend from an opening in the cupola: a workman approached it, fastened to it a bucket full of water, and the cord was drawn up again. He perceived that they were mending the roof, and was seized with a desire to mount the cupola.

"I was curious," said he, "to see what harm had befallen this Colossus of modern architecture, which, rearing its head into the air, seems to deride the ruined monuments which surround it, saying to them: 'I AM ETERNAL!' Its pride seemed to me to be greatly abated, for

* In his poem entitled "*L'imagination.*"

† Robert is well known as a painter of ruins; he found his ball of twine only on the second day, which enabled him to trace his way out of the Catacombs.

this cord, this bucket, this solitary workman, appeared so insignificant; I was no longer afraid, but determined to go up to discover what was the matter."

He mounted accordingly, and, having reached the summit, was at first seized with admiration at sight of the prospect which lay extended before him — a magnificent, but living, panorama, illuminated by that sun to which no other can compare, enveloping all Nature with that veil of golden hue which floats only on the buildings, the trees, the fields of Italy. Then, looking round nearer to him, he saw some masons and tilers repairing, as they sang in their monotonous and nasal tones, some damage the roof had sustained. For the greater facility of bringing up the water, they had tied two long planks together, fixed them across the opening in the dome, and from them, by means of a cord and bucket, drew up the water; the two planks might be about two feet and a half in width, and the whole apparatus being intended only to support the bucket of water, no one concerned himself about its strength.

Eyes of twenty years see danger only to laugh at and brave it; it came into Robert's head that the appearance of St. Peter's, looking down upon it from above, must be very extraordinary, and the fancy soon became an ardent desire that Robert felt compelled to satisfy, without considering that the plank which he proposed to use as a bridge crossed an aperture three hundred feet from the ground. He set first one foot upon it, then the other, and presently behold him on this frail pathway without the possibility of turning back.

When Robert related this history to me, at the moment of his launching upon this plank, where my imagination represented him suspended between the sky and that marble which seemed destined to break his head, I was seized with the same vertigo that threatened him in his insane course; we gathered round him, listening eagerly to his words, and following him step by step on his aerial bridge.

"Having reached about a third part across I became desirous," said he, "of enjoying the spectacle I had set my mind upon, and cast my eyes downward. Instantly a singing whizzed in my ears, a cloud first of blackness, then of fire, spread itself before my eyes. Fortunately I

had the presence of mind to stop. I cannot describe what I felt at this moment in hearing close to me the most execrable imprecations murmured in an undertone by the workmen. I reopened my eyes and determined to walk on, for I was convinced that if I remained another moment in my present situation I should die even without falling. I felt that my rescue depended upon myself, that my strength of mind alone could save me."

He advanced with a firm step along this narrow plank, at the extremity of which he might recover a life at present so uncertain, when he felt it crack under his feet ! he was now in the middle of the plank, and the weight of his body so much exceeding that of the small bucket of water, seemed necessarily about to break it down and precipitate him to the marble floor. A young man, looking on with affright, heard the crash, and exclaimed: "The plank is split; the poor fellow must——" He did not finish the sentence, for the master mason laid his hand upon his mouth and pressed it violently. Meanwhile Robert proceeded, and at length stepped upon a solid footing. He looked behind him, saw the plank, the gulf, the death he had escaped, and throwing himself upon his knees, returned thanks to God.

"Oh, my friends," said he to the workmen, "how fortunate I have been !" But, instead of sympathizing in his joy, the workmen laid hold of him and beat him so violently that he cried out for help. "You provoking Frenchman, rascal, torment !" bawled out the masons in chorus, "you have frightened us out of our senses," and the blows continuing to pour upon his back, Robert thought he should go mad. "Will you leave me alone ?" cried he, half laughing and half angry. "*Ouf*," said the master mason, "I can scarcely breathe yet !" "And why," said Robert," did you shut that poor boy's mouth?" "By St. Peter ! would you have had me let him cry on till he had made you lose what little reason you had left ? "

Robert took the mason's hand and pressed it with real and cordial friendship; this rough frankness, expressing such strong interest, however strange the mode of testifying it, went straight to the heart, and affected it perhaps more deeply than the most ceremonious expressions of interest uttered by a man of the world. Robert saw

this man frequently during his stay at Rome, and painted two pictures for him, one of which was a sketch of this event, which I believe has been engraved, but I am not sure.

CHAPTER IX.

Lessons in Elocution — Mysterious Visit — Ride to Issy — Mademoiselle Clairon's House — A Waiting Maid's Costume — Mademoiselle Clairon at Eighty Years of Age — Extraordinary Dress — The Bust of Voltaire — The Monologue of Electra — Mademoiselle Clairon and Talma — The Queen of Babylon without Bread — M. de Staël — Mademoiselle Clairon Relieved by the Government — She Does Justice to Mademoiselle Mars — Nightly Sound of a Pistol Shot.

I HAD received lessons in elocution from M. Laurent, and had even had some lessons from Larive, when we occasionally met him at Saint Mandé, at the house of a friend to whom he was related. But I had also had a very different mistress, if I may apply the term to the advice given on the subject of declamation to a young girl not destined for the theater.

M. Brunetière, who was my guardian, and fulfilled to the utmost of his power the duties of the office, frequently took me into the country in his cabriolet when my fatiguing watchings in 1798 and 1799 were visibly injuring my health. We were not absent on these occasions more than an hour or two, yet even this my mother thought long; and so did I, because I could not be easy unless I was beside her to see that the thousand and one fancies, which as soon as formed became necessary to her comfort, were complied with.

M. Brunetière one day said to me: "I am going to take you to visit a very celebrated person; but I shall not tell you her name, you must guess it." Then, inclining toward my mother, he said some words to her in a whisper, adding aloud: "Will you give me leave to take her?" "Most certainly I will, and gladly," she replied, and added, "Loulou, look at her; examine her closely, and tell me what impression the person you are going to see makes upon you."

We set off about noon, on a lovely day of spring, to take, as M. Brunetière called it, "A bath of air, to refresh," said he, "that face of fifteen which is as pale as the one I am going to show you." And in truth I felt, as we passed through the Bois de Boulogne and a part of the Park of Saint Cloud, that joy which the breezes of spring never fail to inspire after a tedious confinement in close air. We entered the village of Sèvres, and turning to the left reached Issy, which was to be the turning point of our drive.

We stopped before what had been a handsome house, but the dilapidated and neglected appearance of which surprised me. I could not conceive how an aged woman could take up her lodging in a house which looked so desolate. The servant rang a long time without receiving any answer, except from seven or eight dogs, who performed counter tenor, bass, and baritone, in chorus, under the leadership of a great mastiff in the courtyard, who acquitted himself admirably in his office, barking according to order.

An old woman at length appeared to let us in. The extrordinary style of her dress arrested my whole attention; it was so strange a mixture of old-fashioned French with the Greek and Roman costume, that all the laws of politeness could scarcely restrain me from laughing at the old *femme de chambre*. Her apron trimmed with festooned muslin, and ornamented with ribbon at the pockets, announced her quality of waiting maid. On recoginizing M. de Brunetière she uttered an exclamation of joy: "You are come at last! Oh, how pleased Mademoiselle will be! And Mademoiselle Alexandrina, too, I suppose? How much she is like you! Dear young lady, you have a worthy papa. And to think that we have no fruit to offer the dear child!"

During this monologue M. Brunetière assisted me to alight from the cabriolet, and we crossed a small court amid the clamorous yelping of the dogs, whom the old woman beat with a switch, and M. de Brunetière wished heartily at the devil.

At length we reached the apartment of the mistress, who proved to be a very old lady, notwithstanding the title of Mademoiselle given her by her servant. She had been a fine figure in her youth, and age had not yet

robbed her of a particle of height; her hair, white, but unpowdered, was drawn up behind in the Grecian style, and formed in front a *toupet*, which showed a still noble forehead, and a brow corresponding to all the expressions of an eye calm but animated. The costume of this lady, whose air imposed respect at first sight, was as extraordinary as that of her *femme de chambre*. She wore a sort of muslin mantle, which did not hang as mantles usually do, from the shoulders, but was folded round her in the form of antique drapery. A robe below it was shorter than the mantle; both were white, and bordered with garlands of laurels.

This lady, at once singular and attractive, was seated in a large armchair well lined with pillows, with a bear-skin under her feet, and a table covered with books before her. A bust of Voltaire of great beauty stood upon it, as did a portrait of Lekain; many other busts and portraits were hung around the room or attached by brackets to the walls, which were barely covered by paper, dropping to pieces from the effect of damp. The desolation of the house seemed even more striking in this room, surrounding with its misery an aged lady who had evidently been accustomed to the indulgences of affluence.

On seeing M. Brunetière, far from expressing the joy her maid had promised, she bent her brow, compressed her lips in a manner I have never seen in any other person and exclaimed: "Ah! ah! Monsieur, here you are, then, at last! and where is your ambassador that he is not come also? He would have judged for himself of the condition of the asylum which is left to Electra and to Semiramis." So saying, she raised her arm in a theatrical manner, pointing toward a part of the ceiling through which the water was falling into the parlor, though it was on the ground floor. "So!" she continued with an accent impossible to describe, "M. le Baron de Staël still fails in his word, his plighted oath! And why, sir, why do not you, who know what his engagements to me are, oblige him to fulfill them? for in fact, sir, it even rains in my room."

I looked at and listened attentively to this woman, as singular in her speech as in her costume, yet experienced no inclination to laugh, nor the smallest idea of ridiculing her. I even felt pain at hearing her com-

plaints of ill-usage. M. Brunetière, who was no way responsible for the condition of things, approached her, kissed her hand with an air of deference which seemed to soften her, and presenting me to her by name, said: "Her mother is a Comnena." The old lady endeavored to stand up, but could not.

"Mademoiselle," said she, "I knew your father and your uncle well; they both did me the honor of visiting me. I am rejoiced to see you. Permit me——" And taking my hand, she kissed my forehead with a solemnity which made M. de Brunetière smile. I was dying with impatience to know the name of this remarkable person, who, surrounded by evidences of poverty, and herself giving the idea of the ruin of a superior nature, inspired me with an indefinable species of respect. My guardian at length took pity upon me.

"You see that Mademoiselle Clairon is surrounded by objects worthy of herself and her glorious recollections," said he, pointing to the busts of Voltaire and Lekain.

But my eye did not follow the direction of his hand; it fixed immediately upon the person whose name I had just learned. Mademoiselle Clairon! so famous, so admirable in the parts of Electra, Aménaïde, Idamé, Semiramis! the woman sung by Voltaire, praised by all Europe! there I saw her, almost eighty years of age, in a state bordering on destitution, and apparently accusing as the author of her misfortunes a man whose name should have been a guarantee that talent in distress would have found protection from him.

I looked at her, and my eye probably expressed a part of my thoughts; for taking my hand with that of hers which she was able to use (the other was paralytic), she said to me, "Yes, my dear young lady, it is Clairon that you see. I am the woman whom Voltaire thanked for the success of his pieces; I am the woman whom all Europe came to hear pronounce the fine verses of that immortal genius." And she bowed to the bust of Voltaire. "My country," she added with a bitter smile, "has been grateful and liberal in praises, and has given me many laurels."

Again she pointed to the bust of Voltaire, and I observed that it was surrounded by emblematic crowns, numerous papers, and a thousand other trifles, all of

which Mademoiselle Clairon had probably received during her long theatrical career. "I have offered to him," said the actress, "all the fruits of my success; it is to the master that the pupil owes all her credit." And raising herself in her chair, with theatrical dignity she recited an ode addressed by Voltaire to herself, in which, reversing Mademoiselle Clairon's observations, he thanked her for the success of his works. "But he did not believe a word of all that," she said, with a smile of intelligence; "and he was right." She possessed, nevertheless, a degree of vanity of which it is difficult to form an idea.

My guardian, seeing how much Mademoiselle Clairon interested me, begged her to recite some passages from one of her favorite parts; she considered for a moment, and then commenced the fine monologue of "Electra," which she went through with admirable talent. I know not whether at this day we should consider her performance so perfect, but I was delighted, and promised myself many visits to Issy with my guardian. She was fond of conversation, and supported it with grace; her language was correct, and she professed a profound contempt for all innovations upon the ancient manners. She told us that there was a worthy little man named Talma who had the audacity to give himself out as her pupil. "I know not how he performs," said she, "but that is of no consequence to me. I have sent a message to that miserable successor of Fréron, who leaves neither the living nor the dead in peace, desiring him to put into his papers that I never gave lessons to M. Talma." "But he has great talent," said I timidly, for I was overpowered by her royal air. "Oh, I do not contest that," said she politely, but in that tone of voice which seems to say, "I pay no attention to your opinion." I know that she afterward heard Talma, and was enraptured with his performance; also that she gave him some advice which he profited by.

In taking leave of Mademoiselle Clairon I begged permission to visit her again, which she granted with the utmost graciousness, adding: "Make my most profound respects to your mother. I had the honor of seeing her when she first came to Paris in her Greek dress; she was a star of beauty!"

M. Brunetière at parting approached Mademoiselle Clairon and put into her hands a rouleau, at the same time saying something to her very low, to which she answered aloud: "This comes in good time, for the baker would no longer furnish bread to the Queen of Babylon. But you are a worthy man. Mademoiselle"—and she addressed herself to me, showing the rouleau M. Brunetière had just given her—"do you see this money? your guardian gives it out of his own purse that poor Clairon may not die of hunger. He gives it for that man who is without principle, that ambassador, that husband of a celebrated woman, in short, for the Baron de Staël, who suffers the rain of heaven to find its way into my poor abode."

M. de Staël had purchased an estate of Mademoiselle Clairon; the deeds stipulated that the house in which she resided at Issy should be kept in repair at his expense. Not one of the clauses were ever fulfilled. M. Brunetière, though an excellent man of business, could not draw blood from a stone. Madame de Staël, his wife, who had but little regard for him, could not pay his debts, however just; and in the midst of these claims and refusals Mademoiselle Clairon was dying with hunger. On our way home my guardian, who was M. de Staël's counselor and friend, related to me this transaction between him and the great actress, but added: "I beg you, my child, not to repeat what you have heard to-day; Mademoiselle Clairon is unhappy, and as poverty sours the disposition she is unjust toward M. de Staël." "But he does not pay her," said I, "since you are the guardian angel who saves her from perishing with hunger. How is it that your friend Gohier does not rescue her from this state of distress?"

"The Government is too poor. But do you speak to Lucien upon the subject; young lips may with much grace beg bread for such a woman as Mademoiselle Clairon; M. de Staël cannot pay her, and I have heavy charges upon me."

I spoke to my brother-in-law upon the subject. Mademoiselle Clairon received material assistance from Lucien, but it was not till the Ministry of Chaptal that she was effectually relieved from want. In a collection of autographs of celebrated persons, two curious papers on this

subject are preserved; the one, in some very energetic words of Mademoiselle Clairon, requests bread from the Minister of the Interior; the other has the two equally expressive lines which follow:

"GOOD FOR TWO THOUSAND FRANCS, PAYABLE AT SIGHT TO MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON.—CHAPTAL."

I saw her occasionally. She was fond of me, but Talma and Mademoiselle Mars caused perpetual disputes between us. I was angry, because, as she did not see their performance, she could not appreciate all the talent of these two beings endowed with dramatic genius. Talma might be criticized, but Mademoiselle Mars was even then a diamond of the first water, without spot or defect. At length I was one day much surprised to find my old friend quite softened toward my favorite actress, and never could attribute the sudden change to any other cause than her having seen Mademoiselle Mars in one of her characters; she did not admit it, but I am almost certain of the fact. I had spoken so much of her that it was scarcely possible she should not wish to see her to judge for herself.

In "The Pupil," Mademoiselle Mars, in the simple action of letting fall a nosegay, unveils at once the secret of a young heart. This expressive touch is one which could not be described, and yet Mademoiselle Clairon spoke to me as if she had seen it; nor do I think that she would have imbibed from any other source opinions sufficiently strong to overcome her prejudices, though I know that an old M. Antoine, a friend of Lekain, gave her frequent accounts of all that passed at the *Comédie Française*. I have, however, no doubt that she had been carried thither herself in a sedan chair, and had seen and admired our charming actress. I have often seen Mademoiselle Mars off the stage since that time, but I do not remember to have ever mentioned the circumstance to her—she could not but have been flattered by it.

It is well known that Mademoiselle Clarion was the cause, the innocent cause it is said, of the suicide of a man, who killed himself by a pistol shot. Ever afterward she heard that shot every night at one o'clock, whether asleep or at a ball, on a journey or at an inn—it was the same thing; it penetrated the music of a *fête*, it awoke her from repose, and it resounded equally in

the court of a posthouse or of a palace. I cannot answer for it that there was no exaggeration in all this; but she who usually spoke in an exaggerated strain here laid aside all that could give any suspicion of seeking after effect. Albert, who believed in magnetism, wished after hearing Mademoiselle Clarion's relation to demonstrate to me that the thing was possible. I laughed then. . . . Alas! since that time I have myself had a terrible lesson to cure me of incredulity.

CHAPTER X.

Napoleon's Smile — His Account of the Action at Algeciras and Admiral Linois — His Joy at the Success of the French Fleet — The Humiliation of England His Most Anxious Desire — Activity in the Ports of the Channel — The Flotilla of Boulogne — Brunet's Jest upon the Péniches — He Learns Discretion — Inundation of Pamphlets — Frequent Disputes between Fouché and the First Consul — M. de Lucchesini — A Dinner and Diplomatic Imprudence — Madame de Lucchesini — Probable Authors of the Pamphlets — The Public Baths of Paris — The Mysterious Packet — "A Fortnight of the Great Alcander" — Bonaparte and Bussy de Rabutin — Relation of My Adventure to Junot — False Conjectures and My Mother Suspected — Pamphlets Burned by Her — Letters and More Pamphlets from My Brother — My Brother's Letter Presented to Napoleon — Dramatic Scene in the First Consul's Cabinet — Remembrance of a Wound — Bonaparte Reckons up His True Friends — His Lively Interest in My Mother's Illness — Anecdote of the Army in Italy.

Those who were much about the person of Napoleon can never forget the winning expression of his features when he smiled; his eyes then became truly eloquent, their expression softened; and if the sentiment which produced the smile had anything truly noble in it, its effect was infinitely heightened; it was then that his countenance became almost more than that of man.

Well do I remember one of those fleeting but sublime moments when the combat of Algeciras roused the emotion of his soul; his countenance, as he recounted the circumstances of this action, and dwelt complacently upon his words, became truly interesting. The valor of Rear-Admiral Linois excited the sympathetic love of glory in

Napoleon, and more especially when it caused the triumph of our flag over that of the Three Leopards.

Admiral Linois, with two ships of the line — one of eighty guns, one of sixty-four — and a frigate of forty, fought Sir James Saumarez, who commanded two ships of eighty guns, four of sixty-four, two frigates of thirty-six guns, and a lugger, in the Bay of Gibraltar, before Algeciras, and took one of his sixty-fours, called the "Hannibal." All the glory of this action belonged to Admiral Linois, for he received very slight assistance from the Spanish land batteries. This success was followed by another equally brilliant; Captain Troude, who commanded the "Formidable," one of Admiral Linois's two eighty-gun ships, was separated from the squadron a few days afterward, and fell in with Sir James Saumarez and his three sixty-fours, to which he gave battle, and compelled Sir James to abandon one of them.

These facts Napoleon related; but it is impossible to describe the expression of his countenance while he invoked blessings on Rear-Admiral Linois for having attached a gleam of glory to our fleet. Naval victories were rare at that time, and the First Consul took the most lively interest in this; I can affirm it, because I saw it. I saw it when he was only Chief of the Government, not yet even Consul for life — much less Emperor! But he was General Bonaparte, the conqueror of Arcola, of Lodi, of Marengo, the true patriot. He loved his country then, and he always loved it! But at that time, happy in being the first of men, he wished for no other title.

The Rear-Admiral received the only recompense which then made the heart of a Frenchman beat — a sword of honor. But his grateful country multiplied that recompense a thousandfold in the praises she still bestows on him who gained a triumph for our flag.

Since the Treaty of Luneville, Napoleon had resumed in all their activity his views of an invasion of England. He had laid them aside to give his whole attention to more important affairs; but since the pacification of nearly the whole continent had become certain, and England appeared to be the sole impediment to a universal peace, the First Consul openly stated that he would stake everything to compel her to treat with the

French Republic. All who had an opportunity of closely studying the character of Napoleon knew that the predominating desire of his mind was the humiliation of England. It was his constant object, and during the fourteen years of his power, when I was always able to observe his actions and their motives, I knew his determination to be firmly fixed upon giving to France the glory of conquering a rival who never engaged upon equal terms; and all his measures had reference to the same end.

Boulogne was selected in the year 1801 as the chief station of the enterprise against England. The greatest activity suddenly prevailed in all the ports of the Channel; camps were formed on the coast, divisions of light vessels were organized, and multitudes were built. The flotilla, as it was called, created apparently with the greatest exertion, and all the apparatus of preparation, spread, as was intended, alarm on the opposite shore. The Boulogne flotilla was composed of extremely light boats, so small that at Paris, where everything forms the subject of a jest, they were called walnut shells.

Brunet, who at this time was a truly comic actor, performing in some piece which I do not remember, was eating walnuts, the shells of which, after a little preparation, he launched upon some water in a tub by his side. "What are you doing?" said his fellow-actor. "Making *péniches*," replied Brunet. [This was the name by which the flat-bottomed boats of the flotilla were known at Paris.] But poor Brunet had to atone by twenty-four hours' imprisonment for his unseasonable joke on the Government; and the day after his release the same piece was performed. When Brunet should have made the interdicted reply he was silent. The other actor repeated the inquiry as to what he was doing. Still Brunet made no answer, and the other with an air of impatience proceeded: "Perhaps you do not know what you are about?" "Oh yes!" said Brunet, "I know very well what I am about, but I know better than to tell." The laugh was general, and so was the applause; and, in truth, nothing could be more droll than the manner in which this was uttered; Brunet's countenance was of itself sufficient to provoke universal hilarity.

A very curious incident occurred to me about this time, which is connected with other circumstances that give a striking color to the character of the period. This was the immense number of libelous pamphlets current in the second year of the Consulate, directed especially against the First Consul and his family. Bonaparte at last became violently provoked with Fouché upon the subject; and his displeasure burst out in several curious scenes, the more annoying to the Minister because they did not occur privately between himself and the First Consul, but before fifteen or twenty persons; I was myself present at two of them, one at Malmaison and the other at the Tuileries.

These pamphlets Bonaparte greatly suspected to proceed from the foreigners in Paris, and even from the Diplomatic Corps, that of Prussia especially, for the obsequious bows and language of the Marquis de Lucchesini, whose character was calculated to displease the head of the Government, were very much at variance with the opinions he used to inculcate.

The Revolution with him was inseparable from the horrors of 1793; he would admit none of the benefits which these misfortunes had procured for us, and held liberal principles of all kinds in the most supreme contempt. He had much sense and wit, and could be agreeable when he pleased, notwithstanding a very ugly face. I never liked, however, his measured phrases, his cold politeness, and his eternal ironical smile; and I always thought his excess of cunning anything but sagacious.

We met him one day at dinner at the house of Madame Divoff, a Russian lady, established at Paris, and wholly French in her feelings. He was in one of those moods of frankness which, unless intended to serve a particular purpose, are not, I think, quite advisable in a diplomatist. Junot, who was always open and unsuspecting in his conversation, entered into much disputation with him upon some very singular questions; the Concordat, for example, in which, strangely enough, M. de Lucchesini defended the First Consul's proceedings against the objections of Junot; and the nomination of the King of Etruria, of which also the Ambassador approved, and which the republican principles of Junot looked upon as the first blow to our liberties.

Though very moderate in his language, M. de Lucchesini certainly in this debate exceeded the limits of his instructions; and Junot said much which would have been more suitably confined to his own closet than uttered at the table of a stranger among a mixed company. It was, however, a singular spectacle to see the dispute between these two parties so oddly suppported: the one the adorer of Bonaparte, blaming his wish to reign; the other the enemy, rejoicing to see him take up scepters and crowns as playthings, perhaps already foreseeing the embarrassments they would occasion, and hoping they might ultimately prove the rock on which his power would be wrecked.

The First Consul heard the particulars of this conversation the following day; but it was not until some months after that Junot learned that his General had been dissatisfied with the dinner and the discussion; Napoleon did not like to be blamed by a friend, any more than by other people, and this dinner was not without consequences.

These pamphlets which inundated us with their venom were supposed to be chiefly concocted by persons attached to the Northern Embassies, and Madame de Lucchesini was even said to be active in superintending them. She was not present at the dinner I have spoken of above, or her husband would have received a hint to be more prudent, for she had quite sense enough to understand that his ambassadorial functions were not in keeping with such unreserved discourse. She was, however, very ridiculous, affecting at forty-five the airs of a coy maiden of sixteen; speaking like a child, and professing incapacity to pronounce the letter *r*, unless, indeed, when she forgot herself.

I think myself that the First Consul was rather unjust in laying the dissemination of those pamphlets so much to the account of the recognized representatives of the Northern Courts. The two Counts von Cobentzel were incapable of such treachery, and if M. de Lucchesini and M. Markoff could have sanctioned it, it must have been unknown to their Governments. The Emperor Alexander, whose young heart beat with the chivalrous honor peculiar to the morning of life, did not, it is true, love Napoleon in 1802, but he already began to feel, notwith-

standing the storm which rose soon after, a portion of that admiration on which the friendship of the Niemen was founded, and the soul which admires greatness is incapable of a base action.

I am disposed to believe that those scandalous libels and personal invectives were the productions of many unaccredited agents, who came among us for the double purpose of sowing discord and seeking pleasure. The First Consul was never able to unravel the whole mystery of this iniquitous manœuver. Two hundred specimens of these atrocious writings were seized in the boudoir of a young and pretty woman; in a perfumed and ornamented retreat, which should have harbored only romances, flowers, and *billets-doux*. The First Consul laughed when this fact was reported to him, but it was with a laugh of bitterness.

In relating the occurrence which connected me with these detestable pamphlets, I must observe that comfort had not then reached its present pitch among us, especially in the interior arrangement of our houses. A private bathroom was a luxury which appertained to very few; but the deficiency in this respect was in a great degree remedied by the convenience offered to the public by the baths of Tivoli, of Albert, and of Vigier, which were frequented by ladies of distinction. I was in the habit of using Albert's; and was one day in the bath when the young woman who usually attended me gave to my maid a large packet directed to Madame Junot the younger. It was brought, she said, by a respectable man dressed in black and advanced in years, but of whom I knew no more by her description than of a Chinese mandarin.

On opening it a multitude of little sheets of note paper flew about, which on inspection proved to be covered over the four sides with very small and fine writing in a perfectly legible hand — the whole of them copies of three different pamphlets, and a few of one number of a Royalist journal, which, Fouché's active police having suppressed it in print, was now disseminated in written copies to the amount of several hundred. One of the pamphlets was particularly scandalous, and was entitled "A Fortnight of the Great Alcander." It appeared every fortnight, professing to give a journal of the First Consul's

proceedings, and was filled with such stupid absurdities that it was a subject for neither laughter nor anger, but very fit to excite disgust. The First Consul was preposterously accused of lavishing extravagant sums on his mistresses; and poor Bellilotte was attacked with a rancor which she certainly did not deserve.

The first time Napoleon heard of this scandalous journal he paid little attention to it, except to inquire what was meant by the Great Alcander. When he was informed that it was Louis XIV. he became seriously angry. "To Louis XIV.!" he exclaimed. "Ah! those people know very little of me to compare me to him—to Louis XIV.!" Then, taking up the libel again, he continued reading, occasionally striking the floor with his foot, and exclaiming, "Louis XIV.!" He would have an explanation of how and when the Great King, who was not great, obtained the title of the Great Alcander. He had never read the works of Bussy de Rabutin; he asked for them, looked them through in one night, and they offended him. "Your Comte de Bussy-Rabutin," said he to Junot the next morning at breakfast, "was a bad man." The specialty of the pronoun referred to the circumstance of Junot's having been born in the village of which Bussy-Rabutin had been Sieur, and where his mansion stood in very good condition in the year 1802.

But to return to my packet; I examined all these innumerable little sheets to find some note or notice by which I might imagine to whom I was indebted for so singular a present, but in vain; they were but endless reduplications of the same three pamphlets and the "Royalist Journal." Only one clue could I gather, and that so very slight that I dared not affix much importance to it, or even speak of it; it was a very peculiar perfume.

Before I left the bath I closely questioned the girl who had taken in the packet, but with no effect; she evidently knew nothing of the person who delivered it; and I was obliged to return, wondering who could be so absurd as to place in the hands of a young woman so giddy as I was a collection of papers which might compromise so many people.

Who could have so strange an idea of my situation as to choose me, the wife of General Junot, the most devoted of the First Consul's friends, to be the depositary

of libels against him, and against his sisters, one of whom was my particular and beloved friend! For a moment I thought of going to my mother for advice, but my good angel made me prefer applying to Junot, which I did without loss of time.

I found him on the point of setting out for the Tuileries to receive the order of the day, as he regularly did at twelve o'clock, whenever the First Consul was at Paris. I related my adventure to him, and he seemed surprised like myself; but he had much more experience of the world than I had, and immediately imbibed suspicions which directed his researches, and led him to the belief, afterward confirmed, that this singular expedient was adopted to injure him.

"But why," said I, "did they take this packet to the baths? you see it must be a mistake." "That is precisely the circumstance which convinces me that there is no mistake in the case. The man, the gentleman as you call him, who delivered this packet, had no inclination to meet a face which would not have been so forgetful as the servant of the baths. There he has left no trace; here it would have been quite another thing; he might have fallen in with me at the door; for the same reason he did not go to your mother's house."

"Then it is really true that these venomous papers were intended for me," said I, weeping. "But why was I chosen? I could but do two things with them: either throw them into the fire or distribute them. The writers could hardly be so absurd as to intend the one or expect the other. All this puzzles me. The First Consul pretends that my drawing-room and my mother's are full of his enemies; a fine disturbance it would create if he should learn that I have here a whole edition of libels against him. I can hear him now! He would say directly that the authors knew very well whom they were applying to; or else, 'They certainly came from your mother.'"

Alas! my poor mother was then very ill, and was thinking upon very different and much higher subjects. Junot, however, did not hear me lightly; he was struck by the words, "They came from your mother." He embraced me, took up all the papers in the envelope and set out for the Tuileries. As soon as the order of the

day was given he requested an audience of the First Consul, and, presenting the papers, related their history with perfect simplicity. As I had foreseen, Napoleon's first words were an accusation against my mother and myself.

"It is impossible," said he to Junot, "that these papers should have been sent to your wife without the knowledge that they would be well received — if only for the sake of amusing her mother." Junot made no answer; he knew the First Consul's prejudice, or rather mistake, respecting my mother, and he wished to convince him that neither she nor I could be in any way interested in the disagreeable affair; but he could not without proofs. He hoped to obtain some clue to the affair by means of one Fouillon, who was known to him as the editor of these pamphlets; he also had cognizance of several other persons who were concerned in this base proceeding; and he set to work in earnest to find out the motive which led them to choose for their agent a young woman much more disposed to laugh and dance than to read newspapers, still less libels.

Junot had good sense, a rapid and acute judgment; his *coup d'œil* was prompt, and his reasoning almost always right, notwithstanding his hastiness and vehemence. The maid of the bath was sent for, but her renewed examination threw no light on the subject; she knew only that the packet was directed to me, and further, that the old gentleman had desired her to deliver it to Madame Junot.

"Perhaps my sister-in-law," said I. Junot shrugged his shoulders; in fact, that could not be; but the choice they had made of me for a political agent appeared so eccentric that I imagined everything rather than the possibility that I was upon the scene in my own individual capacity. Junot, seeing me affected to melancholy, if not indisposition, resolved to consult my mother that she might scold me. But what was his astonishment when she immediately said, "I have received just such another packet, my dear son."

"Let me see it, then," cried Junot; "let me compare the envelope with ours." "The packet!" answered my mother. "Do you really believe, then, that I should keep such low trash, conceptions fit only for the perusal

of chambermaids? Truly not I!" "Then what have you done with them?" "Burned them all. When M. de Bois-Cressy, after unsealing the packet, had read some of the horrors it contained, I did not choose that my table should any longer be stained with such vile productions. I told him to put them all into the fire; at first he was not disposed to do so, because he preferred reading them. A hundred newspapers a day, as you know, would not satisfy his ravenous appetite for politics; but this abominable packet contained no newspapers, and the whole was committed to the flames."

Junot kissed my mother's hands, saying, "How I admire you for being so sensible!" My mother looked at him with a sweet smile. "It is not on your own account that you thank me, my son," said she, "but on Bonaparte's. Why should you be surprised that I could destroy attacks upon his reputation, and especially such as are absolutely false? — the little I saw of those libels certainly was so. If you think I cherish an unjust aversion to General Bonaparte you are very much mistaken. I do not entertain for him that admiration which transports into regions where no one can follow; but I consider him great, and even good, only his own interests lead him to forget or neglect those of others. Why should I not excuse that? It is the common failing of mankind. Well, he is as good as other men, but do not tell me that he is more than man."

This had always been my mother's manner of speaking of General Bonaparte since my marriage. Junot returned home thoughtful, but rejoiced to be able to relate to the First Consul my mother's war against the pamphlets. He wished to see me before going to the Tuileries, where he expected to find the First Consul in Madame Bonaparte's apartments, as he spent every evening there when they did not go into public. He repeated the anecdote to me, and I shared his surprise. I thought the affair more and more strange; but we had not yet come to the end of it. While we continued discussing the evening slipped away, so that Junot could not go to the Tuileries. The next day was devoted to a parade, so that he was again obliged to postpone his interview with the First Consul.

The evening of this day a courier arrived from Mar-

seilles, where my brother was stationed as one of the three Commissaries-General of the Police of the Republic. The courier brought us a letter from my brother, with another packet of the same pamphlets and journals, the whole written by the hand, but by way of variety some of these were in the *Provençal* dialect, worthy of the days of the good King Réné. It was added that the pamphlets were sent by my mother, but through my agency; only they had the prudence to make me say: "You will easily understand why I do not write to you myself."

My brother, on whose good nature they had relied rather too much, at first took this present for a hoax, as he could not for a moment believe it came from me. Albert had never participated in my mother's resentment, which he thought unjust, but was devotedly attached to the First Consul. I thought as he did; and without blaming my mother, whom we adored and respected, we did not exactly think with her respecting Napoleon. But Albert knew my mother's noble heart, and was perfectly sure that she would not join in such a tissue of vile abuse; and my name introduced into the affair was sufficient to convince him that it was all a deception.

He accordingly sent for one of the police officers whom he could trust, and charged him to make all possible research at Marseilles to discover who had transcribed the pamphlets and who had delivered them. And judging that my mother and myself might be compromised in this mysterious business, his affection induced him, without loss of time, to send a courier to Junot with the whole atrocious baggage of pamphlets, journals, and letters, several from me, but not written by me. Junot read Albert's letter, and leaped for joy at the thought of his triumph.

"I should not sleep to-night," said he, "if I did not see the First Consul; and it is not yet too late to ask for a moment's audience; besides, the affair is not a little complicated, and the First Consul must read Albert's letter."

I approved of his intention, and though it was nearly eleven o'clock he proceeded to the Tuileries. The First Consul, fatigued with the review of the morning, was

just going to bed, but Junot was admitted at once. Napoleon made a remark upon the air of hilarity which his countenance exhibited; and Junot, without answering, put my brother's letter before him. He read it rapidly, and seemed struck by it, for he directly read it again, laid it upon the table, walked about the room, then took the letter up, and ran through it again, rubbing his forehead; at last he suddenly stopped before Junot, and said, "Can you give me your word of honor that your mother-in-law is not concerned in all this?"

"My mother-in-law!" exclaimed Junot, and he related to the First Consul the history of the burnt papers. As he spoke, Napoleon became by degrees more attentive; then began to walk rapidly up and down the room, and at last assumed an angry frown. Junot could not understand it. "If Madame Permon's opinion was not so well known," said he with bitterness, "she would not have such presents made her. See if such have been sent to Madame Gheneuc, or to the mother-in-law of any of my other Generals. Madame Permon dislikes me — this is known, and is the groundwork of the whole proceeding. People who detest me meet in her drawing-room; people who, before my return from Egypt, were prisoners in the Temple for their opinions — these are her friends. And you, great blockhead! you make them your friends also . . . you make friends of my enemies!"

Junot looked stupefied, staring at the First Consul. He make friends of his General's enemies! He thought it all a dream. "Of whom are you speaking, General?" said he at length. "Of M. d'Orsay, to be sure — he whom they call the handsome D'Orsay. Was he not on the point of being shot for a conspirator, and was he not sent to the Temple? Fouché told me the other day that he was a dangerous man."

Junot smiled bitterly. "General, you have given me to understand in two syllables to whom I am indebted for all this, and I shall know how to thank him. I shall begin by saying that Citizen Fouché has told you a falsehood in asserting that Albert d'Orsay was a dangerous man and a conspirator. He is the most loyal and honest man living, of the highest honor; and if, in returning to France, he has given his word to be faithful to the established Government, he will keep it. I should

have thought, General, that as Fouché gave him the title of my friend you would have held him worthy of your esteem as a man of honor; for I could not give my friendship to anyone who was not. But, General, you should never have believed that an enemy of yours could be my friend." Junot passed his hand over his forehead, which was dripping. Napoleon knew him too well not to be conscious how much he suffered. He approached him, and pressed his hand affectionately. Junot was suffocating.

"Come! don't be childish. I tell you I am not speaking of you, my faithful friend. Have you not proved your attachment when I was in fetters? would you not have followed me to prison?" "I should have followed you to the scaffold!" cried Junot, striking his fist upon the table. Napoleon laughed. "Well, don't you see, then, that it is impossible for me to say anything that should go to your heart and hurt you, Monsieur Junot?" And he pulled his ears, his nose, and his hair. Junot drew back.

"Ah! I have hurt you," said Napoleon, approaching him, and resting his little white hand upon Junot's light hair, caressing him, as if he meant to pacify a child. "Junot," he continued, "do you remember being at the Serbelloni Palace at Milan, when you had just received a wound — just here — at this place?" And the small white hand gently touched the large cicatrice. "I pulled away your hair, and my hand was full of your blood. . . ." The First Consul turned pale at the recollection. And it is a remarkable circumstance that Napoleon spoke to me not less than ten times, in the course of his reign, of this incident at Milan, and never without starting and turning pale at the recollection of his blood-stained hand.

"Yes," he continued, with a movement as if to repress a shudder — "yes, I confess at that moment I felt that there is a weakness inherent in human nature which is only more exquisitely developed in the female constitution. I then understood that it was POSSIBLE to faint. I have not forgotten that moment, my friend; and the name of Junot can never be mingled in my mind with even the appearance of perfidy. Your head is too hot, too heedless, but you are a loyal and brave fellow. You,

Lannes, Marmont, Duroc, Berthier, Bessières." At each name Napoleon took a pinch of snuff and a turn in the room, sometimes making a pause and smiling as the name recalled any proof of attachment. "My son, Eugène — yes, those are hearts which love me, which I can depend upon. Lemarrois, too, is another faithful friend. And that poor Rapp, he has been but a short time with me, yet he pushes his affection even to an extent that might give offense; do you know he even scolds me sometimes?"

The First Consul, who had taken Junot's arm while speaking, was leaning upon him as he walked; then, standing near the window, he disengaged his arm, and, resting it on my husband's shoulder, compelled him almost to stoop as he leaned upon him.

"How many of the persons now passing below this window," said Junot, smiling, "would give years of their existence to be where I am now, close to you, General, supporting that arm which can raise the world! Yes, I believe there are many who would make great sacrifices only to be able to say they had been so fortunate; but in all Paris there is not a heart as happy as mine is at this moment."

Napoleon disengaged his arm, looking at Junot with that ineffable smile to which he owed his power of conquering with a single word, and said, "Well, my old friend, we will say no more of this foolish affair of the pamphlets — but attend: what am I to think when I know that you receive so many of my enemies? That your wife and your mother-in-law are intimately acquainted with numerous persons who are my enemies, who hate me and desire my fall? nay, more, my death — as they have proved."

"But, General, give me leave to answer that among all the persons you speak of there is not one who, even before my wife's marriage, would have dared in her presence to use an expression disrespectful to you. With respect to my mother-in-law, I have frequently heard her speak of you, General, but never in terms which could give me pain. Madame Permon is too much attached to Madame Bonaparte, to your mother, and to all your brothers." "Oh yes, Lucien especially," interrupted the First Consul, with a bitter smile. "Lucien is her

favorite. She thinks him a prodigy; nevertheless, Madame Permon is no Republican! How do they contrive to agree on that point?"

"I have not twice heard my mother-in-law talk politics since I have belonged to her family," replied Junot. "The subjects of conversation in her drawing-room are literature and music, a thousand important nothings, the affairs of society and fashion; and it must be confessed that the society of the old school understood the management of such conversation better than we do; besides, General, if you were aware of the present state of Madame Permon's health you would not suspect a person preparing for the grave to be amusing herself with such miserable trifles."

Here I ought to do full justice to Napoleon. When Junot was speaking thus of my mother he was some paces distant from him; he stepped hastily to him and pressed his arm forcibly, saying: "Ah! what do you say? Is Madame Permon very ill?" "Dying, General; all the physicians we have called in agree upon her danger." "Corvisart must see her." He rang the bell. "Send someone immediately to tell Citizen Corvisart that I wish to see him. Is it possible!" said he, as he walked with an agitated step—"is it possible that a woman so fresh and beautiful only fifteen months ago can be so seriously ill? Poor Madame Permon! Poor Madame Permon!"

He sank into his armchair, put his two hands before his eyes, and sat some time without speaking; then, rising, he recommenced that rapid promenade which was his usual habit when strongly affected. "Desgenettes and Ivan must also be sent to her; it is impossible that the faculty should be unable to save a person so lately as healthy and fresh as a rose." "General," replied Junot, "Madame Permon's malady is of a deplorable nature in the history of the healing art; she will sink in defiance of medical aid." And hereupon he repeated Baudelocque's answer to him, when Junot, fearing for my mother's life, asked his opinion: "General, he who could cure such a complaint as Madame Permon's might boast of performing as great a miracle as if he had restored a decapitated man to life."

Napoleon seemed quite overwhelmed in listening to this sentence; but impressions, however strong, were

only transiently marked upon his countenance; he soon recovered himself, and was apparently quite calm when Junot took leave of him.

My recent mention of my husband's wound recalls to my memory a trivial circumstance connected with it, which happened in Italy. This terrible wound, which had nearly cost him an arm, kept him confined six weeks; notwithstanding M. Ivan's fraternal care of his patient he was very long in recovering from its effects.

During the tedious hours that he lay upon a sofa, dressed in a white wrapping gown, he played the agreeable, being really a handsome youth; and, as his greatest defect at that time was too high a color, his complexion was improved by his loss of blood. Madame Bonaparte and Madame Leclerc were among the ladies who assisted in dissipating, by their presence, the tedium of confinement. One day, when they were making this visit of charity, Junot was very much enfeebled, not only by the effects of his wound, but of an abundant bleeding he had undergone that morning; however, he collected all his strength to receive his charming visitors, happy in having beside his couch of suffering two of the most lovely women in Milan. For if Madame Bonaparte could not be compared in beauty to Madame Leclerc, she was very handsome at that period, and the extreme elegance of her manners and really fascinating gracefulness might well be taken as a substitute for more regular beauty. Indeed, if her teeth had been good I should have preferred her face to that of the most celebrated beauty of her Court.

The pleasing conversation of two such women was no doubt the best panacea for pain, and at first produced its full effect. Junot was the happiest of men to be attended by two such *sœurs de la charité*. Time, however, rolled softly on, and with its lapse matters changed. Junot's heart began to sink, his sight to fail; he became paler, and at length his eyes closed. Madame Leclerc first perceived his condition, and, standing up, cried out: "Good heavens, Junot! what is the matter?"

Junot had still strength enough left to extend toward her the hand which lay upon his bosom, and instantly Pauline's white gown was covered with blood. The bandage round his arm had unfastened, and the blood, con-

fined within the thick sleeve of his wrapper, had flowed gently and unperceived till his strength was nearly exhausted; but the effort of moving his arm in a moment of surprise had caused it to spring forth in abundance, and Junot fainted completely. On recovering he found himself the object of the most anxious cares, tendered by the prettiest hands in the world. Heldt, his Alsatian valet, had replaced the bandage, and the ladies, after a few moments, left the patient to repose, and the accident had no other consequence than retarding his convalescence.

"But," said I, when he related this little adventure to me, "how was it that you did not feel that your arm was bathed in blood?" "I was aware of it," he replied; "but could I desire these ladies to leave me?" "No, but you could have had the bandage replaced." "That could only be done in their presence when I was insensible; in any other case the thing was impossible."

I looked at Junot with amazement, asking myself if he had been educated by Yseulte with the white hands, or the fair Guinevere, for none but a Tristan or a Launcelot could have had such ideas; when suddenly the remembrance of a certain promenade on the Boulevards in the year of grace 1795, when Junot was madly in love with Paulette Bonaparte,* crossed my mind, and the whole was explained.

CHAPTER XI.

A Word about the Libels — Strange Ideas of Foreigners Respecting the First Consul — Scene between Lannes and Napoleon — Errors Respecting Tutoying — Traits of Napoleon — The Polytechnic School — The Aid-de-Camp Lacuée and the Young Enthusiast at Malmaison — The Father's Pupil — Severity of the Abbé Bossu — The First Consul an Examiner — Scene in His Cabinet — The Order of Admission.

I HAVE dwelt at some length upon the libelous pamphlets, because it furnishes a good ground for the extremely false ideas which existed in foreign countries of the interior condition of France, and especially of the intercourse which General Bonaparte had with

*Pauline.

those who surrounded him. It is an important circumstance of his life, and the cause of the judgments passed upon him in many countries where they did not take the trouble of investigating the truth of what was advanced concerning him. I believe the prejudices of distrust exaggerated the good as much as the bad, for, among the strangers who just now abounded in France, many entertained the most ridiculous notions, both for and against Napoleon.

One believed that he drank a cup of coffee every hour; another, that he passed entire days in the bath; a third, that he took his dinner standing, and a thousand absurdities each one more ridiculous than the other. It is remarkable that the most extraordinary versions of these absurdities came from England, and that the emigrants who returned from thence had formed opinions totally different from the reality. One whom I knew was perfectly astonished at seeing him, so entirely false was the impression he had imbibed.

One of these pamphlets, badly composed, and in manuscript, contained a most ridiculous scene, said to have passed between Napoleon and General Lannes, of which Madame Bonaparte was the subject. The whole is absolutely false, but it is a curious fact that at a later period a dispute really took place between Lannes and Napoleon, in which Madame Bonaparte was concerned. At the time of the affair of the military chest of the guards, General Lannes, who really was not so much to blame as was represented, learned that Madame Bonaparte had been attempting to screen the guilty parties at his expense, and gave vent to his wrath against her in the cabinet of the First Consul with a freedom which, perhaps, a friend should not have indulged in. He told Napoleon that instead of listening to the gossiping of an OLD woman he had much better take a young one. The discussion was warm; keen, and even abusive, words were not spared; General Lannes forgot himself so far as to speak in injurious terms of Madame Bonaparte, and was really in a passion on that occasion. But he had never before disputed with the First Consul; nor was the thing easy.

It is the same with the familiarity with which Lannes and others are said to have been in the habit of addressing him. I do not deny that some of these Generals used

the pronoun THOU in speaking to him, though fully persuaded of the contrary; but for this I can answer, that if such a habit ever existed it was disused after his return from Egypt. I never heard anyone *tutoyer* the First Consul. He did so by many of them, by Junot to the last;* it was only on ascending the throne that he ceased to address them in this familiar style in public, and in the cordial intercourse of private friendship which always subsisted between him and Lannes, Junot, Berthier, and two or three others, he continued to use the pronoun THOU. But to say *toi* to General Bonaparte was quite another thing, and I do not believe Lannes ever did so.

Already in Italy we find Bourrienne did so no longer; Junot never did, nor did Berthier, who, with the army in Italy, was surely sufficiently intimate with him — if anyone could be. But after the campaigns of Italy and Egypt Napoleon felt too strongly the necessity of being obeyed, and of establishing around him that barrier of respect which familiarity destroys, to permit such a fashion of addressing him. In some Memoirs you might imagine General Lannes extending his hand to Napoleon, and accosting him with, "*Bon jour, comment te portes-tu?*" But certainly, if in his sleep or in a fit of absence he had been guilty of such irregularity, the First Consul would have known how to repress it by some such reply as M. de Narbonne gave to the friend whom he had never seen: "Very well, friend, but what is thy name?" At least, I can affirm that during the long period in which I was witness of the intercourse of Napoleon with General Lannes I never either heard or saw anything of the kind.

In the time of the Consulate there was at Paris an Abbé Bossu, who received the candidates for the Polytechnic School. He was not the only examiner, but his veto was strict; he was a man of great learning and very severe. The Polytechnic School, created at first under the name of the Central School of Public Works, by virtue of a decree of the Convention in Germinal of the

* [Accordingly, in all the conversations between Napoleon and Junot in the French work, Napoleon always uses the pronoun THOU, and Junot YOU; but as the French familiar style of *tutoying* would sound oddly to an English ear, the difference could not be marked in the translation. It is, in fact, using the language of the Quakers.—EDITOR.]

year iii. (21st of March, 1795), after being disorganized by the destructive system which ruined us, had been reconstructed and put into activity by the First Consul in Frimaire of the year viii., immediately after his accession to power.* The analysis of the mathematical sciences, with their application to mechanism, geometry, etc.; the physical sciences, including chemistry and general physics, formed the course of study pursued in the Polytechnic School from its foundation. The most illustrious names in knowledge and science were then at the head of that battalion of young men whose youthful minds were eager to become participators in the sublime acquirements of their masters.†

The aid-de-camp on duty, one day crossing the court of the mansion at Malmaison, found there a young man of a pleasing countenance and good figure, well dressed, and bearing the stamp of good birth and good education. He was leaning against one of the (two) great sentry boxes which stood on the east side of the inner gate, looking toward the house with an uneasy and melancholy air, and apparently seeking some one whom he might address. The aid-de-camp, M. de Lacuée, approached him, and with his habitual politeness inquired if he wanted anything there. The young man, starting from his profound reverie, answered:

"Ah, sir! I want what everyone tells me is impossible, and yet I shall die if I cannot obtain it: I want to see the First Consul. At the door of the house I was repulsed — I was asked if I had an appointment. Oh that I could have one! I believe an appointment to meet the most adorable mistress could not make my heart beat so violently as would an appointment with General Bonaparte. I must speak to him."

* The First Consul did not found the Polytechnic School, as is stated by many writers; he re-established it the 16th of December, 1799, which may give rise to the error. It was the Convention that organized most of the fine institutions of this nature in France.

† France owes much to such men as Monge, Berthollet, Vauquelin, Fourcroy, Chaptal, and Lagrange, so famous in literary and scientific acquirements; they are highly to be esteemed on account of their great services to the country; and were foremost in their arduous endeavors to organize this celebrated school on the best footing. It is, indeed, unrivaled in Europe; and almost every Frenchman of celebrity or of deep erudition has been bred up within its walls.

And the young man again cast his large black eyes, moistened with tears, upon the mansion. M. de Lacuée was always attracted toward anything that presented itself to him out of the ordinary routine. He saw a romantic adventure in the renconter; he advanced toward the young man, who was standing in an attitude of natural grace leaning against the sentry box, and looking with longing eyes to the house, and said, "Well, sir! what do you want with the First Consul? I am the aid-de-camp on duty, and will undertake to present your request if it is a reasonable one." "You, sir!" exclaimed the young man, springing toward M. de Lacuée, seizing and pressing the hand he offered him; "are you the First Consul's aid-de-camp? Oh, if you knew what a service you could do me! I must be conducted to him." "What do you want with him?" "I must speak to him." Then he added in a low tone: "It is a secret."

Lacuée looked at his youthful petitioner, who stood before him, his bosom palpitating, his respiration hurried; but with purity and innocence in the expression of his countenance. "This young man cannot be dangerous," said Lacuée to himself; and taking him by the arm, he led him into the Inner Court. As they passed the gate, Duroc and Junot entered on horseback, coming from Paris; they stopped, and alighted to salute their comrade, who related his little adventure. "What!" said both of them at once, "you are going to introduce him without even knowing his name?"

Lacuée acknowledged that he had not asked it. Junot then approached the young man and told him that the First Consul was certainly very accessible, but, still, that it was necessary to know the motive which urged anyone to request an audience, and that it was impossible to announce an anonymous solicitor.

The young man blushed like a girl; but he gave his name, adding with a respectful bow: "It is true, General. My father lives in the country, and his knowledge is sufficiently extensive to enable him to instruct me in all branches of elementary education, directing my studies with a view to my admission into the Polytechnic School. Judge, then, of my distress, and his also, when on our presenting ourselves to the Abbé Bossu, who it appears is the person who must decide whether or no I can be

entered, he absolutely refused to examine me as soon as he was informed that my father only had been my instructor, and that I had not been taught by any professor. 'Of what consequence is that,' I asked, 'if I know what is required?' But he was inflexible, and could not be induced to put a single question to me."

"But," said Duroc, with his natural mildness, "it is a rule, and whether a good one or otherwise is alike to all comers. What do you wish the First Consul to do in the case?" "To examine me," answered the young man with the most engaging simplicity; "I am sure that when he has put any questions to me that he may judge proper, he will pronounce me worthy of sharing the studies of those young persons of whom he proposes to form officers capable of executing his great designs."

The three comrades looked at each other and smiled; Duroc and Junot thought as Lacuée had done, that this young man with his ardent speech and look of fire could not but be agreeable to Napoleon, and Duroc went to broach the matter to him.

"So the young enthusiast would have me examine him?" said he, with one of his most gracious smiles; then rubbing his chin he continued: "How could such an idea have entered his head? It is a very singular thing." He walked about for some time in silence, then added: "How old may he be?" "I cannot tell, General, but should guess about seventeen or eighteen."

"Let him come in." The young petitioner was introduced. His brilliant countenance expressed his happiness as he cast his eye upon the First Consul. He looked as if his existence depended upon the first word of Napoleon, who advanced toward him with that smile which cast over his countenance a charm entirely different, at these moments when he intended to be gracious, from his usual expression. "Well, young man," said he, "so you wish me to examine you?"

The youth trembled with joy, and could make no answer; he stood silent, with his eyes fixed on the First Consul. Napoleon did not like either the boldness of presumption or the bashfulness of fear; but that which he now saw was silence, because the heart spoke too loudly — and he understood it.

"Compose yourself, my boy; you are not at this moment

sufficiently calm to answer me; I am going to employ myself in other affairs; by and by we will resume yours." "Do you see that young man," said the First Consul, leading Junot to the recess in the window; "if I had a thousand such as he the conquest of the world would be but a promenade." He turned his head aside to contemplate the youth, who, plunged in meditation, was probably revolving in his mind what questions were likely to be put to him. In about half an hour Napoleon commenced the examination, in which the young candidate acquitted himself admirably. "And have you really had no other instructor than your father?" asked the First Consul with surprise. "No, General; but he was a good master, because he knew how to bring up a citizen to be useful to his country, and especially to follow the great destinies which you promised to it."

Junot observed that they were all astonished at the almost prophetic expression with which the youth pronounced the last words. "I am about to give you a line which will open the sanctuary to you, my child," said the First Consul; and he wrote a few words upon a paper, which he presented to the young man.

On arriving at Paris he hastened to the Abbé Bossu, who, on seeing him, exclaimed: "What do you come again for? There is nothing here for you."

But the youth held a talisman which was equal to a magic ring, and which the Abbé Bossu having read could not refuse to obey; it was as follows:

"M. Bossu will receive M. Eugène de Kervalègne. I have examined him myself, and find him worthy of admission. Bonaparte."

The young man accordingly became a distinguished pupil of the Polytechnic School. His advancement in life was rapid at first; my brother knew him at Toulon, where he had an appointment in the Department of Bridges and Roads. His attachment for Napoleon amounted to idolatry.

The First Consul long remembered this adventure, and one day related it to Cardinal Maury at a dinner at Saint Cloud; the Cardinal, it happened, knew the young man's family, and confirmed him in the good opinion he had formed of his character, disposition, and adventurous spirit.

CHAPTER XII.

Illness of My Mother — My First Pregnancy — The Pineapple — Madame Bonaparte's Goodness — Predictions with Cards — Wager between the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte on the Sex of My Child — New Year's Day — Celebration of Twelfth Day — Junot's Distraction and His Visit to the Tuileries — Kindness of the First Consul — His Message — The News of My Accouchement Carried to the Tuileries — The First Consul's Compliments and His Lost Wager — Extraordinary Conduct of My Father-in-law — The Barcelonnette — St. Helena Memorial Refuted.

My poor mother was now suffering under a state of severe illness which neither our cares nor our affection could alleviate, but which she endured with admirable fortitude. Her distressing state added to my indiposition. The final stroke which was to inflict on me this heart-breaking grief was not yet given, but it was threatened, and contributed to my present suffering.

I was at this time far advanced in my first pregnancy, and had suffered much; surrounded by the tenderest attentions, spoiled, as I may say, by my own family, and bearing about me the child who was to make me proud of the name of mother, I ought not, perhaps, to have been sensible of suffering.

At that period the culture of the pineapple was not so well understood as it is at present, and it was consequently a great rarity. In my peculiar situation I became possessed of a longing for this fruit that produced a degree of intense suffering; and in order to gratify my whim Junot, with the affectionate gallantry of a man whose wife is about for the first time to make him a father, ran all over Paris, offering twenty louis for the object I so much coveted. Disappointed in his endeavors, he informed Madame Bonaparte of the circumstance, and she, with her characteristic kindness of heart, sent me the only one that was procurable from the hothouse at Malmaison. From a singular revulsion of feeling this delicious fruit, so eagerly desired by me, and obtained with so much difficulty, became, when actually in my possession, positively distasteful.

No one could be more kind than Madame Bonaparte always was to young women in my situation; she entered into our feelings and interested herself in everything that could be agreeable to us; in these circumstances she was truly amiable. On hearing of the pineapple she prophesied that I should have a daughter, and in support of her opinion proposed a game of patience. I knew by experience all the *ennui* which this unfortunate game promised; but there was no refusing, and in spite of my incredulity I was compelled to sit down and see my destiny settled by the caprice of the cards. It is known that the Empress Josephine was superstitiously credulous in these matters; and, in fact, I was witness, in the years 1808 and 1809, to two events of this kind not a little extraordinary. This time she kept me above an hour, cutting with the right hand and the left, naming days, hours, and months, and ended at length by confirming her prediction of a girl.

"Or a boy," said the First Consul, who came in at that moment, and who always made game of Josephine's cards; "Madame Junot will have either the one or the other, and if I were you, Josephine, I would not risk my reputation for sorcery by a too confident prediction." "She will have a girl, I tell you, Bonaparte; what wager will you lay me of it?" "I never bet," said the First Consul; "if you are sure of the fact, it is dishonest; if not, it is as foolish as losing money at play." "Well, bet sweetmeats, then." "And what will you lay me?" "I will work a carpet to put under your feet at your desk." "Well, now, that is something useful. On such terms I will bet you that Madame Junot has a boy. Now, mind;" he turning to me, "that you do not make me lose;" and laughing as he looked at me, he added: "But what will become of the wager if you should have both a boy and a girl?" "I will tell you, General, you must give me both wagers."

And there was something so ridiculous in this idea of boy and girl coming at once that even I could not refrain from joining in the laugh, while my look of consternation increased the mirth of the First Consul, my husband, and everyone else who was present.

We were now at the period of New Year's gifts and visits, and I was admiring like a child, as I then was,

all those brilliant and useless trifles which custom demands should be offered by the gentlemen to a lady whose house they frequent, when two friends came to increase their number and add their good wishes, which were not merely the tribute of etiquette. They were General Suchet and his brother. After the conversation which the occasion demanded, we fell into a discussion upon the merits of those family meetings which this season brought with it; and it was agreed that the celebration of Christmas, of New Year's and Twelfth Days, the birthday and saint's day of the head of the family, and other festivals, were favorable to the maintenance of domestic harmony, and were therefore worthy of being preserved.

If the family is numerous, occasion is thus furnished for ten or twelve convivial meetings in the course of the year; and, if the members have conceived any mutual offense, the embarrassment of meeting otherwise than cordially, on the birthday of the grandmother or aunt, will often cause the coolness which had begun to take place to disappear, and slight disputes will thus be prevented from becoming serious quarrels. The two brothers were fully capable of appreciating such feelings; they were perfectly united; the General always displayed the tenderest friendship for his brother Gabriel, which the latter returned with the sincerest affection and respect; his love for his brother was that we feel for the object of our pride. In furtherance of these observations the General proposed that we should meet on Twelfth Day, to which I assented with great satisfaction.

"Yes," said my good mother-in-law, who was never silent when a project of pleasure was on foot, "we will by all means draw king and queen." "Yes, let us draw," said Junot; "I engage you to sup here the evening after to-morrow upon a truffled turkey." "Agreed," said General Suchet; "we will come here the evening after to-morrow, and then for the turkey, and truffles, the cake, the drawing, and plenty of laughter."

I was now in momentary expectation of my confinement, and, notwithstanding the efforts of my mother-in-law to support and comfort me, looked forward to the moment with dread. In the night of the 4th of January we had an alarm, which called up my mother-in-law, who

had not undressed for a week past. Marchais was summoned, and pronounced that twenty-four or forty-eight hours would settle the business, and left me, recommending composure and sleep.

I was out of spirits during a part of the succeeding day; I performed my religious duties and wrote to my mother, because she had forbidden me to leave the house; I then arranged my baby linen and basket, and in this occupation I found the entire dissipation of my fears and melancholy. In the little cap with its blue ribbons, and in the shirt, the sleeves of which I drew through those of the flannel waistcoat, I thought I could see the soft and fair head and fat little mottled arms; in my joy I imagined the pretty clothes already adorning my promised treasure, and pressed them to my bosom, longing to clasp and to see my child, to feel its breath, while I said to myself: "And this little being which I expect will be all my own!" Oh, what days of joy were before me! Junot found me leaning over the cradle in a sort of ecstasy and when I explained to him the cause of an emotion which his heart was well formed to understand, he embraced me with a tenderness of which I felt prouder than I should have done six months earlier.

My thoughts now took quite a different direction; I not only did not fear, but I desired the decisive moment; and when my friends met in the drawing-room they found me as gay and as happy as any young wife or young girl could be. Madame Hamelin formed one of our party. She was then young, gay, lively, and a most ready assistant in promoting that easy confidence which forms the great charm of intimate association. She had an original and striking wit, bordering a little on the maliciousness of the cat, and sometimes showing that she had tolerably long claws; but I believe that, like puss also, she did not put them out unless attacked.

The evening passed off cheerfully; my mother-in-law was delighted to see me in perfect oblivion of the critical moment, which, however, she knew could not be far distant. We sat down to table, and the turkey, the cake, the madeira and champagne redoubled our gayety. In half an hour we laughed so heartily that even to this day I think of it with pleasure. At length came the moment of drawing; General Suchet sat beside me. I do

not exactly recollect whether the prize of royalty fell to him or to me; since that time so many sovereignties, which seemed vastly more solid, have sunk into visionary crowns that my memory may well be excused its want of accuracy on this point.

But whether the General had received his crown from me or whether he had made me his queen, he addressed me in a compliment so absurd that it provoked a violent fit of laughter, with which the room resounded, and which was echoed with equal noise by seventeen or eighteen persons who surrounded the supper table. I stood up to answer, with my glass of water, for I never in my life could drink wine, to the numerous glasses filled with sparkling champagne which were extended toward me, when I fell backward into my chair, a cry escaped me, and my glass dropped from my hand. But the sudden attack which had caused this commotion was over in an instant, my cheeks recovered their color, and I looked up. Junot, still paler than I had been, holding his glass of champagne, was looking at me with an air of consternation.

The rest of the company seemed nearly equally alarmed, and the grotesque expression of so many countenances hardly recovered from a fit of hilarity, while, as in duty bound, they were assuming on the other side of their faces the solemnity which the circumstances appeared to require, resembling at once *Jean qui pleure* and *Jean qui rit*, produced so risible an effect that I relapsed into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. My mother-in-law now came behind my chair, and whispered: "Take my arm, my dear daughter, and come to your room." "No, no!" said Gabriel Suchet, "we cannot spare our queen!"

Hereupon he began to relate a story so absurd that I laughed again as immoderately as before, and was again interrupted in the same manner; my mother-in-law told her son that I must be removed and a carriage sent for Marchais. Junot came to me, took me in his arms, and almost lifted me from my chair. This time the General interposed, offered to bet upon the sex of my child, and would with difficulty permit my husband to carry me away. He led me, however, to my room, obeying his mother's behests with as much simplicity as any honest bourgeois, any M. Guillaume or M. Denis, of the Rue de

la Perle or Rue Saint Jacques. He busied himself in regulating the temperature of my room, in calling my nurses together, giving them fifty orders at once, which neither they nor he understood, ordered the horses, and returned to my side already expecting to hear the cries of his child; but I was in no such hurry.

During this tedious season of watching and anxiety Junot was almost distracted; he threw himself at intervals on the mattress which had been laid for him in the parlor, then got up, walked the room with hasty steps, crept to my bedroom door and tried to get in, which I had positively prohibited, and returned to his apartment, where his aid-de-camp, General Lallemand, sat up with him all night, endeavoring with arguments and consolations of friendship to calm a little the violence of his agitation and to restore something like composure to his mind.

Junot on leaving me by no means recovered his self-possession; he wandered through the rooms all opening into each other, which at both extremities brought him to one of the doors of my chamber, found repose in none of them, and at length, unable longer to endure his confinement, snatched up a round hat which happened to meet his eye and sallied forth into the street. Without once considering which way he was going, habit or instinct led him to the Tuileries, and he found himself in the Grand Court without knowing how he had got there. Before ascending, however, the staircase leading to the First Consul's apartments the consideration of his dishabille crossed his mind; "But no matter," said he, as he looked down upon his brown coat, "I am sure of finding here a heart which will understand my feelings."

All his comrades in the antechamber were astonished at the expression of his countenance and the disorder of his dress; but none of them felt any disposition to ridicule; and the First Consul, as soon as he heard that Junot wished to see him, sent for him into his cabinet. "Good God! what is the matter, Junot?" he exclaimed with surprise on seeing him. "General, my wife is in labor and I cannot stay at home," was the answer, but in a voice almost choked with tears. "And you are come to me to seek courage; you are right, my friend. Poor Junot! how you are upset! Oh woman, woman!"

He required a relation of all that had happened from my first seizure, and though Junot dared not give utterance to his apprehensions, yet Napoleon gathered from all the facts he described that my life was actually in danger, and his conduct in this moment of anxiety, when his discernment penetrated into a mysterious horror, was that of the tenderest and best of brothers. "My old friend," said he to his faithful and devoted servant, pressing his hand — a very rare caress — "you have done right in coming to me at this moment, as I hope to prove."

So saying, he left his cabinet, and, leaning upon Junot's arm, stepped into the *salon* where the statue of the great Condé stands, and walked up and down, talking of the only subject which interested his companion, for he was too well versed in the management of the human heart to interrogate chords which would certainly have been mute at such a moment. Among other things, he asked my husband how he came to the Tuileries. "On foot," was the answer; "a species of desperation drove me from home, though my heart is still there, and I wandered hither without knowing which way I came." "And may I ask you, then," said Napoleon, "why you look out of that window ten times in a minute to see if anyone passes the gate? How should they come here to seek you if your servants do not know where you are? if your officers saw you come out in plain clothes? It seems to me that they are more likely to suspect you of throwing yourself into the river than of coming here." He called and gave his orders. "Send a footman immediately to Madame Junot's to learn whether she is yet put to bed, and if not, let the family be informed that General Junot is here."

He again took my husband's arm, and continued to converse with him with such affecting kindness that Junot could not repress his tears. He was attached to his General, to that vision of glory which commanded admiration; but in such moments as the present Napoleon's conduct could not fail to subject to him the whole heart and affections of the individual whose sufferings he thus alleviated, even if he had not been already devoted to him body and soul. This day riveted, if I may say so, the chains which bound Junot to Napoleon.

Seeing him leave the house in a state bordering on distraction, Heldt, his German *valet de chambre*, followed him into the Tuileries, and on his return home informed the aid-de-camp Laborde where the General was to be found.

Junot had been three-quarters of an hour with the First Consul, whose arm rested on his, obliging him to remain a prisoner when he would rather have been at large and have had the power to come and learn the result of all his uneasiness. The footman could not yet be returned when Junot, emboldened by the First Consul's goodness, begged to be allowed to inquire for him. "I should have been told," answered the First Consul, "if he was returned. Remain quiet." Then dragging him still further on, they were presently in the gallery of Diana. There Junot's uneasiness became so violent that Napoleon several times looked at him with astonishment, and with an accent to which it is impossible to do justice, repeated: "Oh woman, woman!"

At length, at the moment that Junot was about to escape without listening to anything further, M. de Laborde appeared at the further end of the gallery; he had run with such haste that he could scarcely speak, but his countenance was full of joy.

"My General," he said, as soon as he had recovered his breath, "Madame Junot is safe in bed, and is as well as possible." "Go, then, and embrace your DAUGHTER," said the First Consul, laying a stress on the word "daughter"; "if your wife had given you a boy they would have told you at once; but first of all embrace me;" and he pressed him affectionately in his arms. Junot laughed and cried, and, thoughtless of everything but the event which had just occurred, was running away, when Napoleon said to him: "Stay, giddy-pate, are you going through the streets without your hat?"

He returned to the First Consul's cabinet, where he had left his hat; the time was not yet come when the Prince of Neufchâtel would not have presumed to enter the Emperor's presence, even at three o'clock in the morning, without his coat buttoned, his ruffles, dress boots, and his plumed hat under his arm. "Give my love* to your wife, Junot, and tell her that I have a

*The words *tu feras mes amitiés* was a form of speech very often used by Napoleon to those he loved.

twofold quarrel against her: first, because she has not given the Republic a soldier; and secondly, because she has made me lose my wager with Josephine. But I shall not be the less her friend and yours." And again he pressed Junot's hand and let him go.

It would be impossible to describe the delirium of joy which was painted on Junot's countenance and actuated his manners when he returned to me. He bathed his daughter's little face with tears of delight so soft, so pure, that it was easy to see his happiness without his uttering a word. Then throwing himself on his knees beside my bed, he took my hands, kissed them, and thanked me for his child, his daughter, his little Josephine.

But notwithstanding his joy, Junot perceived that something weighed upon my heart which was not connected with my past sufferings.

"What is the matter?" said he, embracing me again. "Nothing but a great deal of happiness." "I know you, Laurette; I see the tears in your eyes; your heart is not at ease. What is the matter?"

I looked at him without answering; the tears rolled down my cheeks, but I would not speak. At this moment M. Marchais came in. "What! again?" he said to me. "My dear General, you should scold your wife, and the way I see you employed gives you additional right to do so!" Junot at this moment had his child in his arms and was embracing it. "You shall hear all, then. Oh, Madame Junot, make no signs to me; I shall not heed them! You must know, then, General, that this young mother, who is a little heroine for courage, as soon as she was safely put to bed, and had learned that you were not at home, sent for your father that he might give his blessing to your child. I went myself to seek M. Junot, but he refused to come as soon as he learned that the infant was a girl. At length he was persuaded; but when Madame Junot, notwithstanding her weakness, took the babe in her arms to present it to him saying: 'My father, bless your granddaughter, it is another heart that will love you,' instead of embracing the child, he replied in a tone of vexation:

"'It was not worth while to make all this noise about a wretched girl. What is your husband to do with this

little crying thing? He will give it a pretty reception . . . and the First Consul too! do you think he does not wish his Generals to have boys?" If I had any authority over your father other than that of a physician in his patient's chamber, I confess I should have used it with some severity. I have frankly told you all this because it is a part of my duty, and because to-morrow, or the day after, a similar scene might have a fatal effect upon Madame Junot. It has affected her seriously, because she believes that the birth of a daughter is a great grievance to you, and it is in vain that I have represented to her that a mother of seventeen and a father of twenty-nine years of age will have time enough to pray for boys without being in despair at a first disappointment, and meanwhile the grandfather may fret as much as he pleases."

Scarcely had M. Marchais's first words struck Junot's ears than he understood the cause of my distress; and he seated himself upon my bed and wept with me, while he dried my eyes with his handkerchief and kisses.

Then taking up his daughter out of a little basket of fine embroidered muslin, made on purpose that she might lie in it upon my bed, he placed her in my arms, and embraced us both with an air of such joyful delight as left no doubt of the sentiments of his heart, which, however, never could be doubtful to me. But the first moment of my father-in-law's denunciation was terrible; no doubt he had no intention to injure me, but he might have killed me. "Mamma," said I to my mother-in-law, who just then came in, "you were right, you see; he loves it as well as if it had been a boy."

"Did not I tell you so?" replied this excellent woman. "My son's heart is too good and too noble to entertain the ideas his father would have given him credit for."

I have been led into some minute particulars connected with my first accouchement in order to expose the falsehoods which the "Memorial of St. Helena" has propagated. I am confident that the Emperor was wholly incapable of saying what is there attributed to him in the chapter entitled "Junot and His Wife."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Society of Artists and Literary Men — Talma's Gayety — The Poet D'Offreville and His Conceit—The Tragedy of «Statira»—The Hoax Projected — Talma's Part in It, and the Intended Reading — The Dinner Party — An Improvisation — Visit to the Theater — Tiercelin and «The Farce and No Farce» — D'Offreville an Unintentional Performer — The Lost Manuscript — The Poet's Despair and Good Appetite — The Poet in the Cabriolet, and the Vicious Mare — His Lamentations — The Hackney Coachman.

I HAVE always been fond of the society of artists and literary men, and in whatever situation fortune has placed me I have made it my principal study to assemble around me the chief talents of the day. Among a crowd of distinguished men I had the happiness of receiving Nadermann, Garat, Denon, Girodet, Lefebvre, Robert the Elder, Lemercier, Millin, Delille, Talma, and many others.

The last name upon this list reminds me of an adventure in which Talma played a part, certainly not that of Cinna or Orestes. To what perfection he acted those dignified parts with which French tragedy abounds is well known, but at the time I am speaking of he was immersed in the gloom of those English tragedies which he rendered so terrible, and the contrast made his gayety in society, which provoked the cheerfulness of all around, peculiarly striking.

My readers may remember a certain M. d'Offreville, who lived like a salamander in a perpetual fire at Lucien Bonaparte's mansion of Plessis, and continued to fatigue everyone with his vanity and absurdity. On my marriage he presented himself to me with an epithalamium in each pocket, and an acrostic upon every one of Junot's names and mine; there was no resisting his folly.

His conceit made him ridiculous, and restrained every sentiment of commiseration which otherwise his age would have demanded. He was the butt of all his acquaintances.

After pronouncing a fine eulogium on himself, he would walk up and down the room majestically, with one hand in his waistcoat pocket and the other playing with

his laced shirt frill, which was in keeping with the other ornaments of his dress — his plaited ruffles, silk stockings, and buckled shoes.

He had composed a tragedy, on which he had bestowed ten years' labor to very little purpose; but he would rather have renounced his hopes of salvation in another life than have believed that any production in the world could be equal to his "Statira." "Faith!" said Junot one day, "this man must be hoaxed; his incorrigible vanity deserves punishment."

He furnished us with the opportunity in a very few days. He came one morning to request I would perform a promise which, in a moment of gayety, I had thoughtlessly made him, of procuring Talma's permission to have "Statira" read before the committee of French comedy.

I was much embarrassed, for I would not for the world have spoken of this production to Talma, Dugazon, or Fleury. I answered that I should shortly see one of these gentlemen, and would report the answer; but the good poet was not so easily satisfied, and he so strongly insisted on my giving him a letter of introduction to one or the other of the committee that I was really puzzled in what manner to put him off, when, fortunately, Junot came in and at once extricated me from my difficulties.

"Your work shall be read next week, M. d'Offreville," said he in a solemn tone; "it shall be read at my house by Talma himself."

"Oh, General, you are too good! Oh, heavens! my work read at Madame Junot's; at your house, my dear General, and by Talma himself! it is too much!" Here was the poet in a delirium of joy at the idea of his tragedy being read by Talma. I could not understand Junot, but in two words he let me into the secret. The day was fixed, Junot arranged the whole affair, and communicated his project to Talma, who willingly undertook to second it. Our party consisted of the two Baptistes of the French comedy, Talma and his wife, Fleury, Dugazon, and Dazincourt. It was agreed that Talma, as soon as he saw D'Offreville, should speak to him of his tragedy, of the part he wished to take in it, and of the pleasure he should have in reading it after dinner.

I never saw such an expression of extraordinary joy as that which was portrayed on D'Offreville's burlesque physiognomy, when on my introducing him to Talma the latter addressed him with the most hyperbolical praises of his work, with an air of seriousness which was enough to make those acquainted with D'Offreville die of laughing. He bowed, thanked him in broken words, and in the most rapturous terms concluded by pronouncing Talma divine.

I think I never was present at a more amusing dinner party in my life. The champagne and madeira soon put D'Offreville into excellent spirits, and he proposed favoring us with an improvisation, which he had been preparing from the day he had been assured that Talma would read his tragedy; but as it was to pass for an impromptu he had taken good care not to bring his written paper with him, never suspecting his memory of treachery. But the wine he had drunk, and the noisy mirth which surrounded him, had so confused his ideas that, after giving the two first lines their highest effect, after shading his eyes, and enacting all the monkey tricks necessary to produce a belief in an actual improvisation, he stopped short, wholly unable to recollect another word.

The total silence in which the whole party were listening to his recitation and awaiting its continuation added to his embarrassment, and made him look absolutely stupefied. After an interval of becoming solemnity General Lallemand interrupted the silence. "Indeed, M. d'Offreville," said he, "it is a sad thing that you cannot RECOLLECT any more of your IMPROVISATION." "I beg your pardon," said he, "I shall continue immediately," and he again repeated the two unfortunate lines:

"Say, Muse-loved Talma; does thy voice divine
Deign with immortal fame my verse to crown——"

"My verse to crown — my verse to crown," and he would have harped upon the same unharmonious string for an hour if Talma had not cried out in his inimitable accent:

"'While Tyre's proud walls re-echo my renown.'"

Now, this happened to be a line in the famous tragedy of "Statira"; Junot had whispered it to Talma, who

pronounced it instantly, to the admiration of the company. But D'Offreville saw nothing ludicrous in it; on the contrary, he was ready to worship the man who was already master of the finest passage of his tragedy. "Is not that inspired poetry!" said he to Talma; "how your talent will shine in performing so brilliant a character as that of my hero! You are supremely fortunate, my dear sir! But let me beg you to give me the unutterable pleasure of hearing these fine lines read with such judgment as yours; here is the piece." And he drew from his pocket the much-honored "Statira," wrapped in vellum, and tied with fresh bows of rose-colored ribbon.

This last folly was almost too much for the gravity of the company. Talma was still holding his cup of coffee in his hand, when the simpleton gravely proposed to him to read five acts of pathos consecutively. Talma, in reply, took him by the arm, and leading him and me to the recess of a window a little out of the noise, said to him: "My dear sir, I understand from Madame Junot and the General that your work is full of beauties; now I should wish to read this *chef-d'œuvre* with all the attention it merits, and to be listened to with the respect I should demand for it. At present this is impossible; do you see those wild fellows, Baptiste the younger and Dugazon ——"

The latter was at this moment relating to his auditors that he had once been aid-de-camp to the Commune of Paris, and describing his adventures in this capacity in the most laughable manner. "I therefore recommend," continued Talma, "that Madame Junot should indulge us with a promenade in the Bois de Boulogne or elsewhere; we shall converse while we are out upon literary and theatrical subjects, and when we return in the cool of the evening our minds will be composed and prepared to enjoy the delightful impressions which the reading of "Statira" promises, and which I engage to assist with my best abilities."

I seconded the motion, and Madame Talma supported us, so that D'Offreville, however anxious for the commencement of the reading, had no alternative, and as it was only a pleasure deferred, it was tolerably well received. I rang and ordered the horses, which were already harnessed to three carriages.

On my return to the *salon* equipped for the ride, Junot approached me and said, in a perfectly natural tone: "I understand, my dear, that you intend to take a drive: in my opinion you had better pass an hour or two at the Théâter Montansier, where they are performing a new piece which I am told is charming. My box is not lent, and I will borrow that of the manager and M. D——." The name was an invention intended only to deceive D'Offreville, who would have supposed a scheme laid against himself if he had found several boxes hired beforehand; he was foolish, but not stupid.

Junot's proposition carried the day by acclamation, and we set out for the Théâter Montansier, then at the Palais Royal. D'Offreville was put under the care of M. Charles, M. Lallemand, and M. de Laborde, first aid-de-camp to Junot. On reaching the theater he proposed to join me in my box for the pleasure of conversing with Talma, but this was not exactly the intended plan. "No, no," said these gentlemen; "Madame Junot's box is full; you are going with us into one where you will see excellently."

Hereupon they made a preconcerted signal to the door-keeper, who opened the stage box to the right of the audience; General Lallemand and M. de Laborde pushed D'Offreville into the box and shut the door, leaving him *tête-à-tête* with a man whom he did not know, and whose appearance was almost as singular as his own. This man was dressed in a scarlet cloth with copper buttons, yellow breeches, striped stockings, an immense cravat, a powdered wig with a great queue, and a three-cornered hat badly cocked, which he took off and put on again ten times in a minute.

D'Offreville, to whom his conductors had said, "We shall return presently," awaited patiently the commencement of the piece. The curtain drew up; but an actor in his stage dress came forward to announce that the principal actress being extremely ill, the performance could not take place. "What!" cried D'Offreville's neighbor in the red coat, with a hoarse voice, "what do you mean by that? I have paid three francs and a half to see the show, and I will see it, or——" And here he stood up, leaning over the front of the box, and vociferating in a great rage. "Sir," said D'Offreville to him, pulling one

of his red skirts, "it is not usual to talk in this manner here, they will turn you out, sir." "Hem! what is this fellow saying?" And, turning toward D'Offreville, the man in the red coat burst out laughing. "Ah, I know you very well! You come from the Estrapade;* you compose tragedies to make people laugh." "Sir, sir," said D'Offreville, "pray speak lower!" And he attempted to effect a retreat, but in vain: the door would not open; for General Lallemand, M. de Laborde, and M. Charles were behind, holding it fast.

At this moment a voice from the gallery shouted out: "James! James!" and James, who was the man in the red coat, looked up and answered: "Ah! ah! is it you, John? come here, my lad; here is plenty of room, come here."

And the accent and attitude of the waterman of the fens was perfect; for by this time my readers may have guessed that the man in the scarlet coat was Tiercelin the actor, and that the farce they were performing was "The Farce and No Farce," represented for the second time only. Tiercelin, who was in the secret, played his part excellently, and what made the joke perfect, from my box, where we could see the whole, was that the audience in the pit took the introduction of D'Offreville for a new scene, and every time he leaned forward to Tiercelin to give his advice, several voices cried out "Louder."

The poor author of "Statira" stood as much in dread of these cries as of his terrible neighbor, who, seeing the impression he made upon him, gave him from time to time a most menacing glance. "Oh!" said he, "I have told you I know you; you come from the Estrapade. You should cry out, like John and me, upon those thieves who take our money and give us nothing for it"

The piece proceeded. Tiercelin, or James as he is called, was furnished with a gourd, out of which he drank five or six times during the act. Generally he had nothing in his gourd, but it happened that evening, having a bad cold, that the gourd contained barley water. When he saw the apprehension with which he inspired D'Offreville, it came into his head, to our great gratifi-

*The Rue de l'Estrapade in Paris.

cation, to offer him his gourd, recommending him to drink to recover himself, and to our still greater delight the other took it, so much was he afraid of his companion, and tasting, notwithstanding his expectation of having his throat burned with peppered brandy, was not a little surprised at swallowing nothing but warm water fit to make him sick. He drank, however, what was in the gourd, amid the encouragements of Tiercelin, and the reiterated applause of the pit, which would have been delighted with this unexpected scene if the new actor could have been persuaded to speak louder.

But D'Offreville at length discovered the joke, and immediately precipitated himself, head foremost, like a ram in a rage, against the box door, and so furious was he that when the gentlemen outside opened it, he pushed through without seeing them. But he was not to escape thus, and all the young men of the conspiracy surrounding him, he found himself, without the power of retaliation, once more in my drawing-room in the presence of Talma. When he commenced his complaints we all told him he did not know what he was talking about; that the box he had been put into was the manager's, who had given an order to one of the common people, a waterman, who, it would seem, lived in the Rue de l'Estrapade and knew him, which he had given him to understand by his manner, rather vulgarly, to be sure.

"But," said Junot, "if I were you I should be very proud of being recognized thus, and for an author, even by people the most remote from your ordinary associates! D'Offreville, I should look upon the meeting with this waterman as the greatest homage to your great talents."

It would be absurd to make such speeches to a man who understood irony; but D'Offreville was persuaded to see in this adventure a circumstance of which he had a right to be proud; whether it were Tiercelin, or plain James of the Estrapade, on this point he could not divest himself of some doubt, but the actor or the waterman had said: "You compose tragedies!" This was enough to make him forget the warm water and the suspicious character which had been forced upon him.

"And when you are called for on the day of the first representation of 'Statira,'" said Madame Talma; "when,

having made a sufficient resistance to the demands of an impatient audience, my husband and I will lead you between us upon the stage, that the whole house may be able to see you — a different homage will then be rendered to your talents!" D'Offreville listened eagerly, and seemed to enjoy in anticipation the ecstasy of his triumph. "But where are M. Talma and our 'Statira'?" said he, casting a glance of intelligence on M. Talma.

"Here am I," said Talma; "but where is the manuscript? Come, prepare the table, two wax lights and a glass of sugared water. But, M. d'Offreville, be so good as to give me your manuscript; for though I have retained many beautiful lines of this immortal work I have not learned it by heart." But D'Offreville was more ridiculous at this moment than he had been at any preceding part of the entertainment. His cherished manuscript was lost; nor could he recover it. The truth was that I had stolen it from the spot where he had concealed it, as the only means of avoiding the infliction. "My 'Statira'!" he exclaimed in a kind of frenzy, as if he was calling his mistress; "my 'Statira'!"

At length supper was announced. D'Offreville, at first in despair, found comfort in making a capital meal, a power which seldom failed him. They afterward made him recite some madrigals, and two or three acrostics upon Laura and Andoche; then he repeated, as a child does his lesson, the letter he had received from Voltaire; and before rising from table he had become quite as vainglorious and as complete a braggart as ever. But when after supper his dear "Statira" was restored to him, when he had found upon examination that not a single absurdity was wanting to it, he proceeded to utter such a tissue of nonsense that Junot cried out in great wrath:

"This man is absolutely incorrigible." "I have seen many such characters," said Talma, "but never one so thoroughly ridiculous."

Did he not wish to have his precious production read after supper! "We shall see about that some day next week," said Talma; "for to-night, or rather this morning, I entreat you to excuse me." It was already two o'clock. "And how am I to return home?" said the little man. "You know that Madame d'Offreville would die of grief

if any harm should happen to me." This apostrophe was addressed to me in a somewhat petulant tone; for he could not forgive me for the occurrences of the day, though I was no otherwise concerned in them than as having shared the general mirth. "You know," he continued, "all the tenderness of that incomparable woman!"

The fact was that the wife was quite as ridiculous as her husband; I dare say they were attached to each other, but to make a parade of love, when their joint ages amounted to a hundred and fifty years was of itself absurdity enough. "Well," said M. Charles, "I am going to drive you home in my cabriolet." "No, no, I shall," said General Lallemand. M. de Laborde interfered with, "I propose myself that honor." "If M. d'Offreville will trust himself with me?" chimed in M. Bardin.

M. d'Offreville looked at them all in turn; the remembrance of the misadventures of the evening made him tremble; but he found M. Charles's countenance the most inviting. He determined to confide himself to his care; and making low bows to M. Talma, who bent still more profoundly in return, he ascended the slight cabriolet of M. Charles, to which was harnessed a little mare, known as the most vicious brute in Paris. To his other defects D'Offreville added that of being timid in a carriage, and his apprehension was converted into absolute terror when the cabriolet took, with the speed of an arrow, the road to the Pont Royal.

"Good God!" cried M. Charles, "what will become of us? the horse is running away; I have no power over it." "Sir, I conjure you — I entreat you; a wife who adores me, sir, is waiting for me . . . I beseech you, sir!" "What would you have me do?" said M. Charles, slightly touching the flanks of the mare with the whip — "what would you have me do? you see I have no command of the mare . . . she is running away . . . that's certain . . . God grant that she may not drag us to the river!" "M. Charles, let me alight. . . . You are a worthy man; you would not kill me. . . . Good heavens! here we are upon the bridge!"

"Well, so much the better; it proves that we shall not go under it; you see there is nothing to fear now. Will you be quiet? By Jove, you will put me in a passion presently!" exclaimed M. Charles, half angry and half

laughing, for the old poet was trying to get hold of the reins.

"Oh, what will become of me!" muttered D'Offreville, almost crying, "and my wife, my poor wife!" "Ah! you shall see your wife again by and by," said M. Charles; "only let me get home, then I will put you into a hackney coach, and you shall return home to console your wife, who is no doubt fast asleep without thinking of you." "And do you live far off, my worthy friend? Heavens! how the cabriolet sways! Do you live far off?"

"In the Rue des Maturins." "The Rue des Maturins! then I shall not get home before five o'clock in the morning!" "Be quiet, will you! and let me drive the mare without meddling with the reins; and we shall arrive all the sooner."

At last they reached the Rue Neuve des Maturins. But not the least amusing part of the adventure to M. Charles was the anger of the hackney coachman to whose care he now confided D'Offreville, as they both stood and looked at his whimsical and disordered dress, besmeared with powder that had fallen from his hair. The coachman said he would not take charge of a masked and disguised person at a time when there was no carnival. D'Offreville, among whose delusions was that of being very eloquent, undertook to persuade the man to drive him home by speaking of his wife and her love, himself and his talent; and afterward boasted of his success as a triumph of his oratorical powers. "The Muses," said he, "touched my lips, like Pindar's, with milk and honey."

[The truth was that M. Charles, unknown to his companion, had put a crown piece into the coachman's hand.]

CHAPTER XIV.

Creation of the Kingdom of Etruria — The King and Queen of Etruria in Paris — Their Son — Fêtes and Balls Given to Them at Paris — Fêtes of Messieurs Talleyrand, Chaptal, and Berthier — Napoleon Accompanies the King to See a Representation of « Œdipus » — The First Consul's Opinion of the New King — Aristocratic Measure Respecting Lists of Eligible Persons Opposed by Napoleon — Institution of the Legion of Honor — Difficulties Encountered by the First Consul — Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely — My Mother's Conversation on the Projected Institution with Junot — The Concordat — Cardinals Consalvi and Spina — M. de Talleyrand Authorized by the Pope to Leave the Church and Return to the Lay Community — Ratification of the Concordat — Creation of Bishops by Napoleon — Religious Ceremony in Honor of the Concordat — Display of Female Beauty — Offensive Remark of General Delmas upon the Ceremony — My Uncle Bien-Aymé Consecrated Bishop of Metz — His Conversation with Napoleon.

We have now attained a new and memorable epoch in our history, that of the re-establishment of thrones and of religion. The foundation of several republics was the work of General Bonaparte; when at the head of an army, not yet his subjects, his moderation procured him even more renown than his victories. Now that his powerful hand directed the destinies of France, he attempted to set up a petty crown, to place a baby scepter in the hands of a man incapable of reigning, as if he would say to France, already grown unaccustomed to sovereignty: « See what a king is! Be not afraid of the phantom! »

This monarch, whose new dignity procured for him more ridicule than respect, was the King of Etruria, Don Louis, Infant of Parma, nephew of Queen Marie Antoinette,* and husband of the Infanta Marie Louisa Josephine, daughter of Charles IV. They came to Paris in the month of May, 1801, to thank the First Consul for their nomination to the Crown of Etruria, which was a stipulation of the treaty between France and Spain concluded on the

* Maria Theresa had four surviving daughters, married to the King of Naples, the King of France, the Duke of Parma, and to the Duke of Saxe-Teschen respectively.

21st of March, at Madrid. By this treaty France acquired the Duchy of Parma, and ceded Tuscany to the Prince, giving him as an indemnity for his paternal inheritance the territory we had conquered from his uncle. But the King, Louis I., was very possibly ignorant who was the Sovereign of Tuscany before it fell to his share; though had he known it, I am by no means certain that he would on that account have refused the crown.

I never beheld two more extraordinary persons than these new Sovereigns. They assumed the incognito of Count and Countess of Livorno (Leghorn), and brought with them a COUNTLING, who, though not quite three years old, was made of more importance than both his illustrious parents put together. Those who have not seen this royal personage at five years of age, in full Court dress, a hat and feathers under his arm; a sword at his side, decorated with a huge bunch of ribbons; his poor little locks powdered and frizzed, confined in a bag wig, driven through the streets of Florence on the front seat of a state carriage, and, though fastened to his cushion, rolling from right to left like a little ball; the Queen Dowager, his mother, riding backward in the most respectful attitude — whoever has not beheld this spectacle has missed one of those exquisitely ridiculous scenes which prolong laughter till it becomes painful.

At the time I am speaking of, as the King his father was still living, the Prince Royal of Etruria was content to give his little hand to be kissed, whether asked for or not. As for his parents, all who remember their arrival and sojourn in Paris in 1801 will agree with me how totally dissimilar they were from all other human beings, especially if her Majesty the Queen is to be compared with a woman of even moderate beauty, or the King with a man possessed of a single idea.

Fêtes were given to the King of Etruria, not from any regard to the new-fangled monarch, but from a spontaneous desire to meet the wishes of the First Consul, who well knew how to appreciate the sentiments which dictated the attention. The reception given to his tributary King, who was come to tender to the Republic homage for his Crown, was at once magnificent and in good taste. He was, in the first instance, cordially entertained at Malmaison.

The First Consul wished to become acquainted with the character of the man on whom he had bestowed a kingdom, enriched by the noblest monuments of art and science; a very few interviews, however, sufficed to prove that he was nullity personified. Not so the Queen. Her appearance was at first repulsive; but on further acquaintance, when she had thrown aside a timidity partaking in some degree of stateliness, which threw a restraint over her words and actions, she proved to be very agreeable.

M. de Talleyrand was the first of the Ministers who gave a *fête* to the new Sovereigns. The entertainment was given at Neuilly, in the month of June, when the country was in its highest beauty. Taste and ingenuity were displayed in all the arrangements, but both were lost upon him for whose enjoyment the whole was chiefly intended. The *fête* was Florentine, and its illusion complete. The beautiful square of the Pitti Palace was admirably represented, and when their Majesties descended to the garden they were surrounded by crowds of pretty Tuscan peasant girls, offering them flowers, singing couplets, and enticing the royal pair into their groups to hear verses in their own praise. This was followed by the famous improvisatore Gianni prophesying for them, in fine Italian verse, a long and prosperous reign. All this made no impression on King Louis. The Queen, who alone understood it, made acknowledgments for both.

The finest of these *fêtes* was that given by the Minister of the Interior. He had not, like M. de Talleyrand, the advantage of a villa in the country, but his garden was skillfully laid out to bear the appearance of a park, and the whole scene reminded one of fairyland. Three hundred and fifty ladies found seats in that fine gallery where Lucien in the preceding year had given such agreeable balls, which, pleasant as they were, certainly afforded no presage of M. Chaptal's evening of enchantment. The First Consul was enraptured; and though seldom known to take notice of such matters, not only expressed his satisfaction at the time, but long afterward reverted to the invisible singers and the ravishing harmony of M. Chaptal's gardens.

Yet here, as at Neuilly, all the delicate courtesies shown in honor of the Sovereigns were appreciated by the Queen alone; the poor King could not find a word

of thanks for so much pains expended on *fêting* and pleasing him; even when, in the midst of a Tuscan village where Tuscan peasants were singing in chorus the beautiful lines of Tasso and Petrarch, which he could scarcely fail of understanding, a crown of flowers was offered him, accompanied by flattering verses, still not a syllable could he say — the same eternal and unmeaning smile, which seemed to express that he could not comprehend even the language and scenery of Italy, still sat upon his lips.

In the dance his Tuscan Majesty was really amusing. I had the honor of figuring near him at the ball given by the Minister of War on the anniversary of the Battle of Marengo, and congratulate myself on my wonderful self-control in preserving my gravity through the whole country dance. The King, dancing with Queen Hortense, skipped and jumped about in a manner by no means beseeming the royal dignity. In one of his capers a buckle from his shoe suddenly flew into the air, and alighted in my headdress; and so highly was the King's mirth excited by its course and final resting place, that he was nearly choked with laughter. We were little less diverted when, on examining the buckle to ascertain how it had found its way from the royal foot to my head, it was discovered that it had been only glued to the shoe.*

* This unfortunate Prince was very ill-calculated to recommend, by his personal character, the institutions to which the nobility clung with so much fondness. Nature had endowed him with an excellent heart, but with very limited talents; and his mind had imbibed the false impress consequent upon his monastic education. He resided at Malmaison nearly the whole time of his visit at Paris. Madame Bonaparte used to lead the Queen to her own apartments; and as the First Consul never left his closet except to sit down to meals, the aids-de-camp were under the necessity of keeping the King company, and of endeavoring to entertain him, so wholly was he devoid of intellectual resources. It required, indeed, a great share of patience to listen to the frivolities which engrossed his attention. His turn of mind being thus laid open to view, care was taken to supply him with the playthings usually placed in the hands of children; he was, therefore, never at a loss for occupation. His nonentity was a source of regret to us : we lamented to see a tall, handsome youth, destined to rule over his fellow-men, trembling at the sight of a horse, and wasting his time in the game of hide-and-seek, or at leap-frog, and whose whole information consisted in knowing his prayers, and in saying grace before and after meals.

This *fête* of the Minister of War acquired a peculiar character from the supper being served in the garden, under tents, with all the military appendages of a bivouac, and from the charm imparted by the glorious day which this *fête* was intended to recall. The fireworks were so designed as to show to the First Consul that the army which surrounded him could honor him alone. A balloon was sent up in the course of the evening, which, against the dark azure of a clear sky, luminously traced as it rose the word "Marengo."

One evening during the King of Etruria's stay in Paris, the First Consul accompanied him to the *Comédie Française* to see "Œdipus." The house was crowded to excess. All Paris was desirous to see, side by side, General Bonaparte, who as a private individual had created republics, and the King he was crowning, now that he was himself Chief of the most powerful Republic in the world. The manners of the new King were especially amusing when contrasted with those of the First

Such, nevertheless, was the man to whom the destinies of a nation were about to be committed! When he left France to repair to his kingdom, "Rome need not be uneasy," said the First Consul to us after the farewell audience, "there is no danger of HIS cross ing the Rubicon." ("Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo," vol. i., p. 363.)

I once heard the First Consul, in a conversation with his colleague. Cambacérès, treat his royal *protégé*, the King of Etruria, very severely. Of course his Majesty was not present. "This good King," said he, "evinces no great concern for his dear and well-beloved subjects. He spends his time in gossiping with old women, to whom he is very lavish of his praise to me, though in secret he murmurs bitterly at the thought of owing his elevation to the hateful French Republic." "It is alleged," observed M. Cambacérès, "that you wished to disgust the French people with kings by showing them this fine specimen of royalty, as the Spartans used to disgust their children with intoxication by showing them a drunken slave." "Not at all, not at all," resumed the First Consul, "I have no wish to excite a distaste for royalty: but the presence of his Majesty, the King of Etruria, will vex a good many worthy folks who are striving hard to revive a taste for the Bourbons." ("*Mémoires de Constant*".)

The King, though well received and well entertained, was in all respects a very ordinary man, not that I had an opportunity of judging of his character myself, but the First Consul told me that his capabilities were extremely limited; that he even felt repugnance to take a pen in his hand; that he never cast a thought on anything but his pleasures: in a word, that he was a fool. (Bourrienne's "Memoirs of Napoleon," vol. i., p. 447.)

Consul, who was always calm, serious, and well calculated to stand the gaze of millions.

When Philoctetes repeated the line, "I have made Sovereigns, but have refused to be one," the noise of the acclamations with which the theater resounded was almost alarming. The whole house was shaken by applauding feet, while the audience in the boxes, who seldom take part in such scenes, unanimously joined in the cheers of the pit. It was the universal nation expressing to Napoleon the sentiment which filled all hearts.

As for the King, he started at first in his armchair, then laughed most complacently on observing all hands and eyes directed toward the box where he sat with the First Consul. But the mirth of those who knew him was complete when, finding the applause prolonged, he thought politeness required some mark of attention in return for such unequivocal proofs of an interest he was quite proud, as he said, of inspiring in so great a people, and he rose to make his best obeisance.

"Poor King!" said the First Consul, shrugging his shoulders. These words, "Poor King!" appear the more contemptuous from his mouth, covered as he was with laurels, and radiant with the glory of his great deeds. But on all occasions a word either of praise or contempt has appeared to me more impressive from him than from other men.

After a visit of some weeks the King and Queen of Etruria quitted Paris and proceeded to their own kingdom of perfumes, where they were received and installed in their throne by Murat. "The rising generation," said the First Consul one day, laughing, "were unacquainted with the face of a King; well, we have shown them one." But his countenance instantly recovered its seriousness, and he added: "Poor Tuscany! poor Tuscany!"

Shortly before the arrival of the King of Etruria in Paris, an aristocratic measure was under discussion — that of the lists of eligibility relative to elections, the object of which was to fill all official posts with select persons.

Cambacérès, strange as it may seem, pronounced strongly in favor of the lists, and the First Consul held a long discussion with him. Napoleon said that the lists were founded on a bad system, and on false and erroneous principles. "France," said he, "is a great Power,

but it is the people who compose that power. This law, although a part of the constitution, is not therefore the less bad and absurd. It is not fifty, sixty, or even a hundred men, assembling together in a moment of tumult and excitement, who have a right to make a constitution and to alienate the rights of the people. The sovereignty of the people is inalienable." These are the very words of Napoleon; they were written in pencil by him who gave them to me, and he wrote them as they fell from the First Consul. Did they truly interpret his sentiments?

It was some weeks previous to this incident that the establishment of the Legion of Honor, one of the most remarkable events of the whole rule of Napoleon, was first talked of. This affair doubtless made an impression, but less than proportionate to the difficulty with which it had been effected. It would not, perhaps, have been possible to have achieved the victory so early had not the First Consul been powerfully seconded by Regnault de Saint Jean-d'Angely, a man of great ability, whose portrait is necessary here, as his name will be found in every page of Napoleon's history. Regnault, having, like nearly all the members of the Constituent Assembly and of the Convention, taken a denomination from the place of his residence, was, as his name indicates, from Saint Jean-d'Angely, where, however, his parents, who belonged to that class known before the Revolution as the *bonne bourgeoisie*, had but recently established themselves. They intended their son for a merchant, but the young man determined otherwise for himself, and, finding his parents inexorable, quitted the paternal mansion, where no better prospect than an insufferable slavery awaited him, to wander he knew not whither. Happily he met a family friend, who entering into his character and feelings, and being desirous to save both him and his parents from eternal regret, brought him back to his home, and induced them to educate him for the Bar. Thus was laid the foundation of Regnault's success. He studied, and very soon displayed a brilliant and original eloquence, combined with a force of reasoning, which placed him at once on a level with the most distinguished orators.

Napoleon, who knew how to discriminate between

talent and mediocrity, designed Regnault, from the moment he heard him speak, for one of the speakers in his Council of State. Regnault, on his part, also judged the Colossus; and, strange to say, in many instances fathomed his real thoughts through the veil with which, though Napoleon was not deceitful, his simple and vigorous ideas were frequently covered. Regnault, in listening to discussions introduced by the First Consul, seldom coincided in the opinion first mooted by him; he opposed it, and, curiously enough, generally found himself maintaining the side of the argument which Napoleon really intended to preponderate. If this was the effect of address it was excusable.

The creation of the Legion of Honor, when it was first mooted, excited feelings and discussions of which, in the present day, it is impossible to convey an idea. The creation of an order of knighthood in a country filled with republican institutions, and resolved on equality, appeared at first, even to those who, from their reputation in arms, were entitled to be chiefs of the order, a sort of monstrosity. None of them had even imagined that the First Consul would one day assume the sovereignty of the State. I do not think that the Consulate for life had yet been talked of; Napoleon now held the office for ten years only.

"Well, after all," said my mother to Junot, "I assure you, my dear son, a green, red, or blue ribbon is a very pretty thing over a black coat or a white waistcoat. I am fond of these talismans of ambition. The Consular Court is now rising with an *éclat* far surpassing its predecessors. You will agree with me that, unless power possesses both the will and the means to make itself respected, it is indispensable to surround it with a sort of theatrical splendor to prevent its becoming an object of mockery. Bonaparte is a man of sense and tact; he understands all this, and reduces it to practice. You will see where all this will end——" And my mother gently nodded her head, as she changed her position on the sofa; for at that time, in compliance with the decree of her physicians, she scarcely ever rose from it.

Junot's demeanor as he listened to her harangue was droll; he saw plainly that she was jesting, but as he did

not himself entirely approve this measure at the outset, he was at a loss for an answer. He was much perplexed also to guess how my mother had penetrated the secrets of the Council of State, in which the First Consul had spoken at great length, and with an eloquence the more extraordinary as oratory was by no means his forte; he possessed to an almost irresistible extent the art of compelling his auditors to adopt his views; but that he should speak for an hour together, and with real eloquence, was truly astonishing.

This was not the first time that my mother had surprised us by talking politics, in which formerly she never interfered; but a heart like hers must follow the interests of those she loved. Until my marriage no warmer sentiment than a sincere friendship for a few individuals had caused her to look upon public affairs either with pleasure or uneasiness. But in fifteen months her attitude was changed. Her daughter was the wife of a man so intimately attached to the established order of things that the future welfare of that daughter depended on its preservation; her son had a lucrative office in the administration of the Republic; and the personal opinions of my mother were silenced by these strong ties which bound her to the existing Government.

She who had never busied herself with any political gossip now grew desirous of sounding public opinion; she had two or three journals read to her daily, and such of her friends as were in a situation to give her information were laid under contribution. My good and affectionate mother! all these habits so foreign to her former life were not agreeable to her. But it would have distressed her to be ignorant of anything in which we were interested; and through the elder M. Portalis she frequently learned rumors which did not reach Junot till he heard them from her two or three days later; not through any breach of confidence on the part of the Councilor, but merely because Junot did not attend the sittings of the Council, and their proceedings were not reported in the journals. It happened so in the case of the Concordat, one of those landmarks which denote a great epoch in the history of our Revolution.

Cardinal Consalvi, Signor Spina (since Cardinal Archbishop of Genoa), and Father Corselli, also a Cardinal

later on, came to Paris to conclude the negotiation for the Concordat. I shall speak hereafter of Cardinal Consalvi; I was at this time too young to know and appreciate him. The First Consul himself was much deceived respecting him, and there is every reason to believe that he was prejudiced against him by the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

A person every way worthy of credit says, in his excellent work upon the Consulate, that in a conversation he held with him at Malmaison, the First Consul mentioned that the Cardinal jested as freely as a young musketeer, and had told M. de Talleyrand THAT HE WAS AS FOND OF PLEASURE AS ANYONE, AND THAT HE HAD OBTAINED A REPUTATION FOR DEVOTION WHICH HE DID NOT POSSESS.

I repeat, the person who reports this conversation with the First Consul is a man of honor, and worthy of credence. What he reports the First Consul had undoubtedly said to him. I can equally answer for Napoleon. He could dissemble and give a false coloring to a story, but was never guilty of direct falsehood to the extent here imputed to him. The minister must himself have been deceived, for had Cardinal Consalvi been as profligate as a Borgia, and as impious as the fifth Sixtus, it is impossible that he could so stupidly proclaim it.

All who have been honored with his acquaintance know that, whatever political license he might allow himself in conversation, he never, in the man of the world or even in the man of gallantry, forgot the dignity of the Cardinal. I have held frequent and intimate intercourse with him, and have in my possession more than thirty of his letters: and I can affirm that I never heard him utter an unbecoming word, or received from him a single line that passed the bounds of decorum.

About this time M. Portalis the elder presented to the Council of State a brief of Pope Pius VII., authorizing M. de Talleyrand to return to a secular life. Regnault de Saint Jean-d'Angely asked: "What the Council could possibly have to do with the conscience of a man: we are called upon to admit or reject a brief that grants to a person all indulgence and enjoyment of those civil rights of which he himself is in possession. I contend that the Council cannot have anything to do with it."

Cambacérès, the President, put the question to the vote, and argued that the First Consul would be much displeased if the registry of the brief were refused. The permission of the Pope was finally admitted; M. de Talleyrand was restored to the lay community, and can now be buried without wrangle or strife whenever he shall quit his busy path of life.

It was the First Consul's desire that the promulgation of the Concordat, which had received his definite ratification, should be attended with a religious ceremony, in all the pomp and circumstance of Roman worship. The Concordat concerning religious affairs, after being signed at Paris on the 15th of July, 1801, by the Consuls, was sent to Rome, where it underwent a critical examination in the Conclave, and was then signed and ratified in all its integrity by the Pontiff, which, considering the Pope's Infallibility, methinks ought to suffice to quiet the consciences of those who should be content with being as good Christians as their Holy Father.

Fourteen prelates, more attached to remembrance of the past than to hope of the future, refused to recognize the Concordat. These fourteen bishops were then in London, where at least they lived in peace and without care; they were right not to change their lot: they would not have been so well treated in France; for the First Consul allowed the bishops only a sufficient revenue for maintaining a creditable establishment. "They should not have reason to blush," said the First Consul, "in fulfilling the highest ecclesiastical functions; they should also have the means of succoring the unfortunate within their dioceses; but archbishops and bishops must not absorb the revenue of a province, excite scandal, and, as in former days, bring religion into disgrace." Forty bishops and nine archbishops were instituted by the First Consul, who imposed the formula of oath to be taken by them on entering upon their dioceses.

From sixty to eighty ladies were invited to accompany Madame Bonaparte to Notre Dame. She had then no ladies of honor; but four companion ladies had voluntarily taken upon them the duties of that office. We assembled at the Tuileries at half after ten in the morning of Easter Day, in the year 1802. The Consuls occupied but one carriage. The First Consul had issued no

orders, but it was intimated to the principal public functionaries that he would be pleased to see their servants in livery on the day of the ceremony. He put his own household into livery on the occasion: it was certainly showy, but, as yet, by no means well appointed. Madame Bonaparte was accompanied by her daughter and her sister-in-law: the rest of the procession followed promiscuously.

Madame Bonaparte and all the ladies were conducted to the gallery to hear the *Te Deum*, and the gallery of Notre Dame on that day presented an enchanting spectacle: it formed a magnificent conservatory filled with the choicest flowers.

Madame Murat's fair, fresh, and spring-like face, comparable only to a June rose, was surmounted by a pink satin hat and plume of feathers. She wore a gown of fine Indian tambour muslin, lined with pink satin and trimmed with Brussels point, and over her shoulders was thrown a scarf of the same lace. I have seen her more richly dressed, but never saw her look more beautiful.

How many young women, hitherto unknown, on this day took their degree in the realm of beauty, beneath the brilliant beams of a midday sun, rendered more glowing in their passage through the stained windows of the cathedral! The First Consul himself, the same evening, remarked upon the galaxy of beauty which shone in the gallery.

The ceremony was long. Cardinal Caprara, who officiated, was tedious in the extreme; and M. de Boisgelin was equally prolix in his sermon. At near three o'clock we returned to the Tuileries completely tired. One of the most striking circumstances of the day was the military display. The firing of musketry, the troops lining the streets, the salvos of artillery, which, from the earliest dawn, had shaken every window of Paris, mingling the sounds of the camp with religious chants, and with that ecclesiastical pomp so justly in accordance with the solemnity, formed a combination truly imposing.

The First Consul was vehemently irritated by the answer of General Delmas to his question, How he liked the ceremony? "It was a very showy harlequinade," said the General, "and, to render it complete, wanted only the presence of the million of men who have shed their

blood for the destruction of that which you have re-erected.»

My uncle, Bien-Aymé, was Bishop of Metz; this reminds me of a conversation he had with the First Consul soon after his admission to the College of Episcopal Prelates. When first Canon of the Cathedral of Evreux he had been for many years the intimate friend of M. de Buffon. The First Consul, whom Junot had informed of this circumstance, wished to converse with the Bishop of Metz about this extraordinary man; and my uncle's astonishment at finding him intimately acquainted with the private life of M. de Buffon, who lived at a distance from him, and was precluded by all his habits from intercourse with Bonaparte, was particularly diverting.

CHAPTER XV.

Death of My Mother — Junot's Kindness — Napoleon's Condolence in My Loss — Delicacy of Lucien Bonaparte — Misunderstanding between the Two Brothers — Lucien's Conduct in Spain — Madame Leclerc — Ridiculous Scene with Her — Creole Costume — Her Mad Project — Failure of the Expedition to Saint Domingo — Death of Leclerc, and Return of Pauline — The Offering of the Widow's Hair.

A GREAT misfortune had befallen our family; my mother had ceased to exist. Her sufferings were over but we had lost our friend, our delight. She had occupied all my time and thoughts, and the void produced by the removal of this adored object occasioned an anguish to which I know of nothing comparable. The affectionate and considerate conduct of Junot on this sad occasion sweetened the bitterness of my grief.

A proof that Junot well understood the heart of her he honored, was his liberality to three hundred of the most distressed among the poor of Paris. They were relieved and clothed in the name of her whose funeral car they surrounded, and for whom they were mourning and offered prayers of gratitude. How much did this delicacy in giving and administering the consolation of which I should be most sensible endear my husband to me!

The First Consul was very kind at the time of my affliction. He appeared to bury in oblivion his former disagreements with my mother. Junot brought me messages of the most friendly consolation from him, and Madame Bonaparte did me the honor of a visit, with Lucien, who had just arrived from Spain. The sight of Lucien deeply affected me. I knew how dear he was to my mother. She loved him almost equally with my brother Albert; she rejoiced in his success and suffered in his disasters. His departure for Spain had much distressed her, and in her greatest agonies she made Junot repeat to her all the honorable traits of his mission to Madrid. Junot felt a degree of partiality for Lucien, as did all who were attached to the First Consul.

I have always been at a loss to account for the schism between the brothers, and I must in justice declare that I never heard from Lucien an unkind word against his brother, although the First Consul frequently made use of expressions which must have been wounding to him even in his absence. But Lucien's conduct in Spain, the treaty of Badajos, that of Madrid, the secret treaty of St. Ildefonso, by which Louisiana, surrendered to Spain by the shameful treaty of 1793, was receded to us — all this made one esteem the man who, at a distance from France as well as in the chamber of her representatives, invariably defended the interests of his country and raised his voice in vindication of her glory and her prosperity.

Meanwhile we had lost Madame Leclerc; she had been strongly urged by her brother to follow her husband to Saint Domingo. I believe General Leclerc would willingly have dispensed with this addition to his baggage, for it was a positive calamity, after the first quarter of an hour's interview had exhausted the pleasure of surveying her really beautiful person, to have the burden of amusing, occupying, and taking care of Madame Leclerc. In public she professed herself delighted to accompany HER LITTLE LECLERC, as she called him; but she was in reality disconsolate, and I one day found her in a paroxysm of despair and tears, quite distressing to anyone who had not known her as well as myself.

"Ah, Laurette," said she, throwing herself into my arms, "how fortunate you are! You stay at Paris. Good

heavens, how melancholy I shall be! How can my brother be so hard-hearted, so wicked, as to send me into exile among savages and serpents! Besides, I am ill. Oh! I shall die before I get there." Here her speech was interrupted, for she sobbed with such violence that for a moment I was fearful she would have fainted. I approached her sofa, and, taking her hand, endeavored to encourage her as one would a child, by talking of its playthings or new shoes: telling her she would be queen of the island; would ride in a palanquin; that slaves would watch her looks to execute her wishes; that she would walk in groves of orange trees; that she need have no dread of serpents, as there were none in the Antilles; and that savages were equally harmless.

Finally, I summed up my consolatory harangue by telling her she would look very pretty in the Creole costume. As I advanced in my arguments, Madame Leclerc's sobs became less and less hysterical. She still wept, but her tears were not unbecoming. "You really think, Laurette," said she, "that I shall look pretty, PRETTIER THAN USUAL, in a Creole turban, a short waist, and a petticoat of striped muslin?"

Description can give but a faint idea of Madame Leclerc at the moment when her delight at being presented with a new hint for the toilet chased away the remembrance that she was on the eve of departure for a country where she expected to be devoured. She rang for her waiting maid. "Bring me all the bandanas in the house." She had some remarkably fine ones which my mother had given her from a bale of Indian silks and muslins brought over by Vice-Admiral Magon. We chose the prettiest among them, and as my mother had always worn silk handkerchiefs for nightcaps, I was accustomed from my infancy to the arrangement of the corners in the most becoming manner; Madame Leclerc, therefore, when she examined herself in the glass, was enraptured with my skill.

"Laurette," said she, replacing herself on the sofa, "you know, my dear, how I love you! You preferred Caroline, but we shall see if you won't repent yet. Listen! I am going to show you the sincerity of my affection. You must come to Saint Domingo — you will be next to myself in rank. I shall be queen, as you told me just now, and you shall be vice-queen. I will go and talk to my

brother about it." "I go to Saint Domingo, Madame!" I exclaimed. "What in the name of madness are you thinking of?" Oh, I know there are difficulties in the way of such an arrangement, but I will talk to Bonaparte about it; and as he is partial to Junot he will let you go to Saint Domingo."

While I looked at her in perfect amazement she proceeded, arranging all the while the folds of her gown and the fashion of her turban: "We will give balls and form parties of pleasure among those beautiful mountains" (the serpents and savages were already forgotten); "Junot shall be the commander of the capital. What is its name? I will tell Leclerc I expect him to give a *fête* every day. We will take Madame Permon too." And as she said this she pinched my nose and pulled my ears, for she liked to ape her brother, and thought such easy manners had an air of royalty.

But both the ludicrous effect of this scene and the weariness I was beginning to feel from it fled at once before the sound of her last words. My mother, who loved her with a tenderness equal to that of Madame Lætitia — my poor mother, who already lay on a bed of suffering from which she was never more to rise! I felt it possible that I might make an answer harsh enough to awaken the beautiful dreamer from her reverie; therefore, putting on my gloves, I was about to take leave, when Junot was announced; he had seen my carriage at the door, and, stopping his cabriolet, came to my rescue.

"You are just arrived in time," cried Madame Leclerc; "sit down there, my dear General, and let us settle everything for it is high time," said she, turning to me; "you will have no more than enough for preparing Mademoiselle Despaux, Madame Germon, Le Roi, Copp, Madame Roux — no, Nattier will do better, Mademoiselle L'Olive, Lenormand, Le Vacher, Foncier, Biennais" (and at each name of these celebrated contributors to the toilet, as she counted them on her fingers, she cast a glance of triumph toward us, that seemed to say, "See what an excellent memory I have, and how admirably I can choose my ministers!"). "As for myself," she added, "my preparations are made, I am quite ready; but as we set out very shortly you had better make haste."

Junot's countenance would certainly have diverted any

fourth person who might have been a spectator of the scene; his eyes wandered from me to Madame Leclerc, who, perceiving his perplexity, said: "I am going to take you both to Saint Domingo, Madame Permon too, and Albert; oh, how happy we shall all be together!" Junot was for a moment motionless, till a tremendous burst of laughter interrupted the silence — not very politely, it must be confessed; but I afterward learned that the explosion was provoked by a wink of peculiar intelligence.

Madame Leclerc was astonished at such a mode of testifying his gratitude, expecting to see him throw himself at her feet, but she reckoned without her host. "Very pretty," said she, pouting; "will you please to explain the meaning of this gayety? Methinks it is not exactly the way to thank an old friend who intends you a kindness." "Have you had the goodness to mention your intentions to the First Consul, Madame?" said Junot, who, though growing more decorous, could not yet entirely overcome his risible propensities. "No, certainly not, for your wife has but just suggested the idea."

Junot turned to me with an astonishment that nearly set me laughing in my turn. "What! my wife go to Saint Domingo?" said he. "And why not? She will be the first person there next to myself; she is used to the world; she dresses well; she is elegant. I will give her some slaves, and Leclerc will make you commandant of that town — the — the ——" "The Cape," said Junot. "Exactly, the Cape — the Cape." And she repeated like a parrot the word which in five minutes she would altogether have forgotten.

"I am infinitely obliged to you, Madame," said Junot, with comic seriousness; "but really, with your permission, I should prefer remaining Commandant of Paris. Besides, there is a slight obstacle which you do not appear to have taken into contemplation." And, throwing his arms round me, he drew me toward him, embraced me, and hinted at my being in the family way.

Madame Leclerc opened her eyes even wider than was usual with her when surprised, and that was not unfrequently — a little mannerism that was not unbecoming, and said: "I did not think of that. But what of that,"

said she the next moment; "what does it signify whether your infant utters his first cry on the waves or on *terra firma?* I will give Laurette a vessel to herself. Ah! what say you to that, M. Junot? Am not I a capital manager? I will write immediately to Brest, where we are to embark, and order a vessel to be expressly prepared. Villaret-Joyeuse is a good-natured man; he will do anything that I desire. Come, let me embrace you both."

"As for embracing you, madame," said Junot, laughing himself almost out of breath, "I am assuredly too happy in the permission not to take advantage of it, but for our voyage we will, if you please, drop that project, which Laura's friendship for you no doubt inspired. Besides," added he, "I do not think the First Consul would consent to it. You know he likes to nominate his Generals spontaneously, and without reference to private feelings, such as would influence this affair." And he laughed anew. "But," he continued, "I am not the less grateful for your intentions, madame, and be assured I am fully sensible of them, only"—and again the unfortunate laugh redoubled—"another time be kind enough to prove them otherwise than by putting my little Laura to bed on the wide ocean, and giving me the command of the Cape instead of Paris, and all this for old friendship's sake."

Junot, kneeling on a footstool beside Madame Leclerc's settee, was kissing her hands all the while that he said this, in a tone which, though certainly of derision, and perhaps of a little innocent impertinence, could not be offensive. Madame Leclerc was not competent to understand the raillery of his expressions, but, by a sort of instinctive cunning, she perceived that he was making fun of her, and, whether really distressed at so peremptory a negative to her project, or at being laughed at in my presence by Junot, of whose former attachment for her she had a thousand times boasted to me, the fact is she repulsed him with such violence as to throw him from the footstool on the carpet, and said, in a voice choked with sobs:

"This it is to attach one's self to the ungrateful—I, who love Laura like a sister!" (and, in truth, that was not saying much). "And you too, Junot, who refuse to

accompany and defend me in a country where I am to be deserted!" And her tears rolled in floods.

"I will never refuse to assist a woman in peril," said Junot, rising, and with an expression half in jest and half earnest; "but permit me to say that is not your situation." "Ah!" continued she, still weeping, and without listening to him, "you would not have made all those reflections when we were at Marseilles! . . . You would not so tranquilly have seen me set out to be devoured, perhaps. . . . How can I tell? In short, to face all the dangers of a land filled with savages and wild beasts. I, who have said so much to Laurette of your attachment to me."

This time it was impossible to restrain my laughter. Such an appeal to a husband in the very presence of his wife threw me into such a paroxysm of mirth that Junot, though beginning to be weary of the scene, could not forbear joining. "Come, be reasonable," said he to the beautiful Niobe with the freedom of an old friend; "do not weep; it destroys the luster of the eyes, the bloom of the cheek, and renders the prettiest woman almost ugly — beautiful as you are!" After our departure we indulged for several minutes in a most immoderate fit of laughter.

"Is it possible," said Junot at length, "that you can have said anything tending to inspire her with the barbarous notion of your inclination to visit the country of the blacks?" I told him the whole story, and he in return explained to me why he had been so excessively amused by the capricious beauty's sudden proposal to carry me off eighteen hundred leagues from Paris, made with as much ease as one invites a friend to a week's visit at a country seat. "She still loves you, then?" said I.

"She! — in the first place, she never loved me, and in the next, supposing her to have returned in the slightest measure a love as passionate as beauty can engender in an ardent mind and volcanic head at the age of twenty-four, she has long ago lost all remembrance of it. No; you visited Madame Leclerc at a moment when she was under the dominion of one of those nervous affections to which women, and especially such women, are frequently subject. The sight of you instinctively redoubled her

emotion, simply because it recalled happy days; then you talked to her of dressing *à la* Virginia, and she immediately recollected that at Marseilles, when I was madly in love, when the excellent Madame Bonaparte, the mother, was willing to accept me as a son-in-law, and the First Consul, ever prudent and wary, observed, 'You have neither of you the means of living,' I, in my delirium answered: 'But, my General, think of Paul and Virginia — their friends preferred fortune to happiness, and what was the consequence?' The First Consul, who was never romantic, did but shrug his shoulders and repeat his usual phrase: 'You have neither of you the means of living.'"

"But," said I, "it could not be the bandana and the fashion in which I turned up its red and green corners that produced this jargon of unconnected folly." "You need seek no deeper for it. Madame Leclerc's imagination is perfectly stagnant on many points, and compensates itself by an incredibly creative faculty in others. Her ignorance is unbounded, and equaled only by her vanity. Well, these two properties, which make up her whole composition, easily open themselves a way which the most sprightly imagination, united with a few grains more of sense, would find it difficult to trace. I know her well; her vanity made her veritably believe that I should be but too happy to join this expedition to Saint Domingo." "And you think she would really have spoken to the First Consul if you had not arrived?" "Beyond all doubt, for she is perfectly sincere. She was convinced that all she was arranging, or rather deranging, in her pretty little head was entirely for our interests, and would have requested her brother's permission for my joining her husband's army as a special favor toward me."

I do not know whether it was a suggestion of the female imagination, ever restless, or perhaps more properly jealous, that made me observe on the possibility that Madame Leclerc, tenacious of her project of roaming with me among the blacks in a gown of striped muslin and a bandana jacket and turban, might yet mention it to her brother.

"Faith! you are very right," said Junot. "Beautiful creature as she is (and good and excellent, moreover, for

her heart is free from malevolence), this affair might prove a rehearsal of the story of the bear knocking his friend on the head. We must forestall such favors."

The event proved my sagacity. The same day Junot related to the First Consul all that had passed between his sister and me, taking care, as may be supposed, not to throw in too strong a coloring. As for the picture itself, with all its subordinate attributes, the First Consul knew his sister too well to suppose the relative situation of the parties exaggerated. Three days afterward he said to Junot with a smile: "You are bent, then, on going to Saint Domingo?" Junot replied only by a bow and a corresponding smile. "I am sorry, but you cannot go at present. I want you here, as I have given General Leclerc to understand, who wanted to persuade me that you would be more useful to me at the Cape than in Paris." Junot assured me that it was amusing to observe the countenance of the First Consul as he spoke this; it exhibited a rapid succession of novel impressions, recalling images of the past.

Yet the whole affair passed over Madame Leclerc's mind without penetrating beyond its surface, for she possessed no solidity, and all her conceptions were as uncertain and fugitive as her head was incapable of methodizing any plan. The next time I saw her she had forgotten everything but the bandana. She had been that very morning to my poor mother's to have her turban arranged by her hands, and my mother, though in extreme pain, had taken a sort of pride in setting it off to the best advantage round a head which in this dress was one of the prettiest imaginable.

The squadron at length set sail in the month of December, 1801. The dresses, hats, caps, and other frivolities which Madame Leclerc took out with her were innumerable. Thirty-five ships of the line, twenty-two frigates, and an immense number of gunboats followed the vessel which bore the lovely Cleopatra, and which had been furnished with every appurtenance of luxury, elegance, and utility, that the fair voyager might have no desire ungratified. The General was disposed to refuse admission to so many useless indispensables; but Madame Leclerc, at the first sound of objection, assumed a tone that instantly reduced her spouse to silence for the sake

of peace during the exile to which he was condemned. This was a singular match — I could never comprehend its inducements — for the reason ascribed by report was absurd. Madame Leclerc treated her husband pretty despotically, and yet was afraid of him, not, indeed, properly of him, but of the First Consul. She required from him observances that would be very amusing in the relation.

The expedition to Saint Domingo encountered in its day plenty of approbation and plenty of censure. The censures alleged that it was folly to oppose the entire population of a distant colony, whose savage disposition refused all quarter to their adversaries, thus exposing our troops to the double perils of a murderous warfare and no less murderous climate. They were grieved to see so fine an army dispatched to America before the remnant of that which the deserts of Africa had nearly engulfed was restored to us. They contended that, in spite of his profound ambition, in spite even of his cruelty, it was necessary to guarantee to Toussaint-L'Ouverture the government for life which had been conferred upon him by the colonists. He had very considerable military talents, a political address, or rather an ingenious cunning, which had saved Saint Domingo from the English yoke, and above all, from its own passions. They were therefore of opinion that the First Consul should leave Toussaint-L'Ouverture at liberty still to call himself, if he so pleased, THE FIRST OF THE BLACKS,* and that he should be acknowledged Governor of Saint Domingo, subject to the dominion of France — terms to which he would most willingly have agreed. But the First Consul justly observed that Toussaint was a hypocrite, who, while protesting his devotion to the Consular Government, was meditating the liberation of the French Antilles from the authority of the Republic. «I am the Bonaparte of Saint Domingo,» said he; «the colony cannot exist without me. I must be preserved to her.»

Such language on the part of such a man must have

*When acknowledged by the Consular Government Commandant of Saint Domingo, he had written a letter to the First Consul with this superscription: «Toussaint, the first of the blacks, to Bonaparte, the first of the whites.»

excited alarm for the future fate of the island and its dependencies, especially considering the character of his two Lieutenants, Christophe and Dessalines. A cousin of mine in the marines, who, having arrived at Saint Domingo, served as a volunteer in the army, and was prisoner to Dessalines, has told me anecdotes of this MONSTER —for he does not deserve the name of man — which surpass in sanguinary horror all the most tragical conceptions of the most gloomy and terrific imagination. Bonaparte knew the character of these men of blood, but he was desirous of restoring peace and abundance to that fine colony, and it could only be accomplished by maintaining the blacks. In the short interval between the submission and the second insurrection of the island (that is to say of the blacks) for which the re-establishment of slavery at Guadeloupe was the pretext, Saint Domingo recovered its prosperity; the lands were cultivated, and commerce revived. But Toussaint, who, on the submission of the colony, had ostensibly retired to live peaceably on one of his estates, soon began to contrive and organize another massacre of the whites.

England was no stranger to these new projects of Toussaint; she excited them, and, more than once, English gold paid the price of our blood. Toussaint-L'Ouverture was carried off in the middle of the night, transported on board a vessel, and brought to France. He was consigned to the Castle of Joux, and thence removed to the citadel of Besancon, where he died suddenly, which gave rise to an absurd rumor; for if the death of Toussaint was violent, as some voices have proclaimed, there should have been some actuating motive for the deed; but where can such motive be found?

Although General Rochambeau has been much censured, because none could venture openly to blame the First Consul's brother-in-law, it cannot be denied that one principal cause of the loss of Saint Domingo, and the destruction of that immense expedition which had sailed from Brest, L'Orient, and Toulon, was the unskillful and imprudent administration of General Leclerc.

Before we hastily decide on Rochambeau's errors, we should take all the circumstances into account, and, judging candidly of his situation, consider what he could have done without resorting to arbitary measures, which

the unhappy state of affairs drove him to the hard necessity of employing. Pressed on one side by the blacks, who thus irritated by the faults of his predecessor had raised the standard of revolt with more frantic fury and sanguinary rage than ever, he was hemmed in on the other by an English fleet, to whom he surrendered with the six thousand men that remained to him. Death seemed to have brandished his sickle with ambitious eagerness through the ranks of that army but two years ago in so flourishing a condition. Sickness, assassination, battle, had afforded him an ample harvest: the means of destruction multiplied around this devoted army, and only a very small remnant ever set foot again on their native soil.

Madame Leclerc returned to Europe bearing the corpse of her husband, which she had inclosed in a coffin of cedar, and then, cutting off her beautiful hair, affected the Artemisia. Her parade, however, of immoderate grief and ostentatious despair made but little impression; the First Consul himself, when told that his sister had sacrificed her hair to the manes of her husband without preserving a single lock, answered with a significant smile: "Oh, she knows full well it will only grow the more luxuriantly for its cropping."

CHAPTER XVI.

Peace with England — Remarkable Speech of Bonaparte to the Belgian Deputies — Glory of France under the Consulate — Concourse of Foreigners at Paris — English and Russian Visitors — Characteristic Anecdote of Mr. Fox — Lord and Lady Cholmondeley — The Duchess of Gordon and her Daughter, Lady Georgiana — Public Magnificence and Private Economy of Napoleon — Bonaparte's Fine Coat — Story Told by the First Consul to Josephine — The Power of Masses — Characteristic of Napoleon's Policy.

PEACE with England was definitely signed. The Treaty of Amiens had confirmed the preliminaries of reconciliation with our great rival on the 25th of March, 1802. On this occasion, which terminated all the differences of Europe, Joseph Bonaparte was again our mes-

senger of peace. The temple of Janus was at length closed, and France exalted to a higher pinnacle of glory and real power than she has ever since attained, for she had emerged from a struggle with united Europe victorious, aggrandized, and respected. The colonies captured by England were restored to us. The course of the Scheldt was left in our hands, as well as the Austrian Netherlands, part of Brabant, Dutch Flanders, and a number of cities, as Maestricht, Venloo, etc.

A noble speech of the First Consul to the Belgian deputies is connected with this point of our history. On the opening of the conferences of Luneville they waited on the chief of the Republic to offer him their thanks for having supported the rights of a people who would accept no other protection than that of France. "It was in justice to ourselves," replied the First Consul to the deputation; "the treaty of Campo-Formio had already recognized the position of Belgium. During the years which have elapsed since that treaty our arms have suffered reverses, and it was supposed that the Republic, less favored by fortune, would weakly yield; but this was a serious mistake. Belgium, like all other territories acquired by treaties solemnly guaranteed, forms as integral a part of France as the most ancient of her provinces, as Brittany or Burgundy, and were the Faubourg Saint Antoine in the occupation of an enemy, France could never abandon her rights." Such were the words of Napoleon, addressed to the Belgian deputies.

Yes; France was then resplendent in glory. Independently of the northern possessions, forming that national boundary for which it is the duty of every Frenchman to contend with his life, she was mistress of the German territory on the left of the Rhine, as well as of Avignon and the Venaissin, Geneva, and almost the whole bishopric of Basle, Savoy, and Nice. The Republic founded and protected States; she erected the Grand Duchy of Tuscany into a kingdom; Austrian Lombardy was transformed under her auspices into an Italian Republic; Genoa rose into a sovereignty under the name of the Ligurian Republic; and all these States sheltered themselves beneath the spacious folds of the tricolored banner, relying on the vigor and vigilance of the Gallic cock. The Republic extended her protection to aquatic Batavia. By her recent

treaties with Spain and Portugal she had recovered colonies capable of reviving her preponderance in another hemisphere. By the secret treaty of Saint Ildefonso, and the care of Lucien Bonaparte, her flag waved once more over Louisiana, that fine and fertile province, surrendered to Spain by the disgraceful and humiliating peace of 1793, but the possession of which now placed us in an imposing attitude in the Gulf of Mexico, and would prove a formidable point of attack against the American Union in case of a rupture. She had wrested from the Portuguese scepter territories which, with their broad deserts, formed an impenetrable barrier for French Guiana. In short, the Republic, at this period of the Consular Government, was greater even than the Empire ever was. Napolean's orb of glory, was then, indeed, immeasurable.

Paris now realized the vision of the First Consul for his great city; it had become the capital of the civilized world. Such was the concourse of foreigners that exorbitant prices were charged for the most inferior lodgings, and paid without hesitation. My situation as wife of the Commandant of Paris introduced me to all strangers of any celebrity, and I confess my most interesting recollections belong to this portion of my life. Russians and English were the principal actors on this scene. The English, greedy of traveling, and so long shut out from their European tour — for Italy, Switzerland, and part of Germany, had, since 1795, been as inaccessible to them as France — gave loose to their joy with all the frankness and sincerity of their national character, which is so totally in opposition to the sophistry and artifice of their Cabinet. They flocked in crowds to Paris, and entered with ardor into the pleasures which France offered them in abundance, which they felt too happy in repaying with their gold. Society, too — the best society — then beginning to reorganize itself, presented attractions which their acute and judicious perceptions were equally capable of appreciating.

Among the English arrivals of that day were some names whose undying reputation fills the memory nearly to the exclusion of all others. Mr. Fox, for example, was one of those beings whom it is impossible to see, though but once, without remembering forever, as a happy

epoch in one's life, the day of introduction. His fine talents and noble character were the adoration of a majority of our countrymen. I shared with others in admiring the high feeling of Mr. Fox, when, seconded by Grey, and I believe by Sheridan, he summoned Mr. Pitt, the Minister of the day, to adopt a course not menacing, but conciliatory; in short, to make an attempt, by entreaties addressed to the Convention, to save the life of Louis XVI. "In the name of English honor," said this great man, "however vain your efforts, however useless your endeavors, try them at least, and show the world that kings do not stand by unmoved to see a brother sovereign murdered. Why do you talk of armaments?" he added with warmth, in reply to Mr. Pitt. "By what right would you immolate a thousand heads to revenge the fall of one, when a few decisive words might prevent the sacrifice?" What a contrast do these admirable arguments offer to the proceedings of the inflexible Minister, who by arming England, exciting Spain, and making a clamorous display of hostility, did but too probably accelerate the fate of the unfortunate Louis!

Mr. Fox's aspect did not at first glance seem to justify his prodigious fame — his demeanor was even ordinary — and the first time that I saw him, dressed in a dark gray coat, and with his head somewhat inclined, he gave me the idea of a good Devonshire farmer — a man incapable of any pretension. But how rapidly were these opinions put to flight when the course of conversation brought the energies of his mind into view. His countenance became animated with the first sentence of interest that passed his lips, and gradually brightened with increasing intelligence till it was absolutely fiery and sparkling. His voice, subdued at first, rose in modulation till it burst upon the ear like thunder; and the same man, who but a few minutes before had appeared the most commonplace of mortals, was now an object of intense admiration.

I first saw him at a distance; he was next introduced to me at the Tuileries, where, in the midst of a multitudinous and noisy throng, it was impossible to put in operation any of the plans I had concerted for drawing forth the sentiments of one of the most distinguished and most justly celebrated men of the eighteenth cen-

tury. At length he dined at my house, and the conversation, having first been of a general kind, turned afterward on such topics as were more especially adapted to the illustrious stranger. The entire concurrence of opinion between Mr. Fox, Junot, and some of his other guests, precluded debate, but the affairs of England and the Ministry which had replaced Mr. Pitt were long under discussion, and the conversation, though tranquil, was of a remarkable character; when one of the company, who had been of the Egyptian expedition, and had returned with his mind violently exasperated, brought forward the awkward subject of events in that quarter, freely indulging his rancor against England. Mr. Fox's countenance changed with a rapidity it is impossible to describe; we no longer beheld the leader of the English Opposition, but the advocate of Mr. Pitt, defending him with his eloquence amid a circle of enemies. The conversation grew warm, and Junot soon took an unfortunate part in it. He had been made prisoner on his return from Egypt by a Captain Styles, conducted to Jaffa, and introduced to Sir Sydney Smith, who was negotiating there with the Grand Vizier the Treaty of El-Arich for the evacuation of Egypt; thence he accompanied Sir Sydney on board the "Tiger" to Larnaka, in Cyprus; here Junot, as I have before observed, contracted for Smith one of those chivalrous friendships which he was very capable of feeling and the brave English Commodore well calculated to inspire. He had more than once laid lance in rest as the champion of his friendly foe; and now, believing him compromised in something that was said respecting the infamous infraction of the treaty which he had guaranteed, and satisfied in his own mind that his gallant friend was the most honorable of men, "It was not his doing!" cried Junot, animated by a sentiment of truth and justice; "he would never have said, with Mr. Pitt, 'the destruction of that perfidious army is a matter of rejoicing; the interests of human nature require its total annihilation.' No. Sir Sydney Smith would be incapable of uttering such a libel on his profession and on human nature." Mr. Fox turned crimson, then pale as death; passed his hand over his eyes, and made no immediate answer; at the end of the minute that striking voice, which, with its sonorous tone, could overpower all others, murmured

rather than articulated: "I beg your pardon; Mr. Pitt never used such words. No," answered the statesman, to whose upright and patriotic soul the imputation was truly painful; "those terrible words never fell from the lips of Mr. Pitt; they are Mr. Dundas's."

Paris was also at this time the rendezvous of a multitude of English, who, though less celebrated than Mr. Fox or his brother, proved very agreeable acquaintances. Those whom I chiefly preferred were Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, Mrs. Harrison, a young widow from India of most simple, unaffected, and fascinating manners, the Duchess of Gordon and her daughter Lady Georgiana, Colonel James Green, and Lady E. Foster, afterward Duchess of Devonshire. Lady Cholmondeley had considerably the advantage of me in years, but her manners and those of her lord were courteously polished. She talked to me of the glory of the First Consul and his companions in arms in a tone of perfect sincerity and good will — she blended so amiably with unqualified respect for the dignity of her own nation a just appreciation of the qualities of those I loved — that I was almost attached to her. The First Consul, who received every morning circumstantial intelligence respecting the English in Paris, had a high esteem for the Earl and Countess Cholmondeley. The Duchess of Gordon is assuredly not forgotten by those who had the supreme happiness of seeing her in Paris in 1802. When I wish to divert my thoughts I call to mind her burlesque appearance and manners, which, as is well known, were notwithstanding her duchess mania, very far from ducal.

The general aspect of society in Paris at that time deserves a place in contemporary memoirs. The First Consul required all the principal authorities to maintain not only a creditable, but a splendid, establishment. Nothing could exceed (and this fact will be attested by all living persons who knew Napoleon as I did) his extreme and rigid economy in all his private concerns, though when circumstances required it he could equal in magnificence the most sumptuous sovereign of the East; the liberality of Aboul-Cazem then presided over every arrangement. I remember his once admonishing Duroc for neglecting to transmit an order regulating the private breakfasts at the Palace which he had given

him the evening before; the order, therefore had been delayed but a few hours. «But an additional day's expense,» said the First Consul, «is too much.»

A few minutes afterward one of the Ministers arrived. The First Consul immediately entered into consultation upon a *fête* that was to be given the following week on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastile, which was observed till the re-establishment of royalty; the Tuileries were illuminated, and, as far as I can remember, the theaters were opened gratis. «Josephine,» said he, with the tone of kindness he generally adopted toward her, for he was tenderly attached to her, «I am going to impose upon you a command you will have much pleasure in obeying. I desire you will be dazzling; make your preparations accordingly. For my part, I shall wear my fine suit of crimson silk embroidered with gold, presented to me by the city of Lyons; I shall then be superb!» This dress was, as he said, presented to him by the city of Lyons on the occasion of the *Helvetic Consulta* in the month of January preceding; and, to say the truth, he had already worn it and made a most singular appearance in it, which instantly occurred to my recollection when he talked of his FINE SUIT, and I could not suppress a laugh. He perceived it, for nothing escaped his observation, and, coming up to me, said as he surveyed me with a half-angry and half-smiling air: «What do you mean by that sarcastic smile, Madame Junot? You think, I suppose, that I shall not be as smart as all those handsome Englishmen and Russians who look so sweet upon you and turn all your young heads. I am sure I am at least as agreeable as that English Colonel — that dandy who is said to be the handsomest man in England, and whom I can compare to nothing but the Prince of Coxcombs.»

This expression, a dandy,* was a favorite word with Napoleon for designating men who displeased him. In the present instance he alluded to a tall Englishman called Colonel or Captain Matthews, and who passed for a devourer of hearts — English ones, be it observed. I could not avoid laughing still more heartily at this idea of the First Consul and his pretensions to elegance and fashion; whereas he had at that time an utter antipathy

* *Godelureau.*

to everything that is called fashionable, and showed it in the most unqualified dislike of such young men as had the misfortune to pass in the world for agreeable and elegant. Soft speeches, graceful attitudes, and all other qualifications of a beau, he treated with even more bitterness and contempt than he generally bestowed on the persons he most disliked. Madame Bonaparte presently afterward made an observation in praise of M. de Flahaut, who, she said, possessed a variety of talents. "What are they? Sense? Bah! who has not as much as he? He sings well — a noble talent for a soldier, who must be always hoarse by profession. Ah, he is a beau! that is what pleases you women. I see nothing so extraordinary in him; he is just like a spider with his eternal legs. His shape is quite unnatural; to be well shaped ——" Here his speech was broken in upon, for being at that time much given to laughing, I could not restrain a second fit on seeing the First Consul look with complacency at his own small legs (which, like his whole person, were then very shapely), covered with silk stockings, and a shoe sharp pointed enough to have pierced the eye of a needle. He did not finish his sentence, but I am certain he meant — "to be well shaped his leg should be like that."

And yet no being could have less vanity than Napoleon; he was neatness itself, and extremely particular in his dress, but made not the slightest claim to elegance. For this reason the movement which approached his hand to his leg as he mentioned the spider legs of M. de Flahaut* set me laughing by its *naïveté*. He both saw and heard the laugh, and, what is more, he understood it, and coming toward me again said: "Well, you little pest! What do you find to laugh at? So you must make game, in your turn, of my legs. They do not figure as well to your fancy in a country dance as those of your elegant friends. But a man may both sing and dance without being a dandy. Let me ask yourself, Madame Junot, if Talleyrand's nephew is not a pleasing young man?" My answer was ready. The person he alluded to was Louis de Perigord, who, as well as his brother and his sister, now Madame Justus de Noailles, had a large

*This gentleman was subsequently one of the aids-de-camp of the Emperor.

fortune; he was then nineteen years of age, and already united to the acuteness of his uncle a sound judgment, sprightly wit, polished manners, and a vivid resemblance to his father's person. The last is a eulogium in itself.

Napoleon, then addressing Josephine, said: "I desire you will be dazzling in jewelry and richly dressed; do you hear?" "Yes," replied Madame Bonaparte; "and then you find fault, perhaps fall into a passion, or you erase my warrants of payment from the margin of my bills."* And she pouted like a little girl, but with the most perfect good-humor. Madame Bonaparte's manners possessed, when she chose it, a seducing charm. Her graciousness might be too general, but undeniably she could be, when she chose, perfectly attractive and lovable. When the First Consul announced his wish regarding her toilet she looked at him so prettily, walked toward him with such graceful sweetness, her whole manner breathing so evident a desire to please, that he must have had a heart of stone who could resist her. Napoleon loved her, drew her close to him, and embraced her. "Certainly, my dear love; I sometimes cancel your warrants of payment because you are occasionally so imposed upon that I cannot take it upon my conscience to sanction such abuses; but it is not, therefore, inconsistent to recommend you to be magnificent on state occasions. One interest must be weighed against another, and I hold the balance equitably though strictly. Here, I will tell you a story, which will do wonders as a lesson if you will but remember it. Listen, too"—beckoning us to draw near—"listen, too, you young giddy-pates, and profit by it."

"There lived at Marseilles a rich merchant who received one morning, through the hands of a young man of good family and fortune, a letter strongly recommending the bearer to his notice: the merchant, after having read the letter, instead of either throwing it aside as waste paper, when he found that it covered one only of the four sides of the sheet, tore it in two, placed the written half in a leaf of his portfolio, and the other half

* This circumstance happened many times. I have myself seen two bills erased with the Emperor's own hand; one was for linen, the other for essences and perfumery. "You have your own linendraper, Mademoiselle L'Olive," said the Emperor, "why try an unknown warehouse? You must pay these new fancies out of your allowance."

that would serve for writing a note upon into another portfolio, which already contained a number of similar half-sheets.* Having attended to this act of economy, he turned toward the young man, and invited him to dinner for that very day. The youth, accustomed to a life of luxury, felt but little inclination to dine with a man apparently so mean. He accepted the invitation, however, and promised to return at four o'clock. But as he de-descended the narrow countinghouse staircase, his mind rapidly reverted to the observations he had made upon that small gloomy room, with the two long offices which led to it, encumbered with dusty ledgers, and where a dozen young men were working in a melancholy silence; he then repented of his folly in accepting the invitation. The duties of the toilet were discharged more for his own satisfaction than in compliment to the host who expected him; and that done, he proceeded to the banker's house. On arriving there he desired to be conducted to the merchant's lady. A number of valets in rich liveries led him across a small garden, filled with rare plants, and after conducting him through several apartments sumptuously furnished, introduced him to a handsome drawing-room, where he found the banker, who presented him to his wife, who was young and pretty, and elegantly attired: he himself was no longer the unattractive-looking personage his guest had seen in the morning, while the manners and conversation of fifteen or twenty visitors, who were assembled in the drawing-room, led to the inference that this house was one of the most refined in the city. The viands were excellent, the wines exquisite, the table covered with an abundance of massive silver-plate; in short, the young traveler was obliged mentally to admit that he had never partaken of more delicate fare or seen a greater display of magnificence; and he was more than ever confounded upon ascertaining from one of the persons near him that the banker gave a similar entertainment twice a week. While coffee was serving he ruminated on all that he had witnessed. The banker, observing his fit of abstraction, succeeded, by drawing him into conversa-

* Paper was far more costly at the beginning of the century than it is now. Anyone who has much correspondence also knows that the space taken up by it would be half as much again if every blank sheet were also filed.

tion, in finding out the cause of his perplexity, and observed emphatically: 'You are too young to understand how masses are formed, the true and only power; whether composed of money, water, or men, it is all alike. A mass is an immense center of motion, but it must be begun — it must be kept up. Young man, the half-sheets of paper which excited your derision this morning are one among the many means I employ for attaining it.'"

I was much struck afterward by this idea of masses as the foundation of power, so characteristic of Napoleon's policy.

CHAPTER XVII.

The First Consul the Admiration of Foreigners at Paris — Eagerness of Foreigners to See Bonaparte — Bonaparte's Dislike of Them — The Princess with Five or Six Husbands — The Prince de Rohan and the Pensioned Husband — The Duchesse de Sagan and the Duchesse de Dino — The Princess Dolgorouki — Prince Galitzin — Lord and Lady Conyngham — Lord Whitworth and the Duchess of Dorset — Lord Yarmouth — Prince Philip von Cobentzel — Madame Demidoff — Napoleon Desires Me to Show the Objects of Art to the Distinguished Foreigners at Paris.

THE First Consul said one day to Junot, "You and your wife see a great many foreigners, do you not?" Junot replied in the affirmative; and in truth, English and Russians, the latter especially, constituted the chief part of our society. Junot had just bought a country house at Bièvre, where we frequently had large parties; and the First Consul had given us for the baptismal gift of my little Josephine the house in the Champs-Elysées, which enabled us to receive our guests with convenience, and creditably to fulfill the duties of the post Junot occupied, as well as those to which he was bound as the oldest friend and servant of that astonishing man on whom the eyes of the world were at this time fixed.

To such an extent was this admiration of Napoleon carried, that it sometimes happened that Englishmen came to France only for a few hours, went to the parade of the troops in garrison, saw the First Consul, and returned to England. Junot enjoyed this tribute of inter-

est. I have sometimes seen a dinner interrupted for half an hour, while the company listened with avidity to his account of his favorite General's glorious early years. The ladies were not outdone in curiosity respecting the previous life of Napoleon; they asked even more questions than the men.

We had for neighbors in our new habitation a Russian family, whose enthusiasm for the First Consul surpassed that of his most ardent admirers. This was the Diwoff family; the Countess Diwoff, in particular, had such an exclusive passion for him, for his glory, for his most trifling actions, that Junot and I did not hesitate to admit her to the intimacy she demanded, and which the proximity of our respective residences increased; so that I always found pleasure in spending an evening with my LITTLE SISTER, as she insisted on my calling her, though thirty years older than myself, and the more so as her many parties included all the foreigners of distinction in Paris.

One of Napoleon's peculiarities, perhaps but little known, was his extreme aversion, during the Consulate and the first years of the Empire, for the society of foreigners and of that of the Faubourg Saint Germain, but among the travelers with whom France was then inundated were a few whose names he held in consideration, and a very limited exception was made in their favor. He had generally some bitter remarks to make upon persons of notoriety, whose reputations had preceded them in France.

No one was more the object of these remarks than the Princesse Louis de Rohan, alias *Princess Troubetskoi*, *Duchess of Sagan*, *Duchess of Courland* — I scarcely know by what name to call her, filled as the history of her life is with divorces. Her beauty at this period could not be questioned; but it was not to my taste. I may be deemed fastidious, and I will plead guilty; but I could never like those snowy charms, destitute of all animation — that swan-like transparent skin — those eyes, whose only expression was pride; a pride for which it would be difficult to assign a cause, unless it was intended as a compliment to the memory of her grandfather, Biron. I could discover no beauty in that neck, certainly fair, and dressed in the most shining satin, but stiff, formal, and devoid of feminine grace. This is an attraction which,

however, she ought to have possessed, for she ruined herself in husbands — a singular article to set down among the expenses of a pretty woman, but it was nevertheless true.

A clause in the last marriage contract stipulated that M. Louis de Rohan should have a pension of 60,000 francs in case of a divorce demanded by the Princess; but if the demand was made on his part it was to be but 12,000. M. de Rohan, therefore, left matters to the will of Providence, or rather to the will of his wife, contenting himself with the enjoyment of present possession, without disturbing himself about the future. Various strictures of the Princesse de Rohan upon the Court of the Tuileries, and especially upon his sisters, had reached the First Consul, who in consequence, perhaps, concerned himself more with her than he would otherwise have done. One evening he enlarged upon the absurdity of founding pretensions on rank and riches, in a country altogether Republican, and where all such distinctions were confounded in perfect equality.

"Mr. Fox," said he, "will always hold the first place in an assembly at the Tuileries, and Mrs. Fox would in France always take precedence of the Princesse de Rohan, because the reputation of her husband is reflected upon her. As for Madame de Courland, as she is called, I really do not understand upon what high merit she founds her right to treat with rudeness a people who do not desire her company, and are well versed in her pedigree."

This sally showed me the danger of injuring those who have not attacked us. There can be no doubt that the First Consul, desirous as he was of preserving with the young Emperor the friendly relations he had held with his father, would have been particularly gracious toward a lady who was partly his subject, had not her own proceedings drawn his ill-will upon her. The airs of the Princess were especially ill-judged at a period when France, so great in herself, saw assembled within her bosom all the greatest and most illustrious denizens of England, Germany, Italy, and Russia.

When the Princess trespassed on the rules of politeness, which continually happened, the source of her high pretensions was naturally looked into, and her genealogy was found to be but of seventy years' standing; — suf-

ficient, it is true, to confer nobility on a really illustrious extraction, but by no means adequate to support an hereditary title to arrogance.

The Duchess of Courland, her mother, united with a haughty carriage considerable amenity of speech and manner, and pleased me much. She had been beautiful — more so, indeed, than her eldest daughter. I was not acquainted with her daughter, whom they called *Eccellenza;* but I think the beauty of the Duchess de Dino,* the youngest daughter, incomparably preferable to that of her eldest sister; there was more fire, more feeling, more intellectual vivacity in one of her black eyes than in the whole person of Madame de Sagan. At the time I am speaking of, however, she was a child, and could not enter into rivalry with her sister. What an admirable picture is Gérard's of the Duchess de Dino! It is the most enchanting of the children of the desert. Her turban, her robe, the sky which surrounds her, all is in harmony with the Oriental character she assumes; the picture, like all others from Gérard's hand, is admirably poetical.

Madame Dolgorouki, of whom I have before spoken, had the power of being extremely agreeable if she had had the inclination, but this was unfortunately wanting. She found us more lenient in our judgment upon her than her own countrymen, one of whom, Prince George Galitzin, declared a mortal enmity against her. I have known few men so witty, but he was too satirical to be liked. Without absolute misanthropy, he was no friend to human nature, which was neither good nor amiable enough to please him, but such characters as the Princess Dolgorouki he persecuted incessantly. The Prince was forever in pursuit of some of her absurdities, her pride, her literary pretensions, her passion for splendid attire; he drew admirably, and possessed the difficult art of making the most exact resemblances in caricature.

Who does not remember with sensations of tenderness and pleasure the charming Pole, Madame Zamoiska? How attractive was her mild, amiable, and intelligent countenance! The sweetness of her disposition, the grace

* The Duchess de Dino was married to a nephew of Prince Talleyrand in 1809, and died in 1862. Her career in the political world is well known.

of her manners, and the symmetry of her figure! Her husband, though colder in manner than is usual with the Poles, was agreeable and much liked in society.

The lovely Lady Conyngham, since so celebrated in England, was then in the first bloom of that beauty which acquired such general and just admiration, though I must confess that a countenance so devoid of expression could never interest me. In contemplating the Venus de Medici, I know that the almost divine vision before me is but a marble statue, and look for no smile responsive to mine; but in a living and intellectual being I have a right to expect something more than mere regularity of feature — some emanation of mind; the face of the beautiful Marchioness, however, exhibited none.

She was extremely elegant, dressed well, and carried her solicitude for her complexion to the extent of saving it by spending the day in her bed, from which she rose only in time to prepare for a ball or other evening engagement. Lord Conyngham was a striking contrast to his wife. The Duchess of Gordon, who, in her masculine language often hit upon a witty truth, once said of him: "Lord Conyngham! Oh! He is a perfect comb — all teeth and back."

The English Ambassador, Lord Whitworth, appeared to have been selected by his Government expressly for qualifications likely to prove disagreeable to us. His fine figure and handsome face could not atone to French society for his haughtiness, in which his wife, the Duchess of Dorset, seconded him to admiration. Their manners speedily rendered both so unpopular in the circles they frequented that their stay at Paris must have been anything but pleasant to themselves; his lordship, however, knew it would not be of long duration. There were other Englishmen in France of greater distinction, for originality at least, if for no superior attribute.

Among these was Lord Yarmouth, now Marquis of Hertford, respecting whom a greater diversity of opinion was entertained as well by his own countrymen as ours; but one qualification which he indisputably possessed was a clearness and acuteness of intellect rarely met with in the most subtle Venetian or Gascon. The faculties of Lord Yarmouth's mind were incomparably more penetrating than those of his countrymen generally, whose

capacities, however extensive, are for the most part slow of conception. Young as he then was, an indifferent opinion of his fellow-creatures was but too visibly imprinted on his features; his countenance, his smile, expressed utter coldness, or a sardonic and cynical criticism of all that was passing around him. The world of fashion was not to his taste; but when he was induced to PUT ON HARNESS, as he termed it, he made himself perfectly agreeable to those with whom he associated. He was passionately fond of gambling, and played nobly and generously.*

One of the newcomers, who was generally well received, was the Count Philip von Cobentzel, Imperial Ambassador to the French Republic. I never knew a man whose excellent sense and judgment, courteous manners, and goodness of heart, were more perfectly in harmony with talents of the highest order, or more absolutely out of keeping with his countenance and the whole exterior man. His person was less comic than his cousin's, when the latter received couriers in black silk breeches and puffed hair — but scarcely less unusual.

In contrast to Count Louis's slovenliness and perpetual action, Count Philip, a little man, was neatness and precision personified. Among his striking peculiarities may be reckoned his well-tied queue, and his front hair carefully turned up above the forehead, which gave him a perfect resemblance to THE ACE OF SPADES, a nickname which was accordingly given to him; his dress, always strictly suited to the season, of the make of Maria Theresa's Court, and most incongruous with the fashions of the day; his clear shrill voice, like that of a good old active, gossiping woman; and the old constraint of his gait, shuffling between the quick pace, most natural and convenient to him, and the slow motion which he considered most becoming to an ambassador. With all these eccentricities he was an excellent man, of observant habits and retentive memory, and chatted freely and very agreeably with such persons as pleased him.

He was once the subject of a humorous incident. At a ball at my house, about two o'clock in the morning, the Duchess of Gordon took Count Philip by the hand

*Thackeray's portrait of the Marquis of Steyne (in « Vanity Fair ») will be recalled by this passage.

and led him down the whole length of an English country-dance, at that time the favorite amusement, and introduced about four times at every ball. The Duchess bustled about not the less actively for her respectable rotundity, dragging after her the illustrious diplomatist not in the habit of moving his slender legs with such impetuosity.

The Count, who enjoyed a joke, but did not relish being its object, was conscious of the ludicrous spectacle in which he was figuring; the unrestrained joviality of his partner, however, got the better of his vexation, and he good-humoredly attended her up and down the dance, making one of his formal bows whenever he asked her hand, acquitting himself on the whole with good grace, and laughing heartily afterward at the mad prank in which the Duchess had made him share. The singular effect of a couple so oddly assorted, not only with each other, but with the young and merry group among whom they mixed, might well make an impression which time has not effaced from my mind.

While passing in review the persons who in 1802 enlivened the society of Paris, I must not omit my beloved friend Madame Demidoff, who created a great sensation there by the luxury and splendor of her establishment, which exceeded all that had yet been witnessed in Paris since the Revolution. Her husband, who was then a different being from when we last saw him on his road to die in Italy, but neither more amusing, good-humored, nor agreeable, gave *fêtes* and balls, as he afterward did at Florence; but in 1802 my amiable Elizabeth was present to do the honors of his house, and the fine *salons* of the Hôtel de Praslin were continually opened to a joyous multitude, happy not only in the gayety of the scene, but in the charm, so seldom experienced in such crowded assemblies, of a friendly and kind reception. Madame Demidoff did not, however, bestow her affections indiscriminately; it was not everyone that she loved, but there was a magic in her simplest word or look which charmed all who approached her.

"I am very glad to see you," said she, in her soft sweet voice, smiling, and inclining her head with a grace peculiarly her own. And these simple words, addressed to a stranger whom she saw, perhaps, for the

second or third time, comprised all that the most cordial hospitality could offer; but when anyone she loved, myself for example, approached, "How happy I am to see you!" said she; and the pressure of her hand and animation of her countenance plainly spoke her sincerity. Madame Demidoff was not pretty, and yet she was universally pleasing; because she possessed charms which are superior even to beauty — unaffected grace and suavity. Who that has seen her waltz can forget her sylph-like movements? unequaled in ease and suppleness by any other person I ever knew, except Madame Lallemand.

During the visits of these distinguished foreigners in Paris much attention was directed to the treasures of art it contained, as well as to the specimens it afforded of the national industry and skill. I had hitherto, from various causes, more particularly from my attendance upon my dear mother during her long illness, been prevented from becoming acquainted with the extent of these splendid objects, and accordingly embraced eagerly the opportunity now afforded me of making many excursions in the company of artists and scientific men, in order to gratify my taste for the arts. When the First Consul heard of this he reproached me for not including our foreign visitors in the parties. "You are the wife of the Commandant of Paris; it would be an agreeable way of doing the honors of the city to show your friends that we are worth the trouble they take in visiting us."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Our Russian and English Friends — M. von Cobentzel's Traveling Costume — French Institute — Messieurs Denon and Millin — David the Painter — The Steam Pumps of the Brothers Perrier — Mirabeau and Beaumarchais — The Museum of the Louvre — The Committee of Public Instruction — M. Denon and the Old Paintings — Original Drawings of the Great Masters — The Gallery of Opollo — Visit to M. Charles, the Philosopher — The Camera Obscura and M. von Cobentzel's Secretary — The Cabinet of Medals — Vigilance of the Police under M. de Sartines — The National Library — Its Rich Contents — Charitable Institutions — The Barriers Round Paris — Mademoiselle Chameroi — Scene at Saint Roche — Napoleon's Anger — The Archbishop of Paris.

IN COMPLIANCE with the expressed wish of the First Consul, several English and Russian friends were invited, to their great satisfaction, to join our excursions to view the objects of art; and M. von Cobentzel, hearing that strangers were admitted, begged to be included among the elect, and was not refused. The recollection of his traveling costume affords me, even now, a portion of that hilarity with which my young mind first scanned it. He arrived at my house at twelve o'clock, accoutered like Baptiste the younger, in the "Orator Thwarted," with the exception of the helmet, the absence of which was fully redeemed by a little turned-up three-cornered hat, and all this preparation was for a ride, not to the Valley of Montmorency, but to the Rue de Richelieu, or the Louvre.

He proved, however, the best and most agreeable of companions on such occasions, for he was remarkably well informed, and could converse with interest on all scientific subjects. Among our most intelligent and most polite guides were Millin, Denon, the Abbé Sicard, who was at the head of the Institution of the Blind; M. Lenoir, of the Museum of the Petits-Augustins; and Reigner, Director of the Armory.

David was also one of our most useful cicerones. Although he and Robert did not very readily understand each other's vernacular tongue, they were both versed in the language of science, which needed no interpreter between them. I indulged a few moments of pride in

the triumph of French talent over foreign prepossession. The name of David produced at first rather a singular effect; but the mist of prejudice speedily dispersed in presence of the head of our regenerated school, and David was not only received, but sought after by all that was noble or enlightened in Paris, even from the most distant lands. It was, however, in his own gallery that the victory was completed. His Belisarius was there to be retouched, which is not the less a fine picture for being somewhat inferior to Gérard's. There is poetry in the old soldier recoiling with surprise and pity at the sight of his aged General, blind, and soliciting alms. It must, I think, have been this picture which inspired Le Mercier's admirable cantata, for I can call it nothing else, which Garat has so finely set to music.

We visited the *Gobelins** and other manufactories of Paris, and extended our excursions to some leagues' distance, to Jouy, Virginie, Versailles, etc., and among other curiosities saw the steam engine of Chaillot, called the Perrier waters, which Paris owed to the skill of two brothers of that name in 1778.

A circumstance not generally known, relating to the Perrier waters, is the controversy between two highly celebrated men on the subject of the original company's proceedings. Beaumarchais and Mirabeau were the parties in this paper war, which degenerated into virulence and abuse for want of temper on both sides; not content with carrying it through the medium of the journals, pamphlets were circulated, which are now extremely scarce, and not to be met with at all in the shops. Mirabeau accused Beaumarchais of making a stockjobbing affair of it. The fact is that, several proprietors having treated with the Government, the latter came into sole possession, and the pumps were placed under the direction of public functionaries.

* It has been generally said that this establishment was first instituted by Colbert, the Minister of Louis XIV. This, however, is a mistake. *Jean Gobelin* had a manufactory on the same site as the present, about the year 1400, and chose this spot, as well as many other dyers, owing to the excellent quality of a small stream, the Bièvre, for the purposes of dyeing woolen goods. This man realized a fortune, and added considerably to his premises. Subsequently Colbert purchased the whole, and it then became a royal manufactory.

One of our earliest visits was paid, as may be supposed, to the Museum of Paintings, which, independently of the curiosity so admirable a collection (then the finest in the world) must universally inspire, was moreover a novelty to the French themselves, as the gallery had been but a very short time adorned with those numerous *chefs-d'œuvre* that we had snatched from barbarism and indifference, and in many instances, as may be proved, from approaching and total ruin.

The establishment of the Museum of Painting and Sculpture, in the situation it now so admirably occupies, is due to M. Thibeaudeau, who, in 1792, was a member of the Committee of Public Instruction, where his voice was as influential as it deserved to be; and the Convention, in compliance with the report of that Committee, ordered the establishment of a National Museum, and fixed the 10th of August in that year for its opening.

On the first opening of the Gallery of the Louvre for the reception of works of art, nearly five hundred and fifty paintings, by the first masters of every school, were deposited in it; but it was not till 1798 that the museum was enriched by that profusion of inestimable treasures of art, from Italy, Piedmont, Holland, and the Netherlands, which rendered it the first in Europe.

In the spring of 1800 they were opened to general inspection; but the restoration of such works as had sustained injury was not completed till 1801, when we were at length enabled fully to enjoy the rich fruits of our various conquests. Denon had himself restored many of the finest productions to more than their pristine beauty; these were yet in the Grand *Salon* of the Louvre, waiting to be placed in the gallery, where they were to make an incalculable addition to the value of the treasures already committed to his charge.*

The Gallery of Apollo had been opened to the public a few days previous to our visit, and contained a new treasure, consisting of original drawings, not only of

*The Institute had published notices of the paintings exhibited, and Denon, though a contributor to that catalogue, had himself compiled a similar one. Both contained curious details respecting the pictures and their adventures. The walls of the gallery then displayed twelve hundred and forty pictures by the first masters, and of all the schools.

French Painters, but of all the Italian schools. There we contemplated the first ideas of Raphael, Carlo Maratti, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Guercini, the three Caraccis, Julio Romano, Perugino, Tintoretto, and a number of other illustrious names. Denon told me that this gallery had always been dedicated to drawings, which, however, till the resurrection of our museum, remained nearly in obscurity, though amounting in number to more than eleven thousand, principally by Lebrun, Jabach, Le Sueur, Lanoue, Poussin, and others, whose slightest efforts are deserving of attentive study.

There were, however, but few drawings of the Flemish, Dutch, and German Schools. Amid that profusion, where the eye, fatigued with the beauties and wonders of the Italian school, reckoned more than three hundred original drawings of each of the famous painters I have mentioned but one could be found of Rembrandt's, one by Ruysdael, and three by Teniers, so fertile in the productions of his easel. At that time we had only one drawing by Van Huysum; Rubens alone produced seventeen or eighteen.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the rarities that enriched the Gallery of Apollo! Magnificent tables of the finest mosaic, ancient bronzes, Etruscan vases, etc.; and in the adjoining room how many precious curiosities were deposited!

The Museum of Armory was not in existence at the time of our rambles, but was already commenced under the superintendence of M. Reigner, and we were shown at his house a number of singular curiosities: such as a small missal, enclosing a pistol; an ancient emblazonment, partly effaced, was still sufficiently distinct to indicate its having been formerly the property of a high dignitary of the Church. M. Reigner had already amassed a large collection of rare and curious arms, which his care had preserved from the revolutionary wreck. Many notable articles from the Château of Chantilly and the Royal wardrobe were in his possession.

The armor of Joan of Arc and Charles the Bold were also among these treasures of antiquity. Joan's armor was not complete, yet the weight of the remaining portions amounted to sixty-six pounds. This feminine panoply was of most singular construction, uniting the uttermost

extremes of deficiency in safety and ingenuity to avoid fatigue. I know not whether Agnes Sorel was attired in similar armor, when on her white palfrey she occasionally followed her royal paramour to the field.

During a visit we paid to M. Charles, a scientific man, who had constructed in the upper story of his house a magnificent camera obscura, a ludicrous incident occurred.

M. von Cobentzel had solicited the addition of one of his private secretaries to our party, for the purpose of taking notes of all that passed under our observation; and he desired the poor secretary to go down to the court, walk twice across it, and when in the middle to take off his hat and make us his best bow. The unfortunate wight, who did not much like the part he was to perform, set out with all the reluctance of a jaded horse. To descend two or three hundred steps, then mount again, and afterward return by the same circuitous route, and all for the simple purpose of making a genuflection, was not indeed calculated to afford much diversion to the actor; but he would have been amply repaid could he have witnessed the intense delight of M. von Cobentzel. No sooner did he perceive his man at the extreme point of vision when he broke into the most joyous exclamations. As he advanced, the raptures increased; but when at length the secretary, faithful to his injunctions, stopped in the middle of the court, and made us his three obeisances, civilly taking off his hat, as every man who knows how to salute is in duty bound to do, oh! then M. von Cobentzel screamed with delight, as children do the first time they see the magic lantern — clapped his hands, danced, and returned the salutations of the secretary, addressing him in German; in truth, it must be confessed, in extenuation of his absurdity, that it was not a little amusing to see before us, at the distance of a hundred and fifty or a hundred and eighty feet, a little figure offering to our view, not a resemblance, but the very identity of a person who, but the moment before, was of our party.

The Cabinet of Medals and Antiques was much less frequently visited during the Consulate than at the present day. Millin, its guardian, was truly proud to usher us into his own domain, as that portion of the National Library confided to his care may be properly called.

Such historical memorials of the earliest ages and of all nations offered an interesting field of investigation, and half the pleasure we derived from it may fairly be attributed to our learned instructor. The medals, when we saw them in his keeping, were not yet arranged with all the care which had been bestowed on them before the disgraceful robbery a few years later, but the collection already boasted of upward of sixteen hundred drawers.

I cannot exactly recollect whether it was General Hitroff, aid-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander, then in Paris, and one of the best informed persons I have ever met with in the numismatic science, that accompanied us to the Cabinet of Medals, or a Germanized Dane; but which ever it was, his presence gave rise to a warm discussion respecting one of the votive bucklers found in the Rhone, upon which opinions were very much divided; the foreigner maintaining that the design represented the continence of Scipio, while Millin defended the antiquity of his buckler, declaring it to mean the restoration of Briseis to Achilles, and this opinion agrees with that of Winckelman. It weighs forty-two marks, and is six feet and a half in circumference; another is forty-three marks in weight and six feet nine inches round. The Cabinet contains numerous similar pieces, but our scientific riches consisted chiefly in medals. We had many that were unique, and the nationality of such a treasure ought to have made cupidity itself tremble to covet it. The gold medallion of Justinian, which is justly at the head of the collection, is three inches in diameter. Another choice medallion engraved with a fine head of Pescennius Niger, is in silver. Next to this were medals of Romulus; Alexander, a tyrant in Africa; and the younger Antoninus. If this last medal has been stolen, it is an irreparable loss to art and to France, so indeed are all the others I have mentioned above.

Among other parts of the National Library, we saw the Cabinet of Manuscripts [at the head of which at that time was M. Langles], containing Chinese manuscripts, those of the Arabian Tales, the "Thousand and One Nights," so dear to all who have fertile and creative imaginations; an immense quantity of Hebrew, Tartar, Greek, and Latin manuscripts, and among them perfect copies of Propertius, Catullus, Tibullus, and Sappho, and

a poem by Claudian, etc. It is well known that the library now occupies the Palais Mazarin, and that the largest of its five rooms was formerly the Cardinal's library. It is a hundred and forty feet long by twenty-two in width. The ceiling was painted by Romanelli.

The Cabinet of Engravings, water-color drawings, title deeds, and genealogies is also very curious; the collection of engravings made by the Abbé Marolles contains specimens from the year 1470, when the art was first invented, up to the present day. I would particularly recommend to the attention of visitors a collection of engravings or stamps made to illustrate an edition of Dante in the year 1481, only eleven years after the first invention of the art.

At the time we thus visited, like foreign travelers, this magnificent depot of human truth and error, the number of its printed books, as we were informed by the persons at the head of the establishment, was upward of three hundred thousand; of the manuscripts, fifty thousand; and the Cabinet of Engravings contained about three hundred thousand subjects in ten thousand portfolios. We visited also the libraries of the various public edifices, but after examining that which I had so much admired it was mere waste of time. It must certainly be admitted that, in whatever advances the interests of science, Paris is the most amply endowed city in the world.

All the charitable institutions, of which I had partly the superintendence, by virtue of Junot's office as Commandant, of course occupied part of our attention, as well as other establishments calculated to excite curiosity; such as the Orphan Asylum, the Museum of Natural History, that temple of Nature, comprising an abridgment of the universe, which the solicitous care of Messieurs Thibeaudeau and Fourcroy rescued from the general destruction of the days of terror; and to which M. Chaptal, when he rose to a place in the Ministry, afforded his special protection, as belonging to the science he professed.

We dedicated one day to a survey of the Barriers, those proofs of the folly of M. de Calonne, and no less of M. de Brienne, however he may have afterward repented it. Those Barriers, destined to promote the interest only of the farmers general of the revenue, excited

complaints all over the city. The new inclosure appeared to its inhabitants a species of prison, and even the unnecessary and ridiculous pains bestowed on the decoration of the Barriers could not reconcile them to their confinement; but as the good citizens cannot even scold without a laugh, ballads were composed on the subject —for what do we not turn into ballads? Among other epigrams, the following was produced:

«*Le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant.*»

These excursions occupied altogether six weeks; the party constantly varying with the engagements of our friends, who had all occasionally other calls, some of business, others of pleasure; for my own part, I have preserved to the present moment an agreeable remembrance of those days which passed so rapidly, yet were so well filled.

About this time an event occurred which made much noise at Paris. Mademoiselle Chameroi, a famous dancer, had died in childbed, greatly lamented by Vestris. The *Curé* of Saint Roche deemed the profession of the deceased and the mode of her death doubly scandalous, and refused her admission within the pale of the Church.

The people of Paris were not yet, as in 1816, replaced under the ecclesiastic scepter; they were discontented; the *Curé* did but augment the evil by grounding his refusal on facts injurious to the memory of the unhappy deceased; the storm had begun to threaten, when it was dispersed by Dazincourt, who acted in this emergency with courage and firmness, and succeeded in preventing a scandal still greater than that which the *Curé* sought to avoid, for the people were beginning to talk of forcing the church doors. Dazincourt prevailed on them to carry the body to the church belonging to the Convent of the Filles Saint Thomas, where the functionary performed the funeral service, and the matter terminated.

Not so the First Consul's displeasure; his recent restitution of the clergy to their churches, and provision for their support, was accompanied by the implied condition that intolerance and fanaticism should be expunged from their creed; and a sort of hostile declaration on their part, following so closely upon the recovery of their immunities, extorted a frown, and incited him to let fall

some of those expressions which never escaped him but when he was violently agitated.

"They were foolish to insist," said he, in the presence of a large company; "if the *Curé* of Saint Roche was determined to create scandal, they should have carried the corpse straight to the cemetery, and induced the first wise and tolerant priest who passed near to bless the grave; there are still many good ones — the Archbishop of Paris, for instance! He is a worthy clergyman. What a venerable old age is his! That man may say within himself:

"'I have attained this advanced age without having injured anyone: I have never done anything but good.' And do you know why? Because he acts upon the moral precepts of the Gospel. Whenever in his former diocese he wanted alms for the poor, and a ball or *fête* was given in the neighborhood, he appeared among the company to plead the cause of charity, while their hearts were opened by mirth and pleasure: he knew that they were then most sensible to virtuous impressions, and his austerity did not take alarm at a dance tune. Yes, he is a worthy priest."

The *Curé* of Saint Roche was condemned to do penance, which was announced officially to his parishioners in the "*Moniteur*." The latter article is in a peculiar style which betrays the hand, or at least the mind, of the First Consul; those who intimately knew him will recognize the turn of his phraseology in the following copy:

"The *Curé* of Saint Roche, in a temporary forgetfulness of reason, has refused to pray for Mademoiselle Chameroi, and to admit her remains within the church. One of his colleagues, a sensible man, versed in the true morality of the Gospel, received the body into the Church of the Filles Saint Thomas, where the service was performed with all the usual solemnities. The Archbishop has ordered the *Curé* of Saint Roche three months' suspension to remind him that Jesus Christ commands us to pray even for our enemies; and in order that, recalled to a sense of his duty by meditation, he may learn that all the superstitious practices preserved by some rituals, but which, begotten in times of ignorance, or created by the overheated imagination of zealots,

degrade religion by their frivolity, were proscribed by the Concordat, and by the law of the 18th Germinal."

Poor Mademoiselle Chameroi was a charming dancer, and pirouetted delightfully; but how would her reputation fall off now, if compared with Mademoiselle Taglioni! The career of the Opera has effaced that of all the other theaters; their glories are extinct, while it has risen higher — but in its company and decorations only; such beautiful ballets as *Psyche* and the *Danso-Mania*, *Flora* and *Zephyrus*, and many other charming compositions of the olden time, must no longer be looked for.

CHAPTER XIX.

The First Consul's Sponsorship — The Eldest Son of Madame Lannes, and My Daughter, the First Godchildren of Bonaparte — Cardinal Caprara and the Chapel of Saint Cloud — Napoleon's Ambassadors — Anecdote of the Prince Regent of England and General Andréossy, Related by the First Consul — Madame Lannes, Madame Devaisne, Madame de Montesquiou, and Napoleon's Preferences — Lannes the Rolando of the French Army — My Daughter's Destiny — Ceremony of Baptism at Saint Cloud — Cardinal Caprara's Cap — Baptismal Gifts of the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte — Return of the Army from Egypt — Bianca, the Heroine of the Army — M. and Madame Verdier — Anecdotes — Marmont and His Wife — General Colbert — General Menou and M. Maret.

The children to whom the First Consul stood sponsor with Madame Bonaparte (for he did not admit anyone else to share the office with him, except, indeed, very rarely, Madame Bonaparte the mother, and Madame Louis, his sister-in-law) were always baptized with imposing ceremony. Soon after the publication of the Concordat, several children, and among them my Josephine, the first goddaughter of Napoleon, and the eldest son of Madame Lannes, were waiting till the First Consul should appoint the time to be admitted to the sacrament of regeneration.

I received with pleasure an intimation to hold myself in readiness with my daughter, as in two days Cardinal

Caprara, the Apostolic Nuncio, would perform the ceremony for these little ones in the Consular Chapel at Saint Cloud. I do not know whether Cardinal Caprara may be very well remembered at present; but he was one of the most crafty emissaries that ever obtained, even from the seat of Saint Peter, a temporary share in the commerce of diplomacy. Notwithstanding the decrepitude of his mien, the weak and subdued key of his musical voice, the humility of his deportment, and the stealthy inquisitiveness of his glance, that head concealed under its gray hairs and the scarlet cap of his order more subtlety, more cunning, more petty perfidy than can well be imagined.

The First Consul, at that time, liked him tolerably well, seeing in his various artifices only a source of amusement; for, as nothing could then exceed the frank simplicity of our diplomacy, the Nuncio's guarded reserve and insidious scrutiny were equally waste of time. General Lannes and Junot, ambassadors to Lisbon, General Beurnonville to Madrid, General Hedouville to St. Petersburg, Andréossy to London, Sebastiani to Constantinople; all these selections, made by Napoleon from the military ranks, sufficiently proved that the missions with which they were charged required no other enforcement than the will of him from whom they derived their credentials. It is true, the national vanity suffered a little from the proceedings of some of these personages, a rather diverting register of which is in existence, exhibiting sundry infringements of courtly etiquette; notwithstanding all which, this was, to my mind, the most glorious era of French diplomacy.

But where have I been wandering? From the keen, wily, artful Cardinal Caprara, all reverential obsequiousness, coughing in the chapel of Saint Cloud, in full canonicals, with his eyes, and great part of his cheeks, concealed behind an immense pair of green spectacles. A remedy, perhaps you imagine, for weakness of sight. No such thing; but fearing the penetrating look of the First Consul, that glance which was dreaded even by the most crafty, he intrenched himself behind a redoubt as the best means of escaping it. I have been told it was but a repetition of the part his Eminence had enacted at Florence during the negotiation of a treaty, in the course

of the Italian wars; but Napoleon, who knew that the Cardinal was not weak sighted, rallied him so effectually, in the present instance, that the spectacles disappeared.

On the day appointed for the baptism, we all went to Saint Cloud with our children. Madame Lannes and I were the two most advanced in our maternity. Her eldest son, Napoleon, afterward second Duc de Montebello, was only a few months older than my daughter. He was a good and lovely child, and possessed a degree of sensibility very rare at so tender an age; his mother doted on him, and not only punctually fulfilled all the maternal duties imperiously enjoined by Nature, but entirely devoted herself to him with a self-denial highly meritorious in a young woman of such uncommon beauty and attractions. The First Consul professed a high esteem for her; and this was no slight distinction, for during the fourteen years of Napoleon's power I have known but two other females, Madame Devaisne and Madame de Montesquieu, to whom he gave proofs of similar respect; though he may have felt a warmer friendship for others, to say nothing of a more tender sentiment.

The conduct of Madame Lannes has on all occasions justified the preference shown her by Napoleon over the other ladies attached to his military Court, who were highly affronted at seeing her seated more frequently than themselves on the right of the First Consul at table, chosen for a party at cards, at a hunt, or an excursion to Malmaison. These decided marks of favor were no doubt partly ascribable to her husband, "that Rolando of the French army," as Napoleon called him, but those who, like myself, have intimately known Madame Lannes, can conscientiously certify that they were as much due to her own character as to the General's fame, and of this the Emperor gave her the strongest proof in nominating her as lady of honor to his second wife — to her who was the object of his tenderest solicitude, and who, in return, conferred on him nothing but misfortunes, fetters, and death.

My daughter at the period of her baptism promised all the loveliness and grace which her advancing years matured. I may be pardoned this effusion of maternal pride, for that beauty, those graces, and I may add, those talents, and, dearest of all, those virtues, are

buried within a religious cloister, and my child has bid adieu to the world.* Napoleon used to smile at the illusion I sought to pass upon myself at that period in dressing my child as a boy.

"What is your design?" inquired he one day, rather seriously, looking at my little girl, beautiful as a Cupid, in a little dark gray sailor's jacket and black beaver hat. "What object have you in putting that child into such a dress? Do you destine her for the superlative task of regenerating her sex, and restoring the race of the Amazons?" The inflection of his voice, his smile, the expression of his eye, all indicated a degree of satire which made me cautious in my answer. "General," replied I, "I have no intention of making a Joan of Arc of my child. The bronze circle of a helmet and its chin piece would be a very unsuitable mounting for those pretty cheeks, where the lily and rose strive for mastery." The First Consul looked again at my daughter. "It is true that little noisy pet of yours is very pretty," said he, recollecting the circumstances of her baptism, "and if she is not to wear a helmet or set a lance in rest, I suppose it will one day be her vocation to be POPESS."†

This was in allusion to an amusing little scene which took place at the time when with pride I carried my beautiful child in my arms to the baptismal font. She was then fifteen months old; the chapel, the numerous company, the clergy, and the bustle, so terrified the poor little creature that, hiding her pretty face in my bosom, she burst into tears. She had not yet seen Cardinal Caprara; his toilet, on occasions of ceremony, was not quickly completed.

He made his entrance at length from the sacristy, as red as a ripe pomegranate, resplendent in the blaze of many pastoral and cardinal rubies, and eminent in withered ugliness sufficient to scare infantine minds accustomed only to look upon gay smiles and merry faces. As soon as Josephine saw him I felt her cling closer to me and tremble in my arms, her rosy cheeks turning pale as death.

*Mademoiselle Josephine Junot in after years returned to the world and married M. Amet.

†This prediction was curiously borne out, the boy-girl mentioned above becoming for a time a Canoness.

When the service was nearly ended, and the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte approached the font to present the infants for the ceremony of sprinkling, "Give me your child, Madame Junot," said the First Consul; and he endeavored to take her, but she uttered a piercing cry, and, casting a look of anger on Napoleon, twined her little arms closer round my neck. "What a little devil! Well, then, will you please to come to me, Mademoiselle Demon?" said he to the little one.

The little Josephine, however, did not understand his words, but seeing his hands held out to take her, and knowing that her will, whether negative or commanding, was pretty generally absolute, she raised her pretty head, fixed her bright eyes on him, and answered in her childish prattle: "I will not." The First Consul laughed. "Well, keep her in your arms then," said he to me; "but do not cry any more," he added, threatening the child with his finger, "or else ——"

But his menaces were unnecessary. Josephine, now brought nearer to the Cardinal, was no longer afraid of him, but no doubt thought him something very extraordinary; and her eyes, fixed on the Prelate, seemed to inquire what sort of animal he was. The Cardinal wore on his head the little black cap resembling those of our advocates, and which is the sign that sanctifies the purple, and the object of ambition to every man who enters the ecclesiastical profession. Its whimsical form, surmounting a face no less singular, captivated Josephine in the highest degree. She murmured no more, shed not another tear, suffered the First Consul to take, and even to embrace her, and imprint several kisses on her little round cherry cheeks without any other mark of dissatisfaction than wiping her cheek with the back of her little plump hand after every kiss.

But her large eyes were meanwhile riveted upon the person of the venerable Cardinal with an eager attention truly laughable. All at once, when no one could possibly guess what the little plague was meditating, she raised her round, fair, soft arm, and with her little hand seized and carried off the cap or *biretta* from his Eminence's head, with a scream of triumph loud enough to be heard in the courts of the castle.

The poor Cardinal, and all the assistants at the ceremony, male and female, were as much alarmed and surprised as diverted by this achievement. Josephine alone preserved her gravity. She looked at us all round with an inexpressibly comic air of triumph, and appeared determined to place the cap on her own head. "Oh no, my child!" said the First Consul, who had at last recovered from his laughing fit; "with your leave — no such thing. Give me your plaything — for it is but a bauble, like so many others," added he, smiling — "and we will restore it to the Cardinal."

But Josephine was in no humor to surrender her prize; she would put it on my head, or on her godfather's own, but she had no notion of restoring it to the cranium to which it rightfully pertained, and when taken from her by force her cries were tremendous. "Your daughter is a perfect demon," said the First Consul to Junot; "by heavens! she has as stout a voice as the most masculine boy in France! But she is very pretty — she really is pretty." As he spoke he held her in his arms, and gazed on that captivating face, which in fact was "really very pretty." She looked on Bonaparte without resentment, and talked no more of leaving him; she even made a slight resistance when I took her from his arms.

"She is my GODCHILD, MY CHILD," said he, pressing her father's hand. "I hope you rely on that — do you not, Junot?" Junot in such moments had not a word to offer; his heart was too full. He turned a moistened eye on the First Consul, and, when able to speak, said in a faltering voice: "General, I and all mine have long been accustomed to owe all the blessings of our existence to your bounty. My children will experience its effects, as their parents have done; and, like their parents, they will devote their blood and their lives to you."

The day after my eldest daughter's baptism Madame Bonaparte sent me a necklace, consisting of several rows of fine pearls of the size of large currants; the clasp was composed of a single pearl of the purest whiteness, to which the First Consul added a present of a different kind — no other than the receipted purchase contract of our hotel in the Rue des Champs-Elysées, which had been paid by Napoleon's order as a baptismal gift. It cost two hundred thousand francs.

I have not taken sufficient notice of an important event that occurred about this time — the return of the Army of Egypt. I was already acquainted with many of Junot's friends; but every day now witnessed the arrival of troops of brothers-in-arms and companions in danger, whom Junot would run to meet, press their hands, embrace them with transport, and introduce them to me — so rejoiced was he to see them return safe and sound, after escaping the sabers of the Mamelukes and the perfidy of the English.

One day the servant announced that General Verdier awaited him in his cabinet, and that there was a lady with him. "By Jove!" exclaimed Junot, "that must be our dear gallant Bianca. I must run to see her. Laura, I bespeak your friendship for her; she is a charming woman." And away he flew. I had often heard of Madame Verdier, and knew that, having followed the army to Italy as a singer and actress under the name of Bianca, she had married General Verdier, and afterward followed her husband in the Eastern campaign, where she never quitted his side. I had heard numerous traits of her admirable conduct, and had learned to esteem without knowing her; but the idea I had formed of the person by no means corresponded with the figure now introduced by Junot.

My imagination had portrayed a tall, masculine form, jet-black eyes, raven hair, tawny skin, and, in short, the whole semblance of a *Chevalier* d'Eon: my surprise may therefore be conceived on seeing a small, well-made, pretty, graceful woman enter the apartment, with chestnut hair, complexion rather inclining to fair than brown, shy and pleasing manners, and a voice soft as music! Madame Verdier, in short, very rapidly gained my heart. Some portion of her history I knew almost from day to day, for she had traversed the desert in company with Junot, who had imparted to me his vivid remembrance of everything that passed during that journey. "What!" said I, taking her delicate little hands; "could this wrist lift a sword, fire a pistol, and guide a spirited Arabian horse?" "Oh yes, dear madame," answered she, with that soft inflection of voice which in an Italian is harmony itself, "to be sure I used a sword! but, Holy Virgin! not to kill. But you know I must follow the General!"

And from the *naïveté* of her tone it might have been supposed it was obligatory on all wives to follow their husbands to the wars. Then she recited her fatigues in the desert; spoke of the burning simoom, and of Junot's giving her the small remains of water he had preserved, and afterward his cloak to shelter her from the abundant dew, and making her a seat of two crossed muskets.

"*Caro, Caro!*" And she held out to him her pretty little hand, which he shook as heartily as he would have shaken her husband's. "Madame Verdier must be one of your nearest friends," said Junot, addressing me. Then he told me that in crossing the desert her horse was once a little behind; and she was hastening to rejoin her troop, when she met an unfortunate soldier afflicted with ophthalmia, which had quite destroyed his sight. The poor creature was wandering in that sea of burning sands without guidance or assistance, and gave himself up for lost.

Madame Verdier approached and questioned him, and perceived with a shudder that his sight was totally lost. And no relief at hand! no possibility of procuring a guide! "Well, then, I will be your guide," said Madame Verdier. "Come here, my friend; give me your hand — there — now do not let go my horse; when you are weary you shall mount him, and I will lead you. We shall proceed more slowly, but God will protect us — no misfortune will overtake us." "Oh!" said the poor soldier, "do those sweet sounds that I hear fall from an angel's voice?" "An angel! Why, my friend, I am the wife of the brave General Verdier!" And the excellent woman said this with an accent of simplicity and nature that went to the heart.

Madame Verdier brought me that day an article which, with all my experience in perfumery, I have never since been able to procure — a large bottle of essence of roses. It was neither attar of roses nor that rose water which we Europeans use for strengthening the eyes, but gave the perfume of an actual bunch of the living flower in its most odoriferous species. She told me that the Egyptian women use this delicious essence, to which no other perfume bears any resemblance, when bathing. It had none of the strength of the attar of roses, which

affects the head so violently and attacks the nerves; it was mild, sweet, enchanting.

The Comtesse Verdier is no longer living, but the General is immortal.

Among the most remarkable of the acquaintances recommended to me by Junot were, the excellent M. Desgenettes — for whom I speedily felt a sincere regard, that subsequent years have not diminished — and General Davoût, since a Marshal, whose return had preceded that of the rest of the army by some months. He frequently visited both me and Madame Marmont, to whom I was much attached, for no sooner did she arrive from Italy, after my marriage, than Junot said to me:

"Laura, Madame Marmont is the wife of the man whom next to the First Consul, I love best in the world. I cannot pretend to direct your affections, but if Madame Marmont should inspire you with sentiments similar to those I entertain for her husband, it will make me very happy." Fortunately I found her all I could desire in a friend; and our intimacy was based, on my side, on real affection. General Joseph Lagrange, General Menou, M. Daure, the two brothers of Augustus Colbert, one of whom, now Lieutenant-General Edward Colbert, was about this time aid-de-camp to my husband: these names, and many others which memory has safely guarded, but which space will not permit me to record here, were then pronounced in my hearing with expressions of attachment and esteem.

Never did I see more convincing proof of Junot's goodness of heart than at this period of his life. His joy and emotion on again meeting his comrades were sincere and extreme. The First Consul was equally affected, but his feeling partook of that grief which the loss of a dear friend occasions; and though he never showed his dissatisfaction, I am sure he felt resentment and ill-will against General Menou. That officer owed it to the good offices of M. Maret, then Secretary of State, that he was not disgraced, and also his appointment at a later period to the government of the Transalpine Provinces.

CHAPTER XX.

Prolongation of Bonaparte's Consulate — Senatus Consultum — Remarkable Answer and Prophetic Words of Napoleon — Breakfast Given to Madame Bonaparte at My House in the Rue des Champs-Elysées — General Suchet and His Brother — Present of a Hundred Thousand Francs — My Ball, at which the First Consul was Present — Madame Bonaparte as Erigone — The Consulate for Life — The Wish of the Nation — Junot's Objections to the Measure — His Quarrel with Napoleon, and His Illness — The First Consul's Conversation with Me at Saint Cloud — His Visit to Junot When Ill — Junot's Recovery.

IT WAS in the spring of 1802 that the first appeal was made to Napoleon's ambition to reign, by his nomination as Consul for another ten years, after the expiration of the ten years fixed by the constitutional act of the 13th of December, 1799. Very little attention was at that time paid to this renewal or prolongation of power; and the *Senatus Consultum*, which appointed Napoleon Consul for life, conveyed the first warning to the French people that they had acquired a new Master.

It declared that "the French Republic, desirous of retaining at the head of her Government the Magistrate who had so repeatedly in Europe and in Asia conducted her troops to victory; who had delivered Italy; who had moreover preserved his country from the horrors of anarchy, broken the revolutionary scythe, extinguished civil discords, and given her peace; for it was he alone who had pacified the seas and the Continent, restored order and morality, and re-established the authority of the law; the Republic, filled with gratitude toward General Bonaparte for these benefits, entreats him to bestow on her another ten years of that existence which she considers necessary to her happiness."

The First Consul's reply is admirably conceived in the style of true simplicity and noble elevation, and is, besides, pervaded by a tincture of melancholy, the more remarkable as the expressions are for the most part prophetic: "I have lived but to serve my country," replied he to the Senate — "Fortune has smiled on the

Republic; but Fortune is inconstant; and how many men whom she has loaded with her favors have lived a few years too long! As soon as the peace of the world shall be proclaimed, the interest of my glory and my happiness will appear to point out the term of my public life. But you conceive that I owe the people a new sacrifice, and I will make it," etc.

The important decree I have cited above was presented to the First Consul, and his answer returned on the 6th of May, 1802 (20th Germinal of the year x). Junot, who felt for him that passionate attachment which makes everything a matter of ardent interest which affects the happiness or honor of its object, said to me: "We must celebrate at the same time this memorable event in the life of my General, which testifies the love of a great nation, and our gratitude to the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte for their generous favors. You must invite Madame Bonaparte to breakfast at our house in the Rue des Champs-Elysées, before it is completed. She must even see it in its present state; to wait till it is furnished would delay the project too long, and would, moreover, deprive us of a new opportunity of inviting her. Arrange the matter with Madame Bonaparte, and I will undertake for the First Consul."

I waited then on Madame Bonaparte and preferred my request: she received it with extreme kindness. She was gracious whenever an opportunity allowed, and with a charm of manner that enhanced her favors. She accepted my invitation, therefore, conditionally.

"Have you mentioned it to Bonaparte?" said she. I told her that Junot was then with the First Consul making his request, and she replied: "We must wait his answer, then; for I can accept no *fête* or dinner without Bonaparte's special permission."

This was very true; I had myself been witness to a sharp lecture she received from the First Consul for having breakfasted with a lady for whom he himself entertained the highest esteem, Madame Devaisnes, only because he had had no previous notice of it. I believe he was actuated by prudential motives, and a knowledge of Madame Bonaparte's extreme facility in accepting everything offered to her; at the Tuileries it was difficult to approach her, as no one could visit there without author-

ity; yet even there a few intriguing old ladies paid their respects to her regularly three or four times a week, with petitions, demands for prefectures, seats in the senate, commands of military divisions, places under the Receiver-General; in short, nothing was forgotten in this long list, except the good sense which should have prevented such unbecoming interference.

The First Consul was aware that her favors were so unsparingly and indiscriminately distributed that she would sometimes make fifteen promises at a single breakfast, dinner, or *fête;* he was consequently extremely particular where he allowed her to go. He knew, however, that at our house she would meet only the same persons who visited at the Tuileries.

Junot was delighted at the kindness with which the First Consul had received his request; he had granted it, but with the singular addition of desiring that no other men should join the party except Duroc and Junot while the women were to be twenty-five. The breakfast took place, but was not honored by the presence of the First Consul. Madame Bonaparte and Madame Louis came without him. Madame Bacciochi and Madame Murat were also present, and all my young married comrades, if I may apply that term to the wives of Junot's brothers-in-arms.

Some were very agreeable, and all in the beauty of freshness and youth, so that no spectacle could be prettier than that our table exhibited, when surrounded on this occasion by from twenty-five to thirty young and cheerful faces, of which not more than one or two could be called ordinary. Madame Bonaparte was an astonishing woman, and must have formerly been extremely pretty, for though now no longer in the first bloom of youth, her personal charms were still striking. Had she only possessed teeth, she would certainly have outvied nearly all the ladies of the Consular Court.

The breakfast passed off very well. When it was disposed of, Madame Bonaparte choose to visit every part of the house, and in this amusement the morning passed rapidly away. At three Madame Bonaparte proposed a drive to the Bois de Boulogne. General Suchet and his brother accompanied us, and did not take their leave till we re-entered Paris. During the drive Madame

Bonaparte conversed with me respecting our new establishment, and concluded by saying that she was commissioned by the First Consul to inform Junot and myself that he presented us with the sum of a hundred thousand francs for furnishing our house. "It is ready," added Madame Bonaparte; "Estève has orders to hold it at your disposal. For it is of no use, Bonaparte says, to give them a house unless it be made habitable."

Sometime afterward I gave a ball for my house warming, when its newly finished embellishments appeared to great advantage. The whole ground floor was opened for dancing. The First Consul, whom the Republic had just called to the Consulate for life, did us the honor to be present. Madame Bonaparte had said to me the preceding day: "I am determined, in compliment to your ball, to dress in the very best taste; you shall see how charmingly I can perform my toilet."

She made good her promise. She personated Erigone; her head was adorned with a wreath of vine leaves interspersed with bunches of black grapes; her robe of silver llama was trimmed with similar wreaths; her necklace, earrings, and bracelets were of fine pearls. Hortense accompanied her mother, and was on that occasion, as on all others and in all places, graceful and fascinating. She danced like a sylph, and I seem to see her still, slender as an aërial nymph, and dressed after the antique in a short tunic of pink crape, embroidered in silver llama, her fair head crowned with roses.

I see her as she always was, the life of the party; her gayety, good-humor, and spirit of pleasing, imparting the same qualities to all around her. The young people grouped around her, looked at her, and loved her, as the crowd would now and forever follow and love her. As for the First Consul, he insisted on seeing every part of the house, and Junot, at his desire, acted as his cicerone to the very cellars and garrets. He stayed only till one o'clock, but for him that was a very late hour, and we were proportionately grateful.

The *Senatus Consultum*, requiring rather than declaring the prolongation of the Consulate, did not appear sufficiently satisfactory; another was presented to the First Consul on the 31st of July, or the 1st of August. Junot went early that morning to the Tuileries, and had a long

interview with the First Consul, and on his return assured me that Napoleon was still undecided whether or not he should accept the Consulate for life. It was two months after the requisition for the prolongation of the Consulate for ten years that the nation, sensible of the necessity of preserving to the utmost possible extent that protection under which France had seen her prosperity revive, demanded the Consulate for life. But Napoleon, great as was his ambition, desired that the will of France should justify it. An appeal was ordered, registers opened. The citizens were at liberty to sign or not without fear of proscription, for it is remarkable that Napoleon never revenged any political offense. Of this Moreau is a notorious proof.

"The life of a citizen belongs to his country," replied the First Consul to the deputation of the Senate; "as it is the wish of the French nation that mine should be consecrated to her, I obey her will." Surely he had a right to say that it was the will of the people, for of three millions five hundred and seventy-seven thousand two hundred and fifty-nine citizens who voted freely, three millions five hundred and sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and ninety gave their vote in the affirmative.

The opinions in which Junot had been educated were so entirely and purely republican that the *Senatus Consultum* declaring Napoleon Consul for life was by no means so agreeable to him as might have been expected from his attachment, at a time when indifferent observers saw in this event only the present and future welfare of France. One day when we dined with the First Consul at Saint Cloud, I remarked that Junot's countenance on returning to Madame Bonaparte's drawing-room, after half an hour's interview with Napoleon, was altered, and wore an expression of care.

In the carriage, on our way home, he was thoughtful and melancholy. At first I asked in vain what had affected him, but eventually he told me that, having been questioned by the First Consul as to the opinion of the better circles at Paris respecting the Consulate for life, he had answered that it was entirely favorable, which was the truth; and that the First Consul had observed thereupon, his brow becoming stern and gloomy as he

spoke: "You tell me this as if the fact had been just the reverse. Approved by all France, am I to find censors only in my dearest friends?"

"These words," said Junot, his voice failing so much that I could scarcely hear him — "these words almost broke my heart. I become my General's censor! Ah, he has forgotten Toulon!" "But it is impossible that the expression of your countenance should have been the sole cause of his uttering such words." Junot was silent for some time, then, without turning toward me, said: "No; I certainly spoke of our regret — I may use the word — on reading the new *Senatus Consultum*, which overthrows the Constitution of the year viii. — in reducing the Tribunate to a hundred and fifty members! The Tribunate is a body much valued by the friends of liberty and of the Republic; then the mode of election is absurd — those two candidates for the Senate; in short, all this has been found great fault with in the country, particularly what has been done for the Council of State." I asked Junot what he meant had been done for the Council of State.

"It has been recognized as a constituted body," said he; "I told the First Consul that this measure had been ill received in many of the provinces. I have been, as I always shall be, an honest and loyal man — I shall neither betray my conscience, the interests of my country, nor those of the man whom I revere and love above all things — but I believe that I am serving him better in speaking the truth than in concealing it. I then explained that any expression of dissatisfaction which he might have remarked upon my countenance was not to be attributed to his nomination as Consul for life, but to the unfavorable impressions very generally produced by the numerous *Senatus Consulta*, which for the last fortnight had daily filled the columns of the "*Moniteur*." The nomination for life of the two other Consuls is also spoken of in terms that I do not like to hear applied to anything which relates to the First Consul. I have much friendship for one of them, and a high esteem for the other; but why should two magistrates be imposed upon the nation, which certainly has not raised its voice for them as for my General? In fine, my poor Laura, I spoke as I thought, and I begin to see that we have got

a Court in earnest, because one can no longer speak the truth without exciting displeasure."

This journey to Saint Cloud caused Junot a fit of illness. His affection for the First Consul was so great that whatever tended to disturb it went directly to his heart. Some days afterward I received an invitation from Madame Bonaparte to breakfast at Saint Cloud, and to bring my little Josephine. I went alone, because Junot was confined to his bed by indisposition. Napoleon, it is well known, never breakfasted with Madame Bonaparte, and never appeared in her room in the morning, except occasionally, when he knew he should meet some persons there to whom he was desirous of speaking without exciting observation.

This morning he came into the room just as we were rising from the breakfast table, and on advancing toward us, at once descried in the midst of the group the charming figure of my little Josephine, with her pretty light hair curling round a face that beamed with grace and intelligence, though she was only eighteen months old. The First Consul, immediately on seeing her, exclaimed:

"Ah! ah! here is our goddaughter, the Cardinaless! Good morning, m'amselle — come, look at me — there, open your eyes. Why, the devil! do you know that she is prodigiously pretty — the little thing resembles her grandmother — yes, faith, she is very like poor Madame Permon. And what a pretty woman she was! — she was really the most beautiful woman I ever saw." As he was saying this, he pulled the ears and nose of my little girl, who did not approve of it at all; but I had taken the precaution to tell her that if she did not cry at Saint Cloud we should stop at a toy shop on our way home, and she should have whatever she liked. Napoleon, who did not know this promise, remarked how very good-tempered the child was, while I was secretly reminding her of the toy shop ten times in a minute.

"That is what I like children to be," continued Napoleon, "not perpetually crying or fretting. There is that little Lætitia, who is as beautiful as an angel — well, she cries so violently that I make my escape as if the house was on fire."

As he was talking, the party had removed to the

blue *salon*, which was Madame Bonaparte's morning room.

A circular balcony upon which this room opened passed along the whole suite of apartments. The First Consul stepped out of the window, and made me a sign to follow. I was about to give the child to her nurse, but he prevented me, saying:

"No, no; keep your daughter; a young mother is never as interesting as when she has her child in her arms. What is the matter with Junot?" he added, as soon as we were out on the balcony.

"He has a fever, General, and it is so violent as to oblige him to keep his bed."

"But this fever is of some kind or other; is it putrid, malignant, or what?"

"Neither the one nor the other, Citizen Consul," I replied, with a little impatience, for I was provoked at the petulant tone of his questions; "but Junot is, as you know, very susceptible, and a pain which goes to his heart affects his health. You know, General, that such complaints are beyond the power of medicine."

"I see that Junot has been telling you of the sort of quarrel we had the other day. He made himself quite ridiculous."

"You will give me leave, Citizen Consul, not to confirm what you have just been saying with my assent; you are no doubt jesting. All that I can do is to affirm that, having probably misunderstood Junot, you have given him serious pain. That he has suffered severely has been manifest to me, because neither my cares nor this child's caresses have been able to calm his mind. Also I conclude, General, that, in reporting to me the conversation you are speaking of, he did not tell me the whole." This, as I afterward learned, was the truth.

The First Consul looked at me some moments without speaking — took my right hand, which held my little girl upon my left arm, then suddenly rejected it with a very singular movement; seized Josephine's little white and mottled arm, kissed it, gave a pretty hard tap upon her cheek, pulled her nose, embraced her, all in a minute, then disappeared like a flash of lightning. I repeated this little scene to Junot, whom, on my return, I found very ill. He was not only very irritable, but his temper-

ament itself was opposed to his reasoning tranquilly upon anything that agitated him. His adventure at Saint Cloud had quite upset him.

This very morning he had suffered the application of thirty leeches, and though the loss of so much blood ought to have weakened him, he was in no degree more composed, because his nerves were strongly agitated, and he had not slept for three days. However, about seven in the evening, after taking some mutton broth, he threw himself upon the sofa in my apartment, and fell fast asleep. The night soon drew on, I was left in darkness, and, fearing to wake my husband, I was resting in an armchair by his side, without any lights. My head began to nod; the strong and regular, but monotonous breathing of Junot gradually sent me to sleep also.

Suddenly I heard a quick step on the little staircase which led from the breakfast room into the court. Accustomed to watching by a sick-bed, I was on foot in an instant, and heard Heldt, the first *valet de chambre*, running upstairs and calling, "Madame! madame!"

A light struck upon my still half-closed eyes, a well-known voice effectually roused me, and the First Consul appeared.

"Good evening, Madame Junot; you did not expect me, I imagine; well where is your dying patient?"

As he spoke, he entered the small cabinet which served as an anteroom between Junot's apartments and mine, and in which Andoche had just been sleeping.

"Well, M. Junot, what is the matter with you, then? Hey? What does this fever mean? Well, what are you crying for, great baby? Ay, I shall mimic you presently myself." Here he pulled his ears and his poor nose, pinched his cheeks, and lavished all his expressions of favor on him. Junot meanwhile was suffocating; I perhaps never knew him so deeply affected. He took the First Consul's two hands alternately, pressed them to his bosom, and looked at him with an expression of affection.

He could not speak. He next took the hand of the good Duroc — who had accompanied the First Consul candle in hand — that excellent friend, who for some time he misunderstood, but who never ceased to be the truest and most valuable of his brothers-in-arms.

"I imagine you are no longer ill," said the First Consul, taking the chair I had been offering him ever since he came in. "Hey! hot-brain?"

He was scarcely seated before he stood up again, and began walking round the room, saying:

"Ah! so this is what they call your palace; I should be glad to see it; they all tell me it is a marvel and a folly; but this room seems simple enough."

Hereupon he went into Junot's room and his cabinet, then returned and passed into my apartment. "Ah! ah! so this is the sanctuary," said he in a tone of kindness, though rather banteringly. "But what the devil is this? Do these happen to be your grandmothers?"

"They are not even relations, General," I replied. "It is a piece of Junot's gallantry, who chose to ornament my room with portraits of all the celebrated females of antiquity and of the last century; he was willing that I should not be too humble in my character of a woman."

"Oh! he might have dispensed with the portrait gallery for that purpose. But he was right not to admit into it the women of the present day, for all pretend to be celebrated; it is the folly of all countries."

He continued to walk on as he talked; while I looked at him with attention, and a smile which I could not wholly suppress. At first he did not remark this, but in the end guessed the cause, which was the singular style of his costume, always absolutely laughable, when he assumed the dress of a private citizen. From what cause I can scarcely tell, but all the illusion of glory which surrounded him could not make his appearance imposing when not attired in military uniform. It might arise from his being wholly unaccustomed to this undress; but at all events he was totally different in it, even in its very eccentricity, from other men. On this occasion his greatcoat was of superfine cloth, and his hat was a remarkably fine beaver, but it was still of the same unfashionable make, and was set on the head in the same peculiar manner, with the difference only from his former appearance, that his hair was not powdered, and the curls had disappeared.

"Well, M. Junot," said he, after having made the tour of my apartments, the only portion of the house yet furnished, "I hope this little journey round your domains

has quite cured you?" Junot seized the hand which the First Consul presented to him, pressed it between both his, and wept without answering. At this moment he was neither the man of strong mind nor the courageous soldier, but a feeble child. "To prove that you are quite cured," continued the First Consul, "you will breakfast with me to-morrow at Saint Cloud. Good night, my old friend. Adieu, *Madame la Commandante.*"

We attended him to the street door. No one knew that the First Consul was in our house; he had imposed silence upon Heldt, the only one of our servants who had seen him; and it is well known that Napoleon was not one of those persons who might be disobeyed. He was right in his privacy; the knowledge of his visit would but have created jealousies. He had crossed the Tuileries on foot, and at the entrance of the Champs-Elysées a chaise, or sort of cabriolet drawn by two horses, which Duroc generally used, was waiting for him.

Junot slept badly that night; his mind was so ardent that happiness and sorrow were equally inimical to his bodily health. He was, however, quite recovered the next morning, went to Saint Cloud, and returned perfectly enchanted. But a new storm was already threatening. Fouché, whose rank should have made him the friend, as he was the equal of his brother-in-arms, but who was, in fact, his most active enemy, and the more dangerous because unsuspected, took advantage of the extreme irritability of Junot's character, to which it was so easy to give a sinister coloring.

CHAPTER XXI.

Rupture with England — Bad Faith of the English Government — Napoleon's Preparations — Lord Whitworth's Departure — Consternation of the English at Paris — Military Preparations — Napoleon Commands Junot to Arrest All the English in Paris — Napoleon Grossly Imposed upon by False Statements — Colonel Green Denounced — Junot's Remonstrance upon the Injustice of the Step — Result of His Discussion with the First Consul.

It was some time after the adventure which I have just related that the rupture with England took place. Falsehoods of all kinds have been written upon this subject; there are many persons who, breaking the idol which they worshiped for fifteen years, do not now hesitate to tell us that his fatal ambition caused all our losses; that he despised treaties, and violated that of Amiens, because he hated Mr. Pitt. Without doubt he was desirous of invading England. Who would attempt to deny it? But he wished to do it at a convenient time. Yes, in truth, he wished to set foot on the island. He had too many accounts to settle with haughty England to be backward in hostility toward her; but he was not insane; and General Soult was preparing at Boulogne an army for a Continental war, rather than for crossing the Straits.

The treaty was broken by England: her Carthaginian faith destroyed the parchment which promised alliance while the heart breathed nothing but war. The First Consul was apprised of the intentions of the Cabinet of St. James's. He held himself on the defensive, and took every precaution. Is this deserving of reproach? No. It was the great Condé's axiom, that a great captain might be beaten, but ought never to be surprised. When, therefore, the reiterated messages of the King of England to his Parliament in the winter of 1803, and the harangues of his Ministers in the same Parliament, spoke of war as if the cannon had already sounded, is it to be wondered that the First Consul, whom France had just charged more solemnly than ever with her interests, should watch over those interests with increased solicitude? He

asks conscripts of the Senate,* because the King of England has organized the militia of his kingdom; he sells Louisiana to the United States, because the capture of our ships, without any declaration of war, announces that a new war is about to break out, and that money will be wanted to prosecute it.

Lord Whitworth quitted Paris about the 15th of March, 1803. The greatest uneasiness reigned among the English who remained there. Junot, then Commandant of the capital, was desirous that its tranquillity should be as well attested as its splendor; he redoubled his cares. His daily reports and those of the Comte Dubois, the Prefect of the Police, and charged with the civil, as Junot was with the military, superintendency of the city, contained nothing alarming; but there were men who urged Napoleon upon a career which threatened to be fatal to him; and one of them commenced even at that time those odious manœuvers which pressed upon the Emperor like the anathema of Providence. I am about to raise a corner of a curtain, behind which are hidden numerous facts connected with the rupture with England. I know them, and ought to speak out. Many English people are still living who will understand me; and I have been assured by the Duchess of Devonshire herself (then Lady Elizabeth Foster), and by many others, that my information was correct.

The rupture was now complete; camps were formed on the borders of Picardy and Normandy, and everything they required had been effected with the rapidity of lightning. General Mortier was sent to Hanover, and Junot, to whom his absence occasioned a great increase of labor, devoted himself to it with all the ardor with which it was his nature to serve the First Consul, whom he conceived to be, in the present instance, chiefly concerned. One morning, at five o'clock, the day having scarcely dawned, an order arrived for Junot to attend the First Consul; he had been at work till four o'clock, and had just retired to bed, but was obliged to rise and proceed immediately to Malmaison. I waited breakfast for him, but he did not return; and at ten o'clock a horse chasseur of the Consular Guard arrived with a note

* One hundred and twenty thousand conscripts were granted by the Senate during the month of April, 1803.

for the aid-de-camp on duty, demanding to have the daily report instantly transmitted. My husband did not return till five in the evening. It will be seen that the sitting had been long; it had been more stormy still.

When Junot reached Malmaison, he found the First Consul with a ruffled countenance, contracted features, and every indication of one of those terrible agitations which could not be witnessed without trembling. "Junot," said he to his aid-de-camp, as soon as he saw him, "may I reckon upon you as my friend? Yes or no? no evasion." "Yes, General." "Well, then, you must instantly take measures for arresting ALL THE ENGLISH, WITHOUT EXCEPTION, in an hour's time. The *Temple*, *Montaigu*, *La Force*, the *Abbaye*, there will be room in the prisons, and they must all be confined. Their Government must be taught that if it breaks the faith of treaties, confiding in its island intrenchments for impunity, it may at least be punished in that which it commits to the guardianship of an enemy who owes it no fealty! That perfidious Cabinet refuses to surrender Malta! and gives for reason" — passion here checked his utterance, and he was compelled to stop to take breath — "they give for reason that Lucien has by my order influenced the Court of Spain to dissolve the Spanish priories, and that by the terms of the treaty the island is to be given up only on the entire reconstruction of the Order.* And, morever, Junot, would you believe that this power, always wily, always hostile, now pretends to take exception to the Treaty of Amiens, averring that its stipulations were founded upon the respective circumstances of the contracting parties at the time of its signature?" Then, drawing Junot to his desk, he put into his hands two letters, importing in effect all that he had just been saying.

Junot was thunderstruck, not because the rupture with England was announced; it was foreseen; it had even been known some days. But these letters contained what might be construed into an excuse of the terrible measure which Napoleon had commenced. He, to whose orders he never made an objection; he, who might have said to him, "Junot, give me your life," and it would have been given, now required of him — commanded him to perform an act

* That of the Knights of Saint John.

from which his sense of honor as much as the liberal principles in which he had been educated revolted. He stood motionless and silent. The First Consul waited some time for an answer, but, seeing Junot's attitude, he proceeded as if he had not even required one, and as if an interval of ten minutes had not elapsed.

"This measure must be executed by seven o'clock this evening. I do not choose that the most insignificant theater or the lowest *restaurateur* of Paris should this evening see an Englishman in its boxes or at his tables." "General," said Junot, recovering himself, "you are aware of my devoted attachment to your person and to your interests. It is this very devotedness which makes me hesitate to obey, without supplicating you, General, to take some hours for reflection upon the measure which you wish me to execute." Junot, while representing to the First Consul that he considered this measure likely to prove injurious to his interest and his glory, did so with all the deference which his conviction of Napoleon's superiority in all things could not fail to inspire. The First Consul bent his brow as he listened, and when Junot ceased speaking, exclaimed:

"Again! what! is the scene of the other day to be renewed? Lannes and you take strange liberties. Even Duroc, with his tranquil air, thinks himself licensed to preach to me. But, by heavens, gentlemen! I will let you see that I can put my cap on the wrong way. Lannes has found it out already, and, I suspect, is not much delighted with eating oranges at Lisbon. For yourself, Junot, do not trust too much to my friendship. The day when I shall doubt yours will destroy mine." Deeply hurt at being misunderstood: "Is it not at this moment," replied Junot, "that I am giving you the greatest possible proof of my attachment? Is it just to talk thus to me? Ask for my blood . . . ask for my life . . . you are master of all that is mine . . . but to command a thing which must ——"

"Well," said the First Consul; "pray proceed. What should happen to me because I return to a faithless Government the insults it heaps upon me?" "It does not become me, General, to decide how far your conduct may be correct, but I am sure that if it should be otherwise, it is because you are fascinated by men who give

you none but mischievous advice, leading you to acts of severity." "Whom are you speaking of?" Junot at first made no answer; he knew who the persons were who merited this character, but to accuse was repugnant to his noble heart. . . The First Consul, however, pressed, and Junot at length mentioned the names which were most publicly and violently animadverted upon as evil advisers. The First Consul walked as he listened, and appeared absorbed in thought.

"Fouché," said Junot, "is my personal enemy. It is not, however, from hatred toward him that I now speak for I hate no one. Moreover, I am just; I am willing to allow to Fouché all his merits. He has talent, but he serves you, General, in a fashion which your friends would not like to adopt. He assumes, for instance, toward the emigrants, and the inhabitants of the Faubourg Saint Germain, the appearance of indulgence, and that, as he declares, in spite of the danger which he runs of losing your favor in so doing. I, who know there is no truth in this insinuation—what can I think of it? But this is not all: I may also say that you are often excited to a severity foreign to your character, by reports in which there is little or no truth. With respect to other personages, one of whom, General, is near to your ear, and the other to your hand, to receive whatever falls from it, I shall say but one word. Duroc watches, like them, over your safety; well, General, receive his reports. . . . They are those of an honest man—an honorable soldier; they contain facts."

"Nevertheless, these men are devoted to me; one of them said the other day: 'If the First Consul should order me to kill my father, I would obey.'" The First Consul, as he spoke, cast a sidelong glance of observation upon Junot, who immediately replied: "I know not, General, what extent of attachment is proved by supposing you capable of commanding a son to kill his father; but that is of little importance, for if a man is unfortunate enough to possess such feelings, he is not likely to proclaim them."

Above two years afterward the First Consul, then Emperor Napoleon, in speaking to me of this scene, after my return from Portugal, told me that he was at this moment on the point of embracing Junot, so courageous

was the position he had taken up in thus resisting him, his General, his Chief, a man all-powerful, in thus even risking his existence. "For, in fact," added the Emperor, smiling, "I am not very gentle when in a passion — you know that, Madame Junot?"

With respect to my husband, his conversation, or rather dispute, with the First Consul, proceeded in warm terms. He even reminded Napoleon that at the departure of the Ambassador, Lord Whitworth, solemn assurances of security had been given to the English who remained at Paris. "There are old men, women and children among them, General, and many who desire your welfare!* These are chiefly merchants — for the upper classes have nearly all left Paris. The injury which detention may do them is immense and irremediable. Oh! it is not for you, whose great and noble soul is capable of all good, to confound a generous nation with a perfidious Cabinet. Are they necessarily identified?"

"Perhaps they should be," replied the First Consul in a gloomy tone; "but I am neither wicked nor headstrong. It is possible you may be right. However," and going to his desk he took from it a paper which he read, again and again, several times, then, giving it to Junot, "Read this report," said he, "and answer at peril of your head — as you affect to say — answer me as you value your head, that persons holding such opinions can, without danger to myself, be suffered to remain at large at Paris."

Junot, while listening to the First Consul, read the paper which he had put into his hand. He was first struck by its absurdity, but next, and chiefly, by its flagrant falsehood. It was then he requested the First Consul's permission to send for the report of the day, in which he hoped to find something to refute this calum-

* The number of English who at this period had a high admiration for Bonaparte was immense. Mrs. Wilmot, who was well known in Paris at this time, was an instance of the enthusiasm to which this admiration was sometimes carried: she kept men in pay purposely to inform her when he went to any of the theaters; thither she hastened, and, by dint of money, always succeeded in placing herself opposite to him. This lady was a relation of Mr. Pitt, and did not sacrifice her feelings to the ties of blood; she was rich, in the prime of life, and had a husband and five children, who all shared in her sentiment for Napoleon. Lady Caroline Grenville was equally infatuated with him.

nious document, and he was not disappointed; Junot insisted that the First Consul should cause inquiries to be made into the matter.

An important fact was asserted, for it described a man having dined at a certain house, and having, when flushed with wine, used expressions insulting to the First Consul, and even committed himself so far as to speak of a new form of government to which the death of a single person might lead; this happy state of things, which the half-inebriated Englishman wished to favor us with, we had already known, or rather forgotten, for it was the regency of the Duke of Bedford. And this is what they had the hardihood to call a report. But the most singular, or the blackest part of the business was, that this Englishman was a friend of Junot — a Colonel Green, who, you are to observe, was an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon. It was the same with Sir Sidney Smith; while the enemy of the First Consul, or rather of General Bonaparte, he admired him with his whole heart, and Junot, who understood this generous homage, loved him for it.

All this Junot represented to the First Consul, who said in reply: « Your language is persuasive enough, but out of all these sayings and gainsayings I gather that you and Madame Junot have a mania for associating with persons who hate me. If this was not well known to be the case, such words would not be imputed to your friends. »

« I am ignorant, General, » said Junot, « whether Colonel Green may or may not have uttered the words assigned to him by this report, though I will pledge my head that he would not so much as have imagined them; but it is your pleasure that this point should be considered doubtful. I shall therefore confine myself to a refutation of the calumny by one material fact, which is, that to have held this conversation the day before yesterday, otherwise the 1st of May, after having drank five bottles of Sillery, which, upon the face of it, is impossible, it is at least necessary that he should have been at the time in Paris, which city Colonel Green quitted on the 17th of April for London, whither he was called by important business. »

The First Consul looked all astonishment. « His counte-

nance would have amused me," said Junot, "had the occasion been less serious." Gazing on his aid-de-camp with a very peculiar expression, he repeated: "He is not in Paris!" "He is not, General, and have the goodness to remark that this is not a mistake of a name, or an accident attributable to carelessness; it is an intentional error: the multiplicity of details by which the name is surrounded proves this, even if they had not added that he is my friend!" Here, with a furious oath, he proceeded: "Nothing more is wanted but to have made me a party to this execrable feast, where they wished, as at that of Atreus, to drink blood."

This scene Junot related to me many times, and described his emotion as so violent at this point that Napoleon came to him, took his hands, pressed them, spoke kindly to him, and at length restored him to calmer feelings. The result of this long conference, in which, toward the end, Cambacérès took part, was that the English should have certain towns for prisons, so long as they remained peaceable. "For," said the First Consul, "I only treat them according to the rules of national law: they are prisoners of war."

Seeing that Junot was astonished at this declaration: "Yes," he added, "prisoners of war; do they not form a portion of the English militia?" Junot was about to reply that the English militia is a national and not a military institution, and would avail nothing in favor of the individual who should claim the rights of war as the proprietor of a militia epaulette; but he had prevailed in obtaining a relaxation of the measure of actual imprisonment, and this victory appeared to him sufficient for the present. The fact of Colonel Green's alibi contributed greatly toward that victory; Napoleon was no tyrant, had no evil dispositions, and when unclouded truth and reason reached his ear, it was seldom denied access. He was violently irritated against the man who had so grossly abused his confidence. He made much use of him nevertheless, raised him to a high rank; but I know, and know it too directly and positively to admit a doubt, that he NEVER esteemed him.

As for Junot, his own conduct this stormy morning, honorable as it was, operated to his prejudice, through those outspoken expressions which were too apt to escape

him in momentary warmth of feeling. His opinion, offered with the frankness of a soldier who respects his General, yet has the courage to tell him the truth, as he views it, was too little in harmony with Napoleon's new impressions not to have introduced to the mind of the latter seeds that could only be productive of evil fruits. All, however, would have gone well, but for the number of evil-disposed persons who surrounded the First Consul. I speak only of his household, for Junot had numerous friends, especially in the army. He was kind, faithful, valiant, and as susceptible as a woman — qualities which, when combined, could not fail to find an echo in the hearts which, at least in those days, composed the French phalanxes.

Of those attached to the household I could reckon only on Duroc and Rapp as active friends; there were, besides, Lemarrois, Lacuée, and Lauriston, who would not injure Junot, as for Berthier, he might be a true friend, but he was very inefficient! There were other men whose attachment showed that they had rightly understood Junot's character: such as Estève, and a few more, who, loving the First Consul for his own sake and for his glory, felt a sympathy for one who loved him with so much tenderness. But friendship, in the circle of a Court (and the Tuileries was already one), opposes but a feeble barrier against malice and envy.

An affair that had occurred some time before at Garchi's was recalled to the First Consul's mind; the venomous poison of slander was infused into it, and it was then presented in a light attaching so much suspicion to the Commandant of Paris that Napoleon, who, though a great man, was not an angel, willing to give the command of Paris to General Murat, sent Junot to command the grenadiers assembled at Arras. The *Senatus Consultum* for the erection of the Empire was already under consideration, and I think the First Consul was not sorry to find a pretext for removing to a distance such of his former brothers-in-arms as still cherished the old Republican notions. He knew mankind, and had no doubt that circumstances would reconcile them to what was irrevocable, but the first shock was to be avoided: that is but an idea of my own, but I believe it to be just.

Junot, charged with the honorable task of forming that fine corps of grenadiers, set out for Arras in the winter of 1803–4. A speedy journey was expected, and Junot did not choose to expose me and my children to useless fatigue. I set off, therefore, at the same time for Burgundy with my young family, to spend the interval of Junot's absence with his father and mother. But finding at the end of some weeks that the moment of departure was indefinitely postponed, Junot sent M. Limoges, his secretary, to fetch me; and I accompanied him to Arras, where I took up my abode in the house which the Prince of Condé had occupied. Many remarkable events occurred in the year 1804, some of which I did not witness, being absent from Paris; but I saw The Emperor in the midst of the camp, surrounded by his soldiers, and by those Generals formerly his comrades, now his subjects.

CHAPTER XXII.

Letter from Duroc to Junot — Conspiracy of Moreau, Pichegru, and Georges Cadoudal — The Duc d'Enghien — Drake, the English Minister at Munich — Suspicions Respecting the Duc d'Enghien — Conversation between Junot and the First Consul — Napoleon's Remarks on Moreau — Conduct of Bernadotte on the 18th Brumaire — Junot's Return to Arras — He Receives Intelligence of the Death of the Duc d'Enghien — Intended Expedition to England — Junot's Fine Division of Grenadiers — Change Effected in Their Headdress by Junot — Napoleon Created Emperor — Davoût Promoted — His Peculiarities — Admiral Magon Appointed to Command the Fleet to Be Employed in the English Expedition.

We had been at Arras about three months, when Junot received the following letter:

«My dear Junot,—If your occupations permit, write to Berthier to obtain leave of absence for four or five days. I wish particularly to see you. I will explain to you why when we meet. Do not mention that I have written to you.—Yours, Duroc.

«*February 14th*, 1804.»

On perusing this communication a presentiment came across the mind of Junot. He would not even write to Berthier; and at the risk of being severely reprimanded

by the First Consul, he mounted his horse, and, under the pretext of going to Saint Pol, a small town a few leagues from Arras, he set off full gallop to Paris, where he arrived just at the moment of Moreau's arrest.

The conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru was a most extraordinary affair, not only on account of the mode in which it was planned and almost brought to execution, but because there was involved in it a man who had previously been an object of respect in the eyes of France, and whose character was thenceforward totally changed. This man was General Moreau. Moreau was arrested on the 15th of February, Georges Cadoudal on the 9th of March, and Pichegru on the 28th of February, 1804. The latter was immediately confined in the Temple. The affair of the Duc d'Enghien is covered with so mysterious and terrible a veil that the hand trembles in attempting to withdraw it. But history admits of no reservation; it demands that everything should be candidly disclosed. How various have been the versions of this unfortunate event!

It cannot be doubted that the Imperial crown, placed by the unanimous wish of France on the head of Napoleon, would have been no less solid and legitimate — that the compact agreed on between the conqueror of the sovereigns of Europe and the men of the Republic would have been no less sacred and indestructible — had the Duc d'Enghien never stirred from Ettenheim. But unfortunately Bonaparte had about him men who mediated his downfall, because the spoil was already worth dividing. These men found it their interest to lead into error one whose own judgment was rarely at fault, but who unfortunately lent too ready an ear to the suggestions of those about him.

Some time elapsed after the discovery of the conspiracy before the two leaders, Georges and Pichegru, were arrested. Papers seized by the agents of Regnier, then Chief Judge and Minister of the Police, excited fresh alarm. The investigation was pursued with renewed activity, and endeavors were made to imbue Napoleon with a degree of uneasiness and suspicion which his mind would not naturally have conceived. The papers above mentioned related to Mr. Drake, the English Minister at the Court of Munich. This man had written a letter

referring to the English conspiracy, as it was called, and the letter, which contained the following passage, excited additional alarm: "It matters little by whom the animal is overthrown. It is sufficient that you be ready to join in the chase, when the moment arrives for putting him to death."

In the different reports of this conspiracy which were transmitted to Napoleon, mention was invariably made of a tall man, who had visited the places of rendezvous which were known to the police. This man was wrapped in a large cloak, and when in the street, a hat slouched over his forehead entirely concealed his features. He had fair hair, a pale complexion, his figure was thin and slender, and his deportment elegant. When he presented himself amid the conspirators, none of them sat down until he desired them; and his manner, though affable and kind, was nevertheless marked by a certain degree of *hauteur*.

"Who can this man be?" was the question asked from the chiefs down to the subordinate agents of the police. Inquiries were set on foot in Germany, in England, and in Switzerland, and there appeared good reason to believe that the mysterious individual whom the rest of the conspirators treated with so much respect was no other than the Duc d'Enghien. This information was communicated to the First Consul, who was also furnished with proofs that the Prince occasionally absented himself for five or six days from Ettenheim. Forty-eight hours to come from Strasburg, forty-eight to stay in Paris, and forty-eight to return — thus the interval of time was accounted for. It had already been ascertained that the Prince visited Paris during the events of the 18th Fructidor.

When this information was laid before the First Consul, he frowned and looked thoughtful. The possibility of thus coming to brave him in the very heart of Paris appeared not only a serious offense in itself, but one which might lead to consequences fatal to the interests of the State. I know that the determination which was drawn from him by renewed importunity was formed principally through these alarming reports.

General Pichegru was arrested on the 18th of February; but it was not until the whole affair of the Duc d'Enghien had been decided that the mysterious person-

age was ascertained to have been Pichegru, and not the Prince. The latter had not been in Paris, and he had spent the six days alluded to in hunting, and in amusements of a more agreeable nature than attending the meetings of conspirators in a garret or a cellar.

On his arrival in Paris, Junot found the old friends of Napoleon in a state of anxiety and alarm, in which the affection he cherished for his General made him readily participate. In his interview with the First Consul, the latter said to him: "You were wrong to leave Arras at the present moment. It is possible that this arrest, to which I have been constrained to give my assent, may produce some sensation in the army, and everyone should be at his post. My old friend, you must set off again this afternoon; your presence will be more useful to me in Arras than in Paris." Junot looked sorrowfully at Napoleon, and represented that he had left behind him men fully competent to act in his absence. He then earnestly entreated to be allowed to join his old comrades in protecting Napoleon at the present juncture.

Napoleon remained silent for a few moments; then, advancing to Junot, he took his hand and pressed it, which, as I have already observed, was a mark of affection he rarely showed to anyone. At length he said: "Junot, I understand you, my friend; and you will, I am sure, understand me when I repeat that you will at present be more useful to me at Arras than in Paris. I am surrounded by dangers, it is true; but I have friends who will watch over my safety. And, after all," added he, smiling, "my enemies are less numerous than is imagined." "I am aware of that," replied Junot, "and I am only anxious that the few you really have should be punished. How can you, General, entertain a thought of extending mercy to men who conspire not only against you, but against their country?" "What do you mean?" inquired the First Consul in a tone of astonishment.

"I mean to say, General, that I know you have resolved to solicit the legal authorities to be indulgent to General Moreau. You are not justified in doing this. Moreau is guilty. He is as guilty now as he was in the affair of 1797, when he sent to the Directory the papers containing the proofs of the culpability of Pichegru. He is

the same man — at once a traitor to the Republic and to his old friend. He had had the papers in his possession for SEVERAL MONTHS. This he confessed to Barthelemy. Why, then, did he not send them sooner? The Army of Italy has been accused of not liking Moreau. That is true; but it has been alleged that we did not like him because his glory rivaled ours. This is false, and the accusation is contemptible. Moreau might wear his crown of glory without its rendering ours the less brilliant or the less pure. For my own part, I swear, upon my honor, that such an idea never once entered my mind. I love the Republic too well not to rejoice in seeing any one of her sons valiant and victorious."

Napoleon, who was walking up and down his cabinet with his arms crossed, had listened to Junot with profound attention, and without interrupting him even by a gesture. But when Junot uttered the words, "I LOVE THE REPUBLIC TOO WELL," etc., Napoleon stopped him, looked at him steadfastly, and seemed almost to interrogate him. But this movement, whatever it meant, was only of a second's duration. He again walked up and down, and merely said: "You are too severe upon Moreau. He is perfectly inefficient, absolutely nothing, except when he is at the head of an army. This is all that can be said of him."

"As to his inefficiency, General, there can be no doubt of that; but his conduct as a citizen, to say nothing of him as a statesman, is such as a true patriot and a loyal soldier cannot approve. When Moreau, having learned BY ORDINARY MEANS the events of the 18th Fructidor, made a proclamation to his troops, he said, 'GENERAL PICHEGRU HAS BETRAYED THE COUNTRY!' Now, Pichegru was his friend. He had even served under his command. It was Pichegru who raised Moreau to his first grade in the army, who protected and maintained him."

Junot spoke with unusual warmth. Napoleon advanced toward him, and said with a smile: "You allude to the 18th Brumaire, do you not?" He smiled again, and took several pinches of snuff. "Yes, General," replied Junot, somewhat astonished at the gayety of the First Consul. "Certainly," resumed Napoleon, "the conduct of Moreau on that occasion was as extraordinary as that of Bernadotte and some others. Bernadotte exclaimed loudly that

HE WAS A REPUBLICAN — that he WOULD NOT BETRAY THE REPUBLIC. And at that time whoever thought of betraying it, save himself and two or three others invested with the Republican toga, beneath which the cloak of the tyrant was better disguised than under my great-coat!

"As to Moreau, who, having received a dismissal as the reward of his tardy disclosures, was idling about Paris, and who possessed neither talent nor decision, I can very well appreciate his DETERMINATION to deliver France from a corrupt Government. On the 19th Brumaire he served me as an aid-de-camp, with no very good grace, to be sure, because he had the will but not the power to be the hero of the *fête*. I have heard that he never forgave me for the position in which he stood, and in which he had been the means of placing himself. I am sorry for it. If it be possible that in this last affair he has joined hands with a traitor against me, rather than against the country, I pity him, but I will not revenge myself."

"But, General, let this affair take its natural course. Do not influence the judges. From the information I received within these few hours, I am convinced how necessary it is that this case should be decided with the utmost impartiality and rigor of the law. Surely, General, you would not encourage treason —" "Junot," said Napoleon, grasping my husband's arm, "would you have it said that I had him put to death because I was jealous of him?"* Junot stood motionless with astonishment. The First Consul rapidly paced up and down the room, and appeared much excited; but he soon recovered himself, and, advancing to Junot, made some remarks upon the fine division of grenadiers which was forming at Arras, and ended by enjoining Junot to return thither immediately.

Just as Junot had opened the door to go out, Napoleon called him back, and asked him how he had learned a fact which the "*Moniteur*" had announced only that same

* These were Napoleon's words as reported to me by Junot. I have given the above conversation at length, because it appears to me curious and important. The last observation respecting Moreau explains the reason why he did not suffer death, which, according to the strict letter of the code, was the punishment due to his offense.

morning — viz, the arrest of Moreau. Junot hesitated to reply, and the First Consul repeated the question in a tone of impatience. My husband then reflected that Duroc's letter could only be regarded as creditable to the writer, and he immediately presented it to Bonaparte. He read it over twice, and then returned it with a pleasing smile on his countenance; for good-humor had now entirely superseded the momentary feeling of irritation. He blamed Duroc, but it was easy to perceive that his displeasure was not very severe. Indeed, he could not fail to be touched by this proof of Duroc's attachment, and in spite of all that M. Bourrienne says, Napoleon at that time felt and appreciated the devotedness he inspired.

Junot went to Duroc and informed him that he had shown his letter to Napoleon. Then, without taking time even to call on his own sister, who resided in our hotel in the Rue Champs-Elysées, he started at full gallop for Arras, where he arrived in the middle of the following night, without his absence having been perceived by anyone except the Chief Officer of his Staff, who was necessarily informed of it. Junot's friends transmitted to him regular information of the progress of Moreau's affair. Thus we learned the arrest of Pichegru, which took place a fortnight after that of Moreau, and the capture of Georges, who was taken on the 9th of March, while driving in a cabriolet through the Rue de Tournon.

Shortly after we were made acquainted with the tragical fate of the Duc d'Enghien. On the 22d of March, a person who was in the confidence of Duroc, arrived at daybreak in the courtyard of the house in which we resided. He was the bearer of some dispatches which Junot hastily read. As he perused the papers, I observed him first redden, then turn pale. At length, striking his forehead with his hand, he exclaimed: "How happy it is for me that I am no longer Commandant of Paris!" These dispatches announced the death of the Duc d'Enghien.

The expedition to England, as it was termed, which was preparing along the coast of Normandy, in the Department of the Pas-de-Calais, and in the ports of Holland and Belgium, proceeded with extraordinary activity. The camp of Arras, formed of the famous division of

chosen grenadiers, twelve thousand men strong, and commanded by Junot, was destined to form a sort of advanced guard, and to commence the descent. I witnessed the formation of that magnificent corps, which the Emperor himself pronounced to be ALMOST FINER THAN HIS GUARDS.* I know the unremitting attention which Junot bestowed on those admirable troops; I saw Napoleon in the midst of them; and the recollections connected with that period are deserving of a place in these Memoirs.

During the time he was at Arras, Junot effected some changes in the dress of the grenadiers, which were at the time considered very important, and subsequently extended to the whole army.

While reviewing the troops one very rainy day, he could not help remarking that the cocked hats which the men then wore were not only very absurd, but very inconvenient. On his return home, Junot began to muse on the miserable condition of his poor grenadiers, who were drenched to the skin in consequence of the rain dripping from their cocked hats. It was Junot's wish that all troops of the line should wear either shakos or grenadier caps, and that this regulation should extend even to the cavalry, with the exception of the dragoon helmets. But a formidable difficulty presented itself, which was to get rid of queues and hair powder in the army; for, to tell the truth, the introduction of cropped hair was Junot's principal object in endeavoring to reform the hats, the inconvenient form of which wonderfully aided his plan.

"What an odious thing it is," said he, "to see a soldier on a rainy day, his coat covered with white greasy paste, his straggling hair tied by a knot of dirty ribbon, and his head surmounted by an ugly felt hat, which protects the wearer neither from wind, sun, nor rain! And for all this the soldier has an allowance of ten sous per week, which might be much better applied to the purchase of linen and shoes. Cropped hair, too, would be conducive both to health and cleanliness. The change is therefore desirable from every point of view."

Junot mentioned his scheme to the officers of his staff, and all decidedly approved of it. For a considerable

* These were Napoleon's words the first time he reviewed the troops. The guards he alluded to were subsequently called *la vieille Garde*, and were the finest corps in the army.

time previously cropped hair had been almost universally adopted among the officers of the army, from the General-in-Chief down to the sub-lieutenant. Of all the military men who surrounded the First Consul, Generals Lannes and Bessières were, I believe, the only two who retained the absurd old-fashioned *coiffure*.*

Junot then proceeded to Paris to confer with Napoleon on the subject, who told him that his plan was good, but that he would not have the troops constrained to cut their hair. Junot joyfully returned to Arras, and immediately proclaimed in the barracks that those soldiers who would have their hair cut off would do what was agreeable to their General, but that no compulsion would be resorted to. Next day the hairdressers of Arras had cut off more than two thousand queues; but in the evening there were two duels.

Junot was greatly vexed, for he foresaw that these quarrels would be made a subject of misrepresentation to Napoleon. This proved to be the case, for Junot received a letter written in Napoleon's own hand, and containing these few lines:

"JUNOT:—I approved your plan, because I conceived it to be useful; but I forbid all PRUSSIAN MEASURES. I will have no improvements effected in my army either by fighting or flogging. Adieu!—BONAPARTE."

Junot immediately wrote to the First Consul, explaining the facts as they really were, and he observed that, in a camp so numerous as that which he commanded, it would be extraordinary indeed if any change, however trivial, could be effected without a few private quarrels. But Junot had vowed to bring his enterprise to a successful issue, and that without any violence. He was beloved by his soldiers, and he went to their barracks and addressed them personally. As soon as they heard from his own mouth that they would displease him by resisting the proposed measure, there ensued, if I may so express myself, a perfect revolution. The new regulation was fully complied with before the end of the week.

*Lannes and Bessières, at the time here alluded to, were scarcely thirty years of age, and yet, notwithstanding the general fashion, they pertinaciously adhered to hair powder and queues.

We had been a few months at Arras, when one morning the "*Moniteur*" announced to us that a motion had been made in the Tribunate for confiding the government of the Republic to an Emperor, and declaring the Empire hereditary in the family of the First Consul Bonaparte. The Senate followed the example of the Tribunate and the motion was adopted. It has been alleged that Napoleon, in this most important passage of his life, made Cromwell and Augustus the models of his conduct. This is an absurd mistake. As to his choice of the title of Emperor, that title was, of all others, most congenial to the feelings of the army, while it conveyed no offense to the ears of the citizens. France at that period would have shuddered at the very name of KING. The people would never have accepted a compact presented in the name of royalty.

When General Davoût returned to France with the Army of the East, Junot said to me: "There is an old comrade whom I should wish to see better welcomed than he will be. The First Consul does not like Davoût, because when in Egypt he associated with all those who were hostile to Bonaparte. I do not know that Davoût can be justly ranked among the First Consul's enemies;* but it is certain that he has inspired him with an antipathy as complete as one man can entertain for another. I am the more sorry for this, inasmuch as Davoût is my comrade and a clever man."

This dislike, of which all who were with Bonaparte in Egypt might have seen proofs, had a singular source. It originated in the personal appearance of Davoût, who, by the way, was at that time the most dirty and ill-dressed man imaginable — a fault Napoleon, always himself particularly neat and clean, held in aversion. Davoût was an intelligent man, but the First Consul did not like his critical disposition, or the sardonic smile with which he was wont to accompany an ironical compliment; in short, Bonaparte disliked him, and he took no pains to

* Napoleon even made a point of checking personal antipathies whenever they were entertained toward individuals whose conduct had given him reason to complain. "It would be thought that I am taking revenge," replied he to Junot, who once expressed astonishment at his conferring a command on a man who was looked upon as his enemy in Egypt. — *Duchesse d'Abrantès.*

conceal his feelings. Junot and Marmont, who were the two oldest of Bonaparte's officers, and who would have wished to see Davoût well received by their General, especially as his career had not been fortunate, greeted him on his arrival with every demonstration of sincere friendship. Madame Marmont and myself, in spite of the repugnance we felt to have our carpets soiled with mud, welcomed the friend of our husbands with unfeigned cordiality.

Davoût's military qualities ingratiated him with Napoleon, who not only extended to him his good will, but gave him, what I suspect he valued more, employment and honors. He was appointed to a command in the Guards, and he espoused the sister of General Leclerc, who two years before had been affianced to General Lannes. He continued to advance in favor. At the time we were at Arras Davoût commanded what was called the camp of Bruges. An intimate friend of ours, Rear Admiral Magon, had the command of the fleet at this period. According to Napoleon's first arrangements, the Admiral was to have landed the picked division of Arras on the coast of England. Davoût was not a Marshal at the time of the formation of the camp of Bruges. Napoleon was then only Consul for life; but Davoût, like Soult, Bessières, and Mortier, had the command of a portion of the Consular Guard.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Creation of the Legion of Honor and of the Grand Officers of the Empire — Napoleon Reviews the Troops at Arras — Inauguration of the Legion of Honor — Military Ceremony at Boulogne — Madame Ney — Arrival of the Flotilla — Unlucky Accident — Napoleon's Vexation — Sneers in the English Journals — My Journey to Calais with Junot — Napoleon's Curiosity — Regulations for the Court Dress of Ladies — Napoleon's Embroidered Coat — Bonaparte's Opinions upon Ladies' Dresses — Preparations for the Coronation — Arrival of the Pope — Description of His Appearance — Amusing Incident — The Pope and Cervoni.

THE distribution of Crosses of the Legion of Honor took place at Boulogne on the 15th of August, 1802. I was a witness to that ceremony, which is still fresh in my memory. When the creation of the Legion

of Honor was first proposed, it excited violent opposition. Over this opposition the First Consul triumphed; but he deemed it advisable to show some regard to deeply rooted opinions, and to avoid lacerating wounds which time had not yet healed. For the space of two years, therefore, the Legion of Honor was not talked of.

It was not until the period when the Empire was declared that the Emperor made his CLASSIFICATION of the different Crosses. This classification excited no small degree of surprise, for it had been supposed that the rewards would be uniform. Junot was created a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, and almost immediately after he was appointed Grand Cross. After this followed the appointment of twenty-four Grand Officers of the Empire.

The Emperor now announced his intention of coming to review the troops. During the ten months that Junot had been at Arras, Napoleon had not even sent Berthier to him, except perhaps for a few hours. The Emperor wished Junot to form the corps according to his own judgment, unassisted by any directions. This he afterward acknowledged, was intended as an experiment on the capability of his old aid-de-camp. It was fortunate for Junot that he acquitted himself so satisfactorily.

The Emperor arrived on the Wednesday at noon, and took up his abode at the house of the Prefect, of whom he made minute inquiries as to the manner in which the troops behaved to the country people, and whether the grenadiers cantoned in the little neighboring villages had been guilty of any pillage. On the following day he reviewed the troops, and during the seven hours occupied by their manœuvers he was constantly on foot.

Escorted by M. Maret, I advanced to the group surrounding the Emperor. He was in the act of remounting his horse to see the troops defile. He recognized me, although I was still at some distance, and sent Colonel Lafond to ask me to advance nearer, that I might have a better view. When the evolutions were over, I observed the Emperor directing his horse toward the place where I stood. He rode up, and kindly inquired how I was, how I liked Arras, and whether I did not wish to return to Paris. To all these gracious questions

I dare say I replied very foolishly, as I did not expect such courtesy, and I was taken by surprise. The truth, however, is that the embarrassment I felt at the novelty of pronouncing the words "Sire" and "Your Majesty" was the principal cause of my *gaucherie*. Maret, whose arm I held, afterward told me that I trembled exceedingly.

After the review Junot and all the officers of his division dined with the Emperor, who paid them very handsome compliments. "Junot," said he to my husband, "mention in to-morrow's order of the day that I am satisfied, extremely satisfied, with my brave grenadiers of Arras."

Napoleon had been Emperor about three months when he determined to inaugurate the Order of the Legion of Honor,* by a public solemnity, the first since Napoleon had enjoyed his new title. It took place in the Eglise des Invalides at Paris on the 14th of July, 1804. It was a happy idea to consecrate a military reward, by such a ceremony, in that venerable pile which is the last asylum of the wounded soldier.

Preparations were made at Boulogne for another brilliant ceremony. The Emperor had distributed the first Crosses to the Dignitaries of the Order, then in Paris, on the day of the inauguration. He now wished to distribute with due formality those which were to supersede the "Arms of Honor." Every individual to whom "Arms of Honor" had been awarded received a summons to Boulogne. The camps of Saint Omer, Bruges, Arras, Montreuil, and Amiens sent deputations, and seventy thousand men assembled at this imposing ceremony.

Junot and I set off for Boulogne: a place was reserved for me in Berthier's *baraque*, which was the best situation for witnessing the magnificent spectacle which took place on the 15th of August. The Emperor had chosen that day with the view of celebrating at once his own birthday and the festival of his brothers-in-arms. Near the Tour d'Ordre, on the most elevated point of the hill, a throne was constructed, around which waved two hundred banners that had been taken from the enemies of France. On the steps of the throne were ranged the

* Created by the law of the 19th of May, 1802.

twenty-four General Officers of the Empire whom Napoleon had selected from among the most distinguished military commanders.

On the throne was placed the ancient chair known by the name of the *Fauteuil de Dagobert*, and near the Emperor was the helmet of Bayard, containing the crosses and ribbons which were to be distributed. The shield of Francis I. was also brought into requisition.

In a valley cut by the hands of Nature there were stationed sixty thousand men, in several ranks, and in echelon. The valley was so formed that they seemed to be ranged in the amphitheater, and could be seen from the sea, the waves of which broke against the foot of the Tour d'Ordre, or rather at the foot of the hill on which it was erected. In front of the men was the throne, which was ascended by a few steps. There was seated, in all the splendor of his glory, the man whose genius then ruled Europe and the world. Over his head a multitude of banners, tattered by cannon balls and stained with blood, formed a canopy appropriate to the occasion. Though the day was fair, yet the wind blew with extreme freshness, so that these trophies of victory waved in full view of several English vessels then cruising in the straits.

I had the pleasure of meeting, on this occasion, Madame Ney, who was one of the pupils of Madame Campan, and had received a most finished education. She was remarkable for an air of simplicity, and I may even say a certain degree of timidity, which was the more attractive inasmuch as it formed a contrast to the manners of most of the ladies by whom she was surrounded at the Court of France. Those ladies were, it is true, for the most part perfectly amiable and well bred, but they were young and inexperienced; and having seen little of the world, especially of that courtly world upon which they had recently entered, they were easily dazzled by the illusions of fortune, and were sometimes betrayed into gross absurdities.

The fine ladies of the Faubourg Saint Germain, who at first formed part of the Empress Josephine's Court, thought they would produce a wonderful impression by assuming airs of *hauteur*, though from them better manners might have been expected. To all this ill-breeding

of various kinds, the manners of a woman *comme il faut*, such as Madame Ney, formed a delightful relief. The softness and benevolence of Madame Ney's smile, together with the intelligent expression of her large dark eyes, rendered her a very beautiful woman; and her lively manners and accomplishments enhanced her personal graces. It may easily be imagined that I was not a little delighted to meet this charming person at Boulogne.

The ceremony of the distribution was exceedingly long. Each legionist ascended the twelve steps leading to the throne, and after receiving his Cross and ribbon from the Emperor's own hand, made his bow, and returned to his place. When Napoleon presented the Cross to one of his old comrades, who had fought with him in Italy or Egypt, there seemed to be a glow of feeling which carried him back to his early and most brilliant glory.

It was five o'clock, and for a considerable time I had observed the Emperor turning frequently and anxiously to M. Decrès, the Minister of the Marine, to whom he repeatedly said something in a whisper. He then took a glass and looked toward the sea, as if eager to discover a distant sail. At length his impatience seemed to increase. Berthier, too, who stood biting his nails, in spite of his new dignity of Marshal, now and then looked through the glass and Junot appeared to be in the secret, for they all talked together aside. It was evident that SOMETHING was expected. At length the Minister of the Marine received a message, which he immediately communicated to the Emperor, and the latter snatched the glass from the hand of M. Decrès with such violence that it fell and rolled down the steps of the throne.

All eyes were now directed to the point which I had observed the Emperor watching, and we soon discerned a flotilla, consisting of between a thousand and twelve hundred boats, advancing in the direction of Boulogne from the different neighboring ports and from Holland. The Emperor had made choice of August 15th as the day for uniting the flotilla with the other boats stationed in the port of Boulogne, in sight of the English vessels which were cruising in the straits; while at the same time he distributed to his troops rewards destined to stimulate their courage, and to excite their impatience to undertake the invasion of England.

But the satisfaction Napoleon enjoyed at the sight of the flotilla was not of long duration. An emphatic oath uttered by M. Decrès — who, it is well known, made a liberal use of these ornaments of speech — warned the Emperor that some accident had occurred. It was soon ascertained that the officer who commanded the first division of the flotilla, disregarding the advice of the coasting pilot, had, just as he was on the point of landing, run foul of some works newly erected along the coast. The shock swamped some of the boats, and several of the men jumped overboard. The cries of the people at the seaside, who hurried to their assistance, excited much alarm. Fortunately, it happened to be low water at the time, and I believe one man only was drowned.

The accident was exceedingly mortifying, happening as it did in the full gaze of our enemies, whose telescopes were all pointed toward us, and it threw the Emperor into a violent rage. He descended from the throne and proceeded with Berthier to a sort of terrace which was formed along the water's edge. He paced to and fro very rapidly, and we could occasionally hear him utter some energetic expression indicative of his vexation. In the evening a grand dinner and ball took place in honor of the inauguration. About six o'clock, just as dinner was about to be served for the soldiers, under the tents, a heavy fall of rain came on. This served to augment the Emperor's ill-humor, and formed a gloomy termination to a day which had commenced so brilliantly.

On the evening of the festival at Boulogne, Junot received orders from the Emperor requiring him to set out for Calais next morning. He told me I might accompany him if I chose, but that, owing to the little time he had at his disposal, he could not pass the whole day in Calais, "Unless," said he, "you consent to set out tonight immediately after the ball." I accepted this proposition, and we arrived at Calais next morning at seven o'clock. Consequently, we had ample time to look about us. On my return the Emperor asked me how I liked my nocturnal journey, what I thought of Calais and Dessein's Hotel, and put to me many questions respecting what I had observed in several places on our route.

I mention this fact, though unimportant in itself, because I wish to seize every shade, however trivial, which belongs to the portrait of Napoleon. Certainly he had no heed of my opinion, nor my remarks upon anything which referred to that part of the French coast; but I had eyes and ears, and, being free from prejudice, I could judge impartially of what I saw, and that was enough for him. He would sometimes question a child, and would often interrogate women on subjects to which they were not, perhaps, in the habit of directing their attention. On these occasions he always liked to have a ready answer.

On our return to Arras I observed a twofold activity prevailing in all that related to the manœuvers of the army. Junot was several times summoned to Paris. In his absence the command devolved alternately on Generals Dupas and Macon, who were both attached to the Imperial Guard. On his return from one of these journeys Junot informed me of a circumstance which at the time I thought very extraordinary; this was the introduction of a sort of sumptuary law, regulating the Court dress of the ladies. This dress was then nearly what it still remains. The *chérusque*,* which, however, was speedily retrenched, was exceedingly becoming. The robe and petticoat were as they are now, with this difference, that the embroidered border of the robe was not to exceed four inches in depth. The princesses alone had the privilege of wearing the robe embroidered all over. Such were, at first, the commands of the Emperor, and they were dictated by good sense and paternal feeling. He did not wish that in his Court, which was composed of men who had rendered honorable services to the country, but many of whom were comparatively poor, the extravagance of a young wife should compromise the happiness of her husband. This sumptuary regulation was at first rigidly observed.

The mention of embroideries reminds me of a curious circumstance. Everyone who frequented the Tuileries about the period I allude to must recollect a certain coat composed of red taffeta, and richly embroidered in gold in a symbolic pattern, consisting of branches of olive,

* A Gothic ruff with long points, composed of tulle embroidered with gold or silver to correspond with the dress.

oak, and laurel. This coat was worn by the First Consul, with boots, a black cravat, and all the accessories of a military costume. It was known by the name of *l'habit de Lyon.*

M. Levacher, an eminent silk mercer in Paris, observing the decline which had taken place in a considerable branch of the silk trade, owing to the disuse of embroidery, resolved to endeavor to revive it. For this purpose he consulted with some of the principal embroiderers, and sent them the design I have above mentioned. As soon as it was finished, he took it to M. Chaptal, the Minister of the Interior. The Minister was struck with the beauty of the work. "But," said he, "how can you expect that the First Consul will wear an embroidered coat — he who never even wears the uniform of a general officer?" "I will not despair of gaining my object," said M. Levacher. "I am Madame Bonaparte's silk mercer; she has always been very friendly to me, and I will see what she can do."

Madame Bonaparte was struck with the beauty of the garment, but candidly informed M. Levacher that there was no hope of prevailing on the First Consul to wear it. The silk mercer, not a little disheartened by this assurance, had folded up the coat, and was putting it into the box, when the door leading to the First Consul's cabinet suddenly opened, and Bonaparte appeared. M. Levacher was at first somewhat embarrassed; but, immediately recollecting that his success depended on seizing the present opportunity, he opened the box, and submitted the coat to the inspection of Napoleon, at the same time warmly urging the necessity of reviving the drooping prosperity of the unfortunate city of Lyons which was dying amid the regeneration of France. The First Consul listened to him with marked interest: Bonaparte had already entertained plans for ameliorating the trade of Lyons, and the offering now presented to him afforded a fair excuse for wearing embroidered coats, and causing them to be worn — a fashion which could scarcely have been introduced without very good reason in a Court which was yet entirely Republican.

"I will not deny," he remarked, "that I have some repugnance to equip myself in this fantastic costume, but for that reason my resolution will be the better appreciated." Such is the history of the *habit rouge*, which

everyone thought so singular when Bonaparte first appeared in it.

Bonaparte expressed a decided dislike to the PERCALES and muslins,* which were then much worn by ladies in France. But he was always pleased whenever he saw any of us in a leno dress. I recollect one day wearing a leno dress of which Madame Bonaparte had made me a present. I was then very slender, and my figure would very well admit of my wearing a stiffly starched gown, but, as it was then the fashion for the ladies' dresses to fall like the draperies of the antique statues, I must have looked ridiculous. However, the Emperor thought proper to applaud my taste. "That is the way you should all dress, *en négligé*, ladies," said he. "I do not like to see you in those English muslins, which are sold at the price of their weight in gold, and which do not look half so well as a beautiful white leno. Wear leno, cambric, and silk, and then my manufacturers will flourish."

Napoleon's coronation was to take place on the 11th Frimaire (2d December), and Junot was summoned to Paris to attend the ceremony. General Oudinot took the command of the division of the grenadiers at Arras, whither Junot did not afterward return. On my arrival in town I found my house filled with different members of Junot's family, who had arrived from the country to be present at the coronation. It is impossible to form an idea of the bustle and gayety which prevailed in Paris at this time. From morning till night the streets were thronged by a busy and joyous multitude. Some were seen hurrying to procure tickets to witness the ceremony, others were engaging windows to see the procession pass, and, to afford some idea of the ardent curiosity that prevailed, I may mention that a family of my acquaintance from Artois, having arrived too late to procure tickets for the interior of Notre Dame, paid the sum of three hundred francs for a second-floor window near the gate of the Cathedral.

The sight-hunters first visited Dallemagne, the famous embroiderer, who was preparing the Emperor's mantle, for which Levacher had furnished the velvet; thence

* *Percales* and French muslins were exceedingly fashionable and expensive at the time here alluded to. With the exception of leno, all the white worn by ladies was brought from England.

they proceeded to Foncier's, to see the crowns of the Emperor and Empress, and the Emperor's sword, the hilt of which was adorned with the famous diamond known by the name of the Regent, and lastly, they went in search of tickets to view the interior of Notre Dame, where the most splendid preparations were making for the approaching ceremony. Embroiderers, tailors, florists, jewelers — in short, tradesmen of every description — were busily at work, and all joyfully anticipating a rich harvest of profit.

At this instant of universal joy the Pope arrived in Paris. His Holiness was lodged in the Pavillon de Flore, and the Emperor himself set the example of showing him the honors due not only to his dignity as a Sovereign and the Head of the Church, but also to his personal virtues. The countenance of Pius VII. has never been faithfully represented in any of his portraits; none that I have seen accurately portray his mild and intelligent features.

His extremely pallid complexion and jet-black hair, together with his white robes, produced altogether a singular effect. When I was presented to him,* his venerable appearance inspired me with a feeling of interest, independent of the respect which I as a Catholic, owed to the Head of the Church. He gave me a very beautiful chaplet with a *relique*, and seemed pleased to hear me thank him in Italian. On the Pope's arrival in Paris all the constituted bodies, and all the authorities, primary and secondary, paid their formal respects to him. The generals were not the last to observe this ceremony, though several among them had evinced a reluctance which gave umbrage to the Emperor.

On the occasion of the generals paying their visit to the Pavillon de Flore, a question arose as to which of them should harangue the Holy Father. Several among them spoke Italian very fluently, and General Sebastiani, who always had a taste for making speeches, offered his services, but he was considered too young in the

*Whenever a female is presented to the Pope it must be so managed as to have the appearance of accident. Women are not admitted into the Vatican, but His Holiness permits them to be presented to him in the Sistine Chapel, or in his promenades. But the meeting must always appear to be the effect of chance.

scale of commanders, and the choice fell on General Cervoni.

This selection, which was to all appearance perfectly suitable and proper, gave rise to a droll incident. At the time when the French entered Rome with Alexander Berthier, Cervoni, who was then a brigadier-general, was Military Commandant of the city. It was even said he ordered the arrest of Pius VII. That, however, was not the fact; but it was nevertheless believed at the time, and consequently Cervoni was an object of terror in Rome. The Pope feared him as he would his evil genius.

When Cervoni delivered the address in the name of the generals, the Pope was struck with the pure and elegant accent with which he spoke Italian. « *Come lei parla bene l'Italiano.* . . . » said his Holiness. « *Santo Padre, sono quasi Italiano.* » « *Oh!* . . . » « *Sono Corso.* » « *Oh!* . . . *Oh!* . . . » « *Sono Cervoni.* » « *Oh!* . . . *Oh!* . . . *Oh!* . . . » And at each exclamation the Holy Father retreated a few paces backward, until at length he got close to the chimney and could go no farther. The Pope probably thought he was going to be seized and sent to Valence.

It was irresistibly humorous to hear Cervoni himself describe this scene, the drollery of which must have been heightened by the contrast between the voices of the interlocutors. Cervoni had a clear, sonorous, and powerful voice; while the Pope, on the contrary, spoke in a shrill soprano, and somewhat nasal tone. In person, Cervoni was not unlike the Pope: he had the same pale complexion, and the same form of countenance; but at the period alluded to he was a young and handsome man.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Formation of the New Court — Madame Lavalette — Madame de La Rochefoucauld — Madame Maret, Madame Savary, Madame de Ca——y, Mesdames Lannes and Durosnel — The Households of the Princesses — M d'Aligre — The Princess Eliza — Dispute between Her and Napoleon — Madame Leclerc — Her Widowhood — Marriage — The Prince Borghèse — The Bride's Visit to Saint Cloud — Her Vanity — Marmont's Disgrace — The Author of It — Votes of the Nation — Napoleon's Severity to Lucien and Jerôme — Madame Lætitia's Maternal Feeling.

THE formation of the new Court about to be established now occupied the attention of every mind. The influence which such a circumstance is sure to engender had already manifested itself in active intrigue. Madame Bonaparte, who was of easy temper and kind disposition, was applied to on all sides for the presentation of a *dame du palais*, a chamberlain, or an equerry; in short, she was assailed by that numerous troop composed almost exclusively of those whose influence was so fatal to the Emperor in 1814. At the time of the coronation this crowd of expectants was still endurable by the true friends of Napoleon, for among them were the wives of those men who had shed their blood for France, and who were devoted not only to their country, but to the Emperor.

Napoleon, however, was then dreaming of the accomplishment of an impossibility, viz: THE SYSTEM OF FUSION, about which he said so much at St. Helena; and this statesmanlike but unsuccessful policy is the only excuse for the grievous error he committed, in surrounding himself by individuals who, but a few years before, had spoken of his downfall as one of their dearest hopes. The men who were really attached to him saw the error and pointed it out, but the Emperor was deaf to their remonstrances, wishing to make allies rather than enemies, and vainly endeavoring to reunite all parties for the good of France.

The *dames du palais* were, at the period of the coronation, selected from among the wives of the generals and grand officers of the Empire. Madame de Lavalette

was appointed *dame d'atours*, or tire-woman, and Madame de La Rochefoucauld, Lady of Honor.* The new Court was refulgent with a species of glory, which women regard with the same solicitude as men pursue theirs, viz, elegance and beauty. Of the Princesses and the young women who formed the Court of the Empress, it would be difficult to mention one who was not distinguished for beauty.

Among these were Madame Maret, whose lovely face and finely-turned figure were equally admired with her purity of taste and elegance of manner, and Madame Savary, who possessed a countenance and form of equal beauty, but had one fault, which was, that though she dressed well, there was always some part of her costume which did not harmonize thoroughly with the rest. Madame Lannes's fine features resembled Raphael's or Correggio's most exquisite Madonnas. But perhaps the brightest star in this dazzling constellation was Madame de Ca——y. I often thought she might be compared to one of the Muses. In her were combined perfect regularity of features with an indescribable charm of expression, a profusion of soft, rich, silken hair, and a shape replete with grace and elegance.

Madame Durosnel's attractions consisted in her fine blue eyes, overhung by long and glossy lashes; in her fascinating smile, which discovered a set of the finest ivory teeth in the world; a profusion of fair hair, a hand and foot cast in the finest proportion, and a general elegance of manner which indicated a cultivated mind. Madame Durosnel was married some years later than I, and her husband was old enough to have passed as her father.

The households of the Princesses were formed with a more direct view to the FUSION SYSTEM than even that of the Empress Josephine; for the individuals about them,

*I never could comprehend the Emperor's intention in appointing Madame de La Rochefoucauld to that important post; it is certain that she never wished for the situation. The Empress Josephine was indeed obliged to press her to accept it, and, notwithstanding this, she frequently wished to relinquish it. In person this lady was small and ill-made, but she was a high-minded and sensible woman, and therefore she was necessarily subject to some degree of restraint and annoyance in the situation she held in the most pompous and fashionable Court in Europe.

being heads of families, carried with them considerable influence, and gave a coloring to the whole establishment. For instance, the Princess Caroline had for her chamberlain M. d'Aligre, whose name and fortune sufficed, in the Emperor's opinion, to form a banner round which the most adverse parties might rally. Indeed, the Faubourg Saint Germain at this period had reason to be indebted to the Princess Caroline, for it was through her meditation that the life of the Marquis de Rivière was saved, as the Empress Josephine saved the two Polignacs.

The Princess Eliza, whose austere temper rendered her less pliant to her brother's will than other members of the family, was surrounded by persons not so exclusively attached to the Faubourg Saint Germain, with the exception, perhaps, of one of her ladies, Madame de Br——n, who, however, did not remain long with her, but entered the service of the Princess Borghèse. Madame Laplace, the wife of the geometrician, was disposed to join the Princess in the pursuit of science; for, in this respect, Eliza pretty much resembled the Duchesse du Maine. Nor did the similitude stop here. Her ambitious spirit, and her imperious disposition, which reduced her husband to the rank of first officer of her household, were all points of resemblance between the two women.

This parallel, however, is not mine, but the Emperor's. He drew it one day at Saint Cloud, after a sharp dispute with his sister, relative to a play of the time of Louis XIV.—Rotrou's "*Wenceslaus.*" Talma, at the Emperor's request, had just been reading an act of that tragedy, and everyone knows how that celebrated man used to personate the character of Ladislaus. After awarding due praise to the admirable manner in which Talma had recited many of the lines, the conversation turned upon the merits of the piece itself. The Emperor declared very bluntly that the play was good for nothing. Then referring to "*Cinna,*" the "*Cid,*" and some other of Corneille's principal works, he concluded by saying: "This is what tragedy ought to be."

The Princess Eliza had a great admiration for Voltaire, and she immediately commenced an attack upon Corneille, the grounds of which were taken from Voltaire's notes which certainly are neither impartial nor

just from any point of view. The Emperor probably felt a little irritated at an attempt to refute him, which he knew to be unreasonable. The discussion grew warm, and angry words passed between them. At length Napoleon left the room, exclaiming: "This is intolerable; you are absolutely the caricature of the Duchesse du Maine." The expression struck me as being as droll as it was just. It would seem that Napoleon was much pleased with it himself, for one day at Neuilly, as he was ridiculing the performance of *Alzire*, he said the Princess Eliza had parodied the part of *Alzire*, and played it *en caricature*.

The drawing-room of Saint Cloud, in which the above little dispute happened, presented on another occasion a scene which subsequent circumstances rendered remarkable. Madame Leclerc lost her husband at Saint Domingo; she had his body embalmed, and she returned home with his remains on board the same vessel which had conveyed him to the island a few months before in perfect health. The Emperor, who thoroughly knew her disposition, and who was anxious that she should wear her weeds with decorum, consigned the young widow to the care of his brother Joseph and his amiable spouse.

Madame Leclerc was consequently lodged in the Hôtel Marbœuf, in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, then occupied by Joseph Bonaparte. Here I saw her on her return from Saint Domingo. She had then a frightful sore upon her hand, which, though it was healed for a time, appeared again in spite of all the efforts of her physicians. She looked most angelic in her weeds, though she was evidently impatient of the retirement they imposed on her! "I shall certainly sink under this, Laurette," said she to me one day. "If my brother determines to shut me out from the world, I will put an end to my existence at once."

Junot observed that, though we had a Venus de Medicis, a Venus of the Capitol, and a Venus Callipyge, we had never before heard of a "Venus Suicide." At this compliment the features of Madame Leclerc instantly brightened up, and extending her hand to Junot, she said: "Come and see me often, Junot; you are one of my old friends. Laurette, you need not be jealous, for you know I am going to be married."

Accordingly, a short time after, Napoleon, who was then only First Consul, arranged a marriage between her and Prince Camille Borghèse. When I saw the Prince I was struck with his handsome appearance; I was not then aware of his complete absence of intellect.

I reckon myself fortunate in having been a witness to the wedding visit of the Princess Borghèse to her sister-in-law, Madame Bonaparte. I was well aware of the rivalry which existed between these two ladies, and had observed many instances of the jealousy which Madame Leclerc entertained of Madame Bonaparte. I well knew Madame Leclerc's character, her excessive vanity, her constant endeavor to be thought not only the most beautiful, but the most brilliant of her sex. How often have I seen her shed tears of vexation at beholding her sister-in-law covered with diamonds and pearls of regal splendor!

On the evening of her introduction as Princess Borghèse to Madame Bonaparte at Saint Cloud, she exhibited one of the most striking traits in her character. It may well be conceived that her toilet that day was an affair of the utmost importance. After considering every color, and consulting the opinion of all about her, she at last fixed upon a robe of green velvet, upon which, with no great regard to taste, were displayed all the diamonds of the house of Borghèse, forming what was then called a *Mathilde*. Her head, her neck, her ears, and arms, were loaded with diamonds; in short, she was a dazzling mass of jewels, and the satisfaction she enjoyed in this gaudy display was most amusing. When she entered the room she observed the sensation she created, and the flush of triumph which overspread her countenance certainly made her look extremely beautiful.

Her intention was obviously to mortify her sister-in-law, and she seemed to revel in her triumph. She was a Princess, the most beautiful of her sex, possessing a collection of jewels more splendid than was possessed by any private gentlewoman in Europe, and a settlement of two millions a year. After she had passed around the room, she came and sat next me. "Laurette, my little Laurette! only look at them," said she; "they are ready to burst with envy! But 'tis no matter: I am a Princess, and a real one."

I could not help recollecting this last expression when I was at Rome in 1818; I then saw her at the Borghèse Palace, enjoying the protection which the Pope had extended to the Princess Borghèse. Thus she was not only the first Princess of her family, but she contrived to retain her rank amid all the disasters of her relatives.

Although a general joy pervaded all minds at this moment, Junot was vexed that the name of his friend Marmont did not appear on the list of appointments which had been made on the formation of the Empire; he was neither created a Grand Officer of the Empire nor a Grand Officer of the Crown. Such a sincere friendship attached Junot to his old college companion, and his first brother-in-arms, that he was distressed at this evidence of neglect.

Junot assured me that he knew the author of it, though from motives of prudence he would not inform Marmont. I pressed him to tell me, and though I was shocked I was not surprised; to accuse others was the constant practice of the individual in question, who, holding as he did the very highest rank in the army, should have preserved a noble and honorable line of conduct instead of earning for himself an odious reputation. Some time after the coronation, when Prince Eugène was appointed Grand Chancellor of State, the rank of Colonel-General of Chasseurs was given to Marmont.

On the 1st of December the Conservative Senate presented to the Emperor the votes of the nation. It is worthy of remark that for the Empire there were only two thousand five hundred and seventy-nine negative votes, and three millions five hundred and seventy-five affirmative, while for the Consulate for life there were, I believe, nearly nine thousand negative votes. I breakfasted with the Empress on the very day of the presentation of the registers to the Emperor, and I can positively affirm, whatever may have been said to the contrary, that Josephine had no gloomy presentiments either as regarded herself or Napoleon.

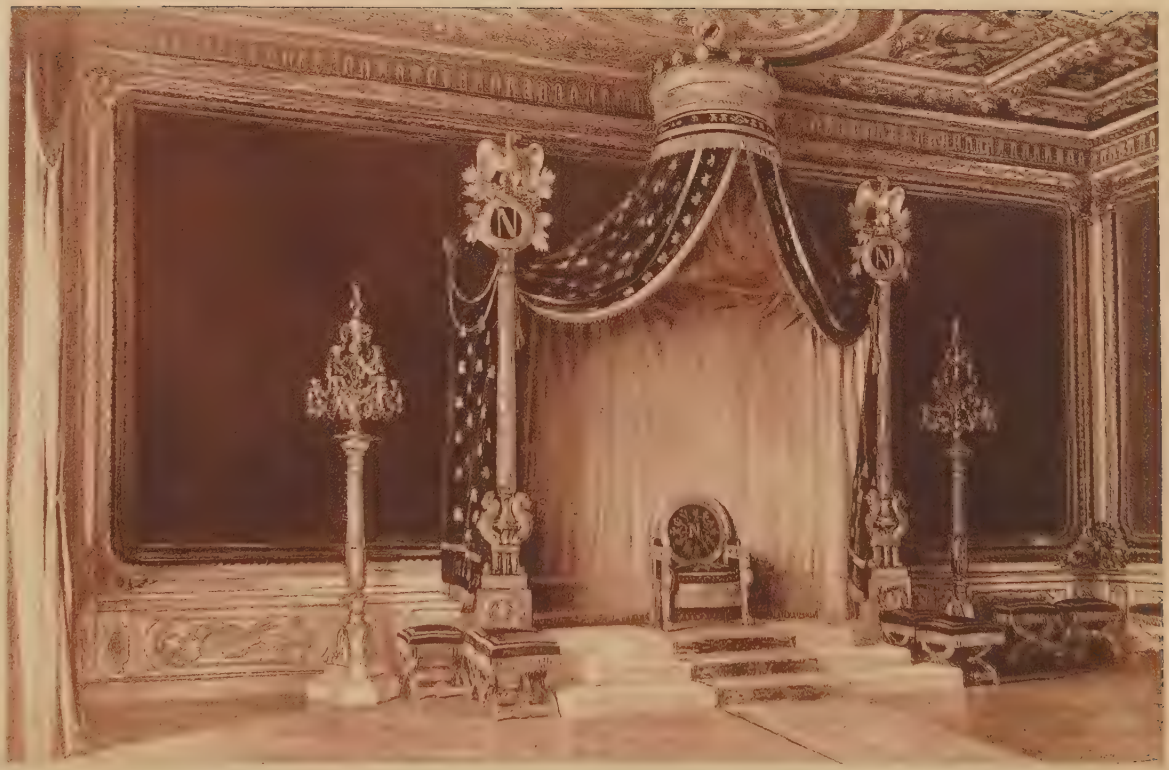
She was in excellent spirits, and she told me that the Emperor had that morning made her try on the crown which next day he was to place on her head before the eyes of France; and she shed tears of joy while she mentioned this. She also spoke feelingly of the disap-

pointment she had experienced on receiving the Emperor's refusal to her solicitation for the return of Lucien. "I wished to make to-morrow a day of grace," said she; "but Bonaparte" (for she continued to call him by this name long after his elevation to the Empire) "impatiently rejected my suit, and I was compelled to be silent. I wished to prove to Lucien that I can return good for evil. If you should see him let him know it."

I was astonished at Napoleon's inflexibility toward his brother, and one, too, to whom he owed so much. His marriage with Madame Jauberthon was alleged to be the unpardonable offense he had committed; but I am of opinion that the republican sentiments entertained by Lucien formed the real objection to his recall to France. Another circumstance which augmented the hostility of the Emperor toward his brother was the conduct of Madame Lætitia Bonaparte. She warmly espoused the cause of her exiled son, and quitted Paris for the purpose of conveying to him assistance and consolation.

The elder Madame Bonaparte's maternal feelings were painfully lacerated at this period of general joy and festivity. Her youngest son, Jerôme, was excluded from the family circle which Napoleon had collected around him, and to which he looked for the consolidation of his future power. Jerôme had married Miss Patterson in America. Though he was at the time a mere boy, yet the marriage was nevertheless valid, since it took place with the consent of his mother and his elder brother. But the First Consul was furiously indignant at the conduct of the young *enseigne de vaisseau*, conceiving that as head of the Government he was also the head of his family.

Jerôme had left America to return to Europe. Madame Lætitia informed the Emperor of his departure; and Napoleon immediately took measures to prevent his landing, not only in any of the ports of France, but also those of Holland and Belgium, and wherever he had power to exclude him. I made no comment on this severity; subsequent events may or may not have justified it; of that the reader will presently be able to judge. Be this as it may, Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was, at the time of the coronation in Rome, without either title



...nection. She was, however, introduced in David's ... of the coronation. ... have been by com... of the Emperor, ... I ... agine that the idea ... suggested by herself.

Ceremony of ... Empress ... — Co...

... [illegible] ... covered up the whole of the ...

THE THRONE OF NAPOLEON IN THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU

... [illegible] ... was necessary to be at our posts before the pro... was the appointed hour.

I was at that time as intimate ... with the Duchess of ...

or distinction. She was, however, introduced in David's picture of the coronation. This must have been by command of the Emperor, for I cannot imagine that the idea was suggested by herself.

CHAPTER XXV.

Ceremony of the Coronation — Demeanor of the Emperor and the Empress — The Crown of Charlemagne — Ominous Fall of a Stone — Conversation with Napoleon.

BEFORE daybreak on the 2d of December all Paris was alive and in motion; indeed, hundreds of persons had remained up the whole of the night. Many ladies had the courage to get their hair dressed at two o'clock in the morning, and then sat quietly in their chairs until the time arrived for arranging the other parts of their toilet. We were all very much hurried, for it was necessary to be at our posts before the procession moved from the Tuileries, for which nine o'clock was the appointed hour.

I was at that time as intimate with the Duchess of Ragusa as Junot was with her husband, though she afterward quarreled with me, for some reason that I never could discover. We arranged to go together to Notre Dame, and we set out at half past seven in the morning. Junot was to carry one of the honors of Charlemagne — the ball or the hand of Justice, I do not now recollect which. We accordingly left him busily engaged in arraying himself in his peer's robes.

Who that saw Notre Dame on that memorable day can ever forget it? I have witnessed in that venerable pile the celebration of sumptuous and solemn festivals; but never did I see anything at all approximating in splendor to the *coup d'œil* exhibited at Napoleon's coronation. The vaulted roof re-echoed the sacred chanting of the priests, who invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the ceremony about to be celebrated, while they awaited the arrival of the Vicar of Christ, whose throne was prepared near the altar.

Along the ancient walls of tapestry were ranged, according to their ranks, the different bodies of the State, the deputies from every city; in short, the representatives of all France assembled to implore the benediction of heaven on the sovereign of the people's choice. The waving plumes which adorned the hats of the Senators, Councilors of State, and Tribunes; the splendid uniforms of the military; the clergy in all their ecclesiastical pomp; and the multitude of young and beautiful women, glittering in jewels, and arrayed in that style of grace and elegance which is to be seen only in Paris — all together presented a picture which has perhaps rarely been equaled, and certainly never excelled.

The Pope arrived first; and at the moment of his entering the cathedral the anthem *Tu es Petrus* was chanted. His Holiness advanced from the door with an air at once majestic and humble. Ere long the firing of cannon announced the departure of the procession from the Tuileries. From an early hour in the morning the weather had been exceedingly unfavorable. It was cold and rainy, and appearances seemed to indicate that the procession would be anything but agreeable to those who joined in it.

But, as if by the especial favor of Providence, of which so many instances are observable in the career of Napoleon, the clouds suddenly dispersed, the sky brightened up, and the multitudes who lined the streets from the Tuileries to the cathedral enjoyed the sight of the procession without being, as they had anticipated, drenched by a December rain. Napoleon, as he passed along, was greeted by heartfelt expressions of enthusiastic love and attachment.

On his arrival at Notre Dame, Napoleon ascended the Throne, which was erected in front of the Grand Altar. Josephine took her place beside him, surrounded by the assembled sovereigns of Europe.* Napoleon appeared singularly calm. I watched him narrowly, with the view of discovering whether his heart beat more unsteadily beneath the imperial trappings than under the uniform of the Guards; but I could observe no difference, and yet I was only ten paces from him.

The length of the ceremony, however, seemed to weary

*This is an exaggeration on Madame Junot's part.

him; and I saw him several times check a yawn. Nevertheless, he did everything he was required to do with propriety. When the Pope anointed him with the triple unction on the head and both hands, I fancied from the direction of his eyes that he was thinking of wiping off the oil rather than of anything else; and I was so perfectly acquainted with the workings of his countenance that I have no hesitation in saying that was really the thought that crossed his mind at the moment. During the ceremony of the anointing the Holy Father delivered that impressive prayer which concluded with these words:

«. . . Diffuse, O Lord, by my hands, the treasures of your grace and benediction on your servant, Napoleon, whom, in spite of our personal unworthiness, WE THIS DAY ANOINT EMPEROR IN YOUR NAME.»

Napoleon listened to this prayer with an air of pious devotion; but just as the Pope was about to take the crown, called the CROWN OF CHARLEMAGNE, from the Altar, Napoleon seized it and placed it on his own head.* At that moment he was really handsome, and his countenance was lighted up with an expression of which no words can convey an idea. He had removed the wreath of laurel which he wore on entering the church, and which encircles his brow in the fine picture of Gérard. The crown was perhaps, in itself, less becoming to him; but the expression excited by the act of putting it on rendered him perfectly handsome.

When the moment arrived for Josephine to take an

*At that moment there occurred one of those incidents which pass unheeded when they are not followed by any particular consequence, but which, nevertheless, furnish food for superstition. For several months previous to the coronation the ancient roof and walls of Notre Dame had been unmercifully hammered by the workmen employed in fixing up the decorations; and several small particles of stone which had been thus loosened fell during the ceremony into the nave and choir. Just at the moment when Napoleon seized the crown and placed it on his own head, a stone about the size of a nut fell from the roof, directly over the Emperor's shoulder. There was no movement or gesture of the Emperor which could enable me to guess whether or not he felt the stone touch him; but, small as it was, considering the vast height from which it fell it is scarcely possible to believe he could be entirely unconscious of the circumstance. —DUCHESSE D'ABRANTÈS.

active part in the grand drama, she descended from the Throne and advanced toward the Altar, where the Emperor awaited her, followed by her retinue of Court ladies, and having her train borne by the Princesses Caroline, Julie, Eliza, and Louis. One of the chief beauties of the Empress Josephine was not merely her fine figure, but the elegant turn of her neck, and the way in which she carried her head; indeed, her deportment altogether was conspicuous for dignity and grace. I have had the honor of being presented to many REAL PRINCESSES, to use the phrase of the Faubourg Saint Germain, but I never saw one who, to my eyes, presented so perfect a personification of elegance and majesty.

In Napoleon's countenance I could read the conviction of all I have just said. He looked with an air of complacency at the Empress as she advanced toward him; and when she knelt down — when the tears which she could not repress fell upon her clasped hands, as they were raised to heaven, or rather to Napoleon — both then appeared to enjoy one of those fleeting moments of pure felicity which are unique in a lifetime, and serve to fill up a lustrum of years. The Emperor performed with peculiar grace every action required of him during the ceremony; but his manner of crowning Josephine was most remarkable: after receiving the small Crown surmounted by the cross, he had first to place it on his own head, and then to transfer it to that of the Empress.

When the moment arrived for placing the Crown on the head of the woman whom popular superstition regarded as his good genius, his manner was almost playful. He took great pains to arrange this little Crown, which was placed over Josephine's tiara of diamonds; he put it on, then took it off, and finally put it on again, as if to promise her she should wear it gracefully and lightly. My position enabled me fortunately to see and observe every minute action and gesture of the principal actors in this magical scene.

This part of the ceremony being ended, the Emperor descended from the Altar to return to his Throne, while the magnificent *Vivat* was performed by the full chorus. At this moment the Emperor, whose keen eye had hitherto glanced rapidly from one object to another, recognized me in the corner which I occupied. He fixed

his eye upon me, and I cannot attempt to describe the thoughts which this circumstance conjured up in my mind. A naval officer once told me that during a shipwreck, when he had given himself up for lost, the whole picture of his past life seemed to unfold itself before him in the space of a minute. May it not be presumed that Napoleon, when he looked at me, was assailed by a host of past recollections; that he thought of the Rue des Filles Saint Thomas and of the hospitality he had shared in my father's house, and the ride in a carriage with my mother, when, returning from Saint Cyr, he exclaimed: "*Oh! si j'étais le maître!*"

When I saw the Emperor a few days afterward, he said: "Why did you wear a black velvet dress at the coronation?" This question took me so by surprise that I could not readily reply. "Was it a sign of mourning?" continued he. "Oh, Sire!" I exclaimed, and the tears started to my eyes. Napoleon looked at me as if he would scan my very inmost thoughts. "But tell me," said he, "why did you make choice of that somber, I may almost say, sinister, color?" "Your Majesty did not observe that the front of my robe was richly embroidered with gold,* and that I wore my diamonds. I did not conceive that there was anything unsuitable in my dress, not being one of those ladies whose situations required them to appear in full Court costume." "Is that remark intended to convey an indirect reproach? Are you, like certain other ladies, because they have not been appointed *dames du palais?* I do not like sulkiness and ill-humor." "Sire, I have shown no ill-humor; but for that I claim no merit, because I feel none. Junot has informed me that your Majesty does not wish to make double appointments in your household and that of the Empress, and that when the husband is one of the military household the wife cannot be a *dame du palais.*" "Junot told you so, did he? And how happened he to mention that? Were you complaining? Are you infected with ambition? I hate ambitious women. Unless they are Queens they are intriguers; remember that, Madame Junot. But now tell me, are you not vexed at not being appointed *dame*

*The fact is, that black or dark colored velvet dresses were much worn at that time, especially with diamonds. There were a great many at Napoleon's coronation.

du palais? Answer me candidly; if a woman can be candid." "I will, Sire; but your Majesty will not believe me." "Come, come, let me have an answer." "Then I am not vexed." "Why?" "Because I am not one of those persons who can easily conform to absolute subjection; and your Majesty would probably wish that the protocol for regulating the Court of the Empress should be framed on the model of a military code." Napoleon laughed. "Not unlikely," resumed he. "However, I am satisfied; you have given me a very good answer, and I shall remember it." Then, after a pause, he said: "Poor Junot! did you observe how his feelings were moved at the coronation? He is a faithful friend. Who could have foreseen, when we were both at Toulon ten years ago, that we should live to see such a day as the 2d of December?" "Perhaps Junot, Sire."

Here I reminded him of a letter which my husband wrote to his father in 1794, and in which he refuted the objection of the old man who blamed him for leaving his regiment to follow the fortune of an obscure and unknown general like Bonaparte. Junot replied: "You ask me who General Bonaparte is. He is one of those men whom nature creates sparingly, and who appear in the world now and then in the lapse of ages." My father-in-law showed this letter to the First Consul when he passed through Dijon after the Battle of Marengo, and the Emperor appeared quite struck with the recollection which I called to his mind. The conversation between myself and Napoleon, which I have just described, took place at a ball which was given either by the War Minister or M. de Talleyrand, I forget which.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Junot Appointed Ambassador to Portugal — He Hesitates to Accept the Appointment — Lord Robert Fitzgerald and his Lady — Marshal Lannes Recalled — Cambacérès — Departure of a Squadron to Dominica — Its Success — Detailed Instructions given to me by the Emperor — Preparations for my Departure — Court Dresses and Hoops — M. d'Araujo — Junot's Farewell Interview with Napoleon — Our Departure from Paris — Honors Paid to Junot on the Route — Arrival at Bayonne — Alphonso Pignatelli's Offer of his House at Madrid — Entrance into Spain.

JUNOT returned home one day with a thoughtful and almost melancholy air. He told me that the Emperor was desirous of giving him a proof of his confidence, of which doubtless he was very sensible, but which, nevertheless, caused him some uneasy apprehensions. The Emperor had proposed that he should proceed on an embassy to Portugal. At first I beheld only the brilliant side of the matter, and I said: "Well, why are you dissatisfied?"

"Because," replied Junot. "I am not calculated for diplomacy, and that brave and excellent fellow Lannes tells me that the Court of Lisbon is a perfect bear-garden, and that I should be sure to get into some scrape. England is all-powerful at Lisbon; Austria threatens to turn her back upon us, as well as Prussia and Russia; therefore you may well imagine that I am not much inclined to go to take a siesta in Portugal amid the firing of cannon and musketry."

I knew Junot's character, and I made no reply; indeed, this last objection closed my mouth. For my own part, the bare idea of quitting France rendered me miserable. However as this was an affair which might place Junot in a situation to show what he was capable of, I did not wish to turn him from a path which might augment his reputation as a man of merit and talent.

There was one very disagreeable circumstance connected with it. Junot's predecessor, General Lannes, who was disliked at Lisbon and wished to return home, as it was said, formed a plan for getting himself recalled.

At that time Lord Robert Fitzgerald, who had been secretary to the embassy in Paris in 1790, filled the office of English Ambassador at Lisbon. No man could possess more polished though cold manners, or a more dignified address. His personal appearance, too, was in his favor, and formed a singular contrast to that of his wife, who was an extremely plain woman, and whose hatred of France caused her to assume at intervals the air of a fury. She spoke of the Emperor as a brigand, deserving of the scaffold, and she always alluded to him in a strain of invective.

It will easily be supposed that General Lannes, who was devoted to Napoleon, was not very well pleased either with the husband or the wife, though the conduct of the former was strictly courteous. Lannes disliked all the English embassy,* not excepting Lord Strangford, who at that period seemed to divide his time between sleeping and translating Camoens.

Only those who knew Lannes can form a just idea of the hatred he bore to England. He did not understand the art of dissembling his sentiments, and he expressed them with all the frankness of his character. One may readily suppose that in the midst of a foreign Court, where obsequious manners are above all things considered a duty, Marshal Lannes would appear somewhat singular. Madame Lannes, it is true, relieved the conventional intercourse of diplomatic and courtly life by the sweetness of her manner and her admirable beauty; but Lady Fitzgerald regarded those charms only as so many faults in a Frenchwoman, and the warfare which she waged against the French became the more active in consequence.

Junot, who was the most frank and communicative of men, had no desire to travel to Portugal to practice the arts of policy and dissimulation. Besides, it was his wish to remain in Paris, for he was desirous of either

* Among other vexations, Lannes was greatly annoyed at Lord Robert's taking precedence of him in all points of etiquette. This feeling exploded in rather a rough manner on the occasion of their respective carriages meeting on the road to Queluz. Lannes's coachman, wishing to humor his master's animosity, drove so violently against the lighter vehicle, in which the English Ambassador was seated, that it was overturned in a ditch.

serving as first aid-de-camp to the Emperor, or resuming the command of the First Military Division which was separated from the Governorship of Paris. He thought that Murat, the Emperor's brother-in-law, would not continue Governor of Paris, and in his heart he wished to be once more at the head of the military administration of the capital of France.

Not knowing how to decide, Junot resolved to take the advice of the Archchancellor, who had always professed a regard for him, and whom Junot highly esteemed. Cambacérès listened attentively to all Junot said, and then told him he ought to set out on the embassy. "But," said Junot, "I shall only commit blunders. Do you imagine that I can submit to all the contrivances and the duplicity which diplomacy requires?" "Do not make a bugbear of that," replied the Archchancellor, "the more especially as I have this bit of advice to give you: continue to be just what you are. Frankness is the most able agent of diplomacy. Besides, my dear General, YOU MUST OBEY HIS MAJESTY."

I have already said that I could not at this period quit Paris without the greatest mortification. I was young; Paris was then a sort of fairyland. All my friends were there, my brother and my youngest daughter, whom I should be compelled to leave behind me, because she was of too tender an age to undertake so long a journey. These considerations distressed me. Besides, Madame Lannes did not give me any very agreeable accounts of Lisbon. It appeared that there was no society there, except that which was under the influence of England. Finally, the journey was decided upon, and Junot was charged not only with the embassy to Lisbon, but with a secret and important mission to the Court of Madrid, where General Beurnonville was French Ambassador.

Affairs had assumed so serious an aspect that it was necessary the Emperor should direct his whole attention to his allies in the South. Portugal was neutral, but so wily as to require close watching; and Spain was so wretchedly governed that it was indispensable to keep an eye on her motions also. England was dissatisfied, and threatened to convulse Europe again. Spain, too, declared war against England on the 12th or 15th of December of this year; the question was, would the

Spanish Government maintain faith toward us as long as our interests required it?

In the meantime a levy of sixty thousand men was ordered in France. Another law directed the building of a town in La Vendée. Napoleon not only tranquillized these provinces, which were ravaged by burnings, and inundated with blood, but he rebuilt their towns, and restored life and fertility to the desolated plains.

A squadron also departed from Rochelle, notwithstanding the severity of the season. It was freighted with arms and ammunition for Martinique, and had on board General Joseph Lagrange, a brave officer, and a faithful friend of Junot, with whom he had served in Egypt. He led his troops to the principal town of the English island, Dominica, and effected a descent with all the success he could have anticipated, seizing the garrison and artillery, destroying the magazines, and carrying off the vessels at anchor in the port.

All this was effected by the end of February, and the squadron had only sailed from the Ile d'Aix on the 11th of January of the same year — that is to say, five weeks previously. The squadron consisted of one three-decker, four vessels of the line, and three frigates. Admiral Missiessi commanded it.

When Junot's departure was resolved upon — when I learned that it was absolutely necessary for me to quit France — I lost no time in making my preparations. The Emperor one day spoke to me at considerable length respecting the conduct which it would be necessary for me to observe toward the Portuguese and Spanish nobility.

"An Ambassadress," said he, "is a more important personage in diplomacy than is usually supposed. This is the case everywhere, but more particularly with us, on account of the prejudice which exists against France. It must be your endeavor to give the Portuguese a just idea of the manners of the Imperial Court. Be not haughty — be not vain, but in your intercourse with the female nobility of Portugal practice much reserve and great dignity. You will find at Lisbon many emigrant ladies who belonged to the Court of Louis XVI; you will also see some of these at Madrid. Be scrupulously cautious in your conduct toward them; be particularly

careful not to ridicule the customs of the country, or of the Court, when you do not understand them.* Bear in mind the good lessons of your mother. It is said that they may be both censured and ridiculed; but if you must do the one or the other, censure rather than ridicule. Remember that Sovereigns never pardon raillery. You will be presented at the Court of Spain. Be circumspect, while, at the same time, you appear to be frank."

Here I looked at the Emperor as if to interrogate him, and he added, with a certain degree of impatience: "When I say CIRCUMSPECT, I mean that you must not tattle and gossip. The Queen of Spain will ask you many questions about the Empress and the Princesses; you must be prudent in your answers. The interior of my family may be displayed to every eye. . . . Yet I do not wish that the portraits of my sisters should be sketched by a bad painter." (I have never forgotten this expression.) "Your Majesty," replied I, "must be aware that I cannot be accused of any intention to do what is displeasing to you."

"I know it. . . . I know it. . . . But you are satirical. . . . You like to tell a good story. That is one thing which you must avoid. The Queen of Spain will be the more curious to question you, because the wife of the French Ambassador at Madrid knows nothing at all of the Imperial Court, and very little about France, having passed all her girlhood as an emigrant. The Queen will therefore ask you many questions about the Empress and the Court. So long as these questions refer only to the fashion of a gown or a hat, well and good; but whenever the conversation may turn on more important topics, which will happen, for the Queen of Spain is an intelligent and artful woman . . . then be on your guard. As to me, you know my name must never be pronounced except as it is mentioned in the '*Moniteur.*' There is at Madrid a person who detests me; the Princess of the Asturias. . . . Be careful what you say before her. She speaks French as well as you do. . . . But you speak Italian, do you not? . . . That is very lucky. . . . They speak very little French in Madrid and Lisbon, but almost everybody speaks Italian. Let me hear how you pronounce. . . ."

* This injunction will be present to the mind of the reader further on.

I recited part of one of Petrarch's sonnets, and the Emperor appeared much pleased with my accent. "Excellent!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands. "You will easily learn Portuguese, since you speak Italian so well. . . . But be sure to recollect what I have said about GOSSIPING. . . . Are you on good terms with the Princess Caroline?" "Very good, Sire, as far as I know." "And with the Princess Pauline?" I replied in the affirmative.

I could easily perceive that Pauline was the person to whom he had intended to allude while he was impressing upon me the necessity of not gossiping. I have frequently observed that the Emperor, in spite of the decision he manifested in important events, used sometimes to wind round about in the most circuitous way to come to his point in the merest trifles; as, for example, in the above mentioned.

At that time libels were written in England on the personages of the Imperial Family. The Princess Pauline and Madame Lætitia Bonaparte in particular were represented in the most odious colors; and these attacks were totally unjust, as far as related to Madame Lætitia, whose character was irreproachable. The Emperor was fully acquainted with all these libels, and they annoyed him infinitely more than those which had been circulated by the secret orders of the Prussian and Russian Cabinets in 1802. Napoleon was susceptible on this point to a degree which must appear incredible to those who did not know him.

"Receive company," he added, continuing his instructions to me; "make your house in Lisbon as attractive as it was in Paris when you were *Madame la Commandante*. . . . What you must have observed among the ladies of the Foreign Ministers in Paris may serve as a guide to your conduct. In Madame de Gallo, Madame de Cetto, Madame de Lucchesini, and the English Duchess, you have seen enough both to copy and avoid. . . . Live in good harmony with the wives of your husband's diplomatic colleagues; but form no intimacies with anyone. They give rise to little female quarrels, in which the husbands sometimes take part. Thus two States may go to war because two women have disagreed, or because one has a more elegant hat than the other." I could not forbear laughing.

"Do not imagine I am joking," resumed the Emperor. "I enjoin you to be very circumspect in this intercourse. Lady Fitzgerald is, I understand, a perfect drum major in petticoats. Leave her to make herself ridiculous. That is revenge enough for us." I had similar conversations at various times with the Emperor on the subject of my visit to Portugal. He evidently regarded it as a point of great importance that one of the females of the new French Court should appear in a favorable light in the eyes of a people among whom the English maintained such high credit and constant intercourse.

A circumstance which not a little augmented my disinclination to go to Portugal was, that it would place me under the necessity of conforming to that most absurd of all follies — viz, the observance of old customs for no other reason than because they are old. The custom of wearing hoops at Court appeared to me the most stupid thing imaginable. Madame Lannes had informed me that in spite of all her efforts and those of the General she had found it impossible to evade this formality. She added that it was absolutely necessary that I should get my hoops made in Paris; for, to complete the absurdity, there was no possibility of getting anything in the way of dress properly made in Lisbon. I accordingly bespoke my hoops from Leroy.

As I was to be presented in the spring, I ordered two Court dresses, such as might suitably be worn during the two seasons succeeding the winter. One was composed of white crape, embroidered with gold llama, and a hat to correspond, adorned with a plume of white feathers; the other was of rose-colored silk, embroidered with silver llama, with a wreath of silver leaves, the latter not embroidered, but merely laid on, and marking the contour of the horrible hoop: the headdress corresponded with the robe. Mesdemoiselles l'Olive and de Beuvry made me a great many dresses, in a style of exquisite taste, which contrasted singularly enough with the hoop, that last remnant of the barbarism of the Middle Ages. As for Junot, his presentation dress was ready: it consisted of his uniform of Colonel-General of the hussars, which he had worn at the coronation.

We had recently become acquainted with some Portuguese, who enabled us to form a more favorable opinion of their countrymen than we had hitherto entertained; for our judgment had been formed from the manners of M. de Lima, the Portuguese Ambassador, then in Paris. Among these new acquaintances was M. d'Araujo, who was about to fill the important post of Minister of Foreign Affairs at Lisbon. He had been almost all his life absent from Portugal on foreign embassies. He spoke French and several other languages, and had an extensive acquaintance with literature.

I had hoped that we should not set out until the spring, but some orders which Junot received from the Emperor accelerated our departure. Public affairs became more and more involved, and everything foreboded a third Continental coalition. The influence of England at the Courts of Lisbon and Madrid threatened to become dangerous in those moments of agitation which obviously preceded a storm, and we were required to quit Paris in the midst of the carnival of 1805, when all was festivity and joy. It was not the balls and masquerades that Junot regretted, but he was afraid that the war would be commenced without him, and with his natural directness he went to the Emperor:

"Your Majesty," observed he, "who has always been so good to me, will not surely inflict on me a wound which admits of no reparation? How severe was the mortification I experienced on receiving intelligence of the Battle of Marengo! Sire, you have never been in battle without me, and I entreat that you will promise to recall me whenever hostilities are likely to commence." "I promise to do so," said the Emperor with emotion; and, stretching out his hand to Junot, he added: "I give you my word of honor that I will." "I am satisfied," replied Junot; "and I shall serve Your Majesty with the greater zeal, as my mind will be free from inquietude."

We set out at midnight on Shrove Tuesday, a circumstance not a little tantalizing to a young woman of nineteen. But I can honestly declare that at the moment of crossing the barrier I was far from thinking of the gayety I was leaving behind me. I was in the most painful state of feeling that I ever experienced, and yet few

lives have been more checkered with misfortune than mine. My mind was completely subdued by the misery of this first banishment, for such I considered it; and yet the future which unfolded itself before me was not altogether devoid of consolation.

I was going with the title of Ambassadress to a foreign Court, and the Emperor had directed Junot to travel through France with all the state required by his new dignity. In every town through which we passed we were saluted by the firing of cannon or musketry, and received addresses from Mayors, Prefects, Sub-Prefects, etc. Junot was the first Ambassador whom Napoleon had sent abroad since he had been made Emperor, and he wished to give to the mission the utmost possible *éclat*.

On our arrival at Bayonne, Junot left me and my little daughter under the charge of the gentleman who accompanied him in official capacities, and proceeded to Madrid on horseback, accompanied by Colonel Laborde. It was somewhat extraordinary for an ambassador at that period to ride two hundred leagues on horseback. I followed him, escorted by MM. de Rayneval and de Cherval.

As it had been determined before our departure from Paris that we should make a tolerably long stay at Madrid, Junot made inquiries where I could be suitably lodged during the five or six weeks that we should continue there. At that time there was but one *posada* (the *Croce di Malte*), which was neither a suitable place for me nor a comfortable abode for anyone.

We could not reasonably throw ourselves upon the hospitality of the French Ambassador, for Junot's suite formed a complete colony; and, besides, my husband had a sort of pride which prevented him from placing himself under such an obligation to the man whom he was, in some measure at least, temporarily to supplant. It was originally the Emperor's intention that we should put up at the Hôtel of the Embassy.

We were one day talking over this difficulty of procuring accommodation at Madrid, and Junot, who was one of those people who always cut a knot where they cannot untie it, talked of sending me to Lisbon without stopping longer than two or three days in Madrid. This

was not at all to my taste, for I was anxious that the journey, since I was obliged to undertake it, should afford me materials for study and observation, and, besides, to make this sort of flying visit to Madrid appeared to me not conformable to the wishes of the Emperor.

We were discussing this embarrassing subject, when one of our friends, Alphonso Pignatelli, the younger brother of Count Armando de Fuentes, entered to pay me his morning visit, which he never failed to do. "If," said he, "you choose to incur the inconvenience of being lodged in a bachelor's house, I shall be proud to offer you the use of mine in the *Calle del Clavel*, at Madrid. I would not take the liberty of making such an offer, but that I know the difficulty you will experience in procuring an abode. However, I promise you you will be poorly accommodated; there are two or three beds, a few chairs and tables, and one or two of the windows, I believe, are provided with curtains. But, after all, if you will condescend to encamp in my hermitage, bad as it is, you will find it better than the *Croce di Malte.*"

I laughed at his description, and very gladly accepted his offer. He immediately dispatched a letter to his steward, giving directions that the *brasero* should be ornamented with olives, and that some other preparations might be made to prevent my forming as unfavorable an idea of Spain as he entertained, for both he and his brother hated the country. I set out from Bayonne, where I had passed three days very agreeably at the house of our banker, M. Dubrocq, and I entered Spain. The scene totally changed. The characters, it is true, were sometimes the same, but even they seemed to be performing on another stage, with new dresses and decorations.

CHAPTER XXVII.

We Enter Spain — Aspect of the Country — Arrival at Madrid — Superb Road — Description of Madrid — An Agreeable Surprise — General and Madame de Beurnonville — Aranjuez — San Ildefonso — The Escurial — Ladies of the Spanish Court — The Marquis de Santiago's False Eyebrow — Junot's Interview with Godoy — The Prince and Princess of the Asturias — Notice of the Elevation of Godoy — His Character — The Court at Aranjuez — Road to That Palace from Madrid — Beauty of Its Situation — My Presentation to the King and Queen — White Gloves Forbidden — The Camerara-mayor — Description of Charles IV. and His Queen — My Conversation with Their Majesties.

SPAIN in 1807, when the French army marched through it to gain the frontier of Portugal, bore no resemblance to the Spain which I beheld when I entered that ancient kingdom in the month of March, 1805. I scarcely know how to describe the first aspect of a country so strangely different from ours in forms, in language, and in customs. England, separated from France as it is by the Channel, is even less different from our country than is Spain from the last French village upon the banks of the Bidassoa. I left St. Jean de Luz in the morning, and slept at Irun, a miserable town on the opposite side of this streamlet, or rather marsh, in which is situated that Isle of the Conference where the dishonest said to the honest Minister: "*Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées.*"

The utterance of such a sentiment in 1660 might have made one expect to find in 1805 at least some vestiges of relationship between the two people. None, however, exist. Nay, notwithstanding the apparent alliance which, since the time of the Directory, was so proudly displayed — notwithstanding the fraternity which seemed to be established between the two nations — I could easily perceive, even on the frontier, that they were not friends. The curiosity we inspired was tinctured with no kindly feeling, and I am convinced that when we put up at a *posada* we were made to pay more for the *ruido de la casa* than would have been exacted from an Italian, or even from a heretic Englishman.

I reached Madrid on the 10th of March. Though the approach to Madrid produces so unfavorable an impression, yet the appearance of the city on first entering it is grand and imposing. The streets are long and straight; the Calle de Alcala, where the French Ambassador resided, is one of the finest streets in Europe. It is terminated at one end by the magnificent promenade of the Prado, and the fine palace of the Duke of Alva, and at the other by La Puerta del Sol. The great street of Toledo, of which so much is said in "Gil Blas," and in the Spanish romances, and the street of Atocha, are finer than any in London or Paris.

For a long period Madrid was but a little town of no note belonging to the Archbishop of Toledo. Philip II. first made it a royal residence. He was influenced in his choice by the salubrity of the air of Madrid and its fine waters, of which there is an abundant supply. Fountains are to be seen in every quarter of the city, which, for execution and design, are execrable — a rather extraordinary circumstance, considering that they were erected at the epoch of the revival of the arts, when Spain produced so many splendid works. I can bear testimony to the fine quality of the water they supply. Its excellence arises, I fancy, from the many meanderings it is obliged to make.

Junot, who was advised of my arrival, came to meet me. He was accompanied by General Beurnonville, our Ambassador at Madrid, who informed me that Alphonso Pignatelli had given a very faithful description of his house, and that it was scarcely habitable. "Madame de Beurnonville," said he, "regrets exceedingly that we cannot ask you to come to our hotel, but we are very badly accommodated ourselves, and are full of complaints." This was said on our way to the Calle de Clavel, in which Pignatelli's house was situated. The two Ambassadors had got into my carriage, and we soon drove up to the door of my new abode.

I beheld a little white house, built exactly on the model of those of England, for many in Madrid are like those in London, whatever difference may exist in other respects between the two cities. The door was furnished with a bright brass knocker, and on entering I found myself in a neat little vestibule paved with marble, and

as well sanded as if it had formed part of a Dutch habitation. The staircase was, like the house itself, small but elegant, and in good taste. We passed through an antechamber to the dining-room, and I next proceeded to examine the drawing-room and bedchamber, and was delighted with the neatness and elegance of the furniture. A good collection of pictures, French bronzes, and porcelain, completed the ornaments of this agreeable habitation, which was certainly one of the finest houses in Madrid. Junot and Beurnonville were highly amused by observing my astonishment. This little conspiracy had been got up in order to afford me the pleasure of an agreeable surprise.

After resting a few hours, I proceeded to the French Ambassador's, and was kindly welcomed by Madame Beurnonville. This lady was very much respected at Madrid, where her exalted birth alone would have insured her a favorable reception. In a country where birth is everything, it is very important that an Ambassador's lady should possess that qualification. The impression produced even by the Emperor's glory, reflected as it was upon his Generals, was not alone sufficient to command the respect of persons of elevated rank. A prejudice so profoundly rooted could not be removed in a day.

When I arrived at Madrid the Court had quitted the Escurial for Aranjuez. The customs observed at the Spanish Court at this period were the same as those which prevailed in the reign of Philip II.

On my arrival at Madrid I was visited by many ladies of the Court, some of whom manifested toward me much kindness and attention. One of these ladies, the Duchess of Ossuna, had resided long at Paris, and was distinguished for her pleasing manners and gracious deportment. The Duchess's two daughters, the Marquise de Santa Cruz and the Marquise de Camarasa, were highly educated and amiable women. The Duchess's house was furnished in the French style, and in the most perfect taste.

Another lady of high rank, who paid me a visit as soon as she had learned my arrival, was the Marquise d'Ariza, formerly Duchess of Berwick. Her second husband, the Marquis d'Ariza, was Chamberlain to the

Queen Maria Luisa. In her youth she had been very beautiful, and at the time I knew her she still retained her fine figure and graceful deportment. When, on the morning promenade at the Prado, she alighted from her carriage, and walked up and down, attired in an elegant *basquina* and lace mantilla, drawing the latter from side to side with her fan to shade the eyes, as the Spaniards say, she resembled one of Andalusia's lovely daughters. She had then a son twelve years af age, who afterward came to Paris as Duke of Berwick.

I also received much attention from the Marquise de Santiago. A stranger figure than this lady was never seen. The Marquis d'Ariza had laid me a wager that I could not look at her without laughing. The poor woman painted unmercifully. The ladies of Charles II.'s Court would have looked pale beside her. Her daily operation of painting being ended, she made herself a pair of finely-arched black eyebrows, which she fixed above a pair of immense eyes, which were constantly on the broad stare. These same eyebrows gave rise to a laughable incident which I heard related at the house of the Marquise d'Ariza.

There was a party at Aranjuez, and the company were in the height of gayety, dancing and laughing, when the Marquise de Santiago was announced. Though she was then somewhat younger, she painted as thickly as when further advanced in life, and she was attended then, as she still was at the age of sixty, by a *cavaliere servente*, or to use the Spanish term, a *cortejo*.

The Marquise arrived late, and apologized by saying that the beauty of the evening had tempted her to take the air in the Calle de la Reyna. While she spoke a universal titter prevailed through the room. Her appearance, which was at all times singular, was at this moment irresistibly droll. She had but one eyebrow! As Nature had in her case been very sparing of this feature, and as the one which attracted attention was black as jet, the contrast was complete. She herself had no suspicion that anything was wrong. The *cortejo* was equally unconscious. At length the mirth of the company exploded in loud peals of laughter, and the lost eyebrow was discovered to have accidentally fixed itself on the forehead of the *cortejo*.

Junot, who was very anxious to have an interview with Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, saw him on the day after his arrival. The Prince knew that he had to make an important communication from the Emperor Napoleon, and, although the cannon of Austerlitz had not yet been heard, Spain was the most faithful ally of France, as much from interest, it may be believed, as from friendship. The Prince of the Peace wished to please the Emperor, and was exceedingly gracious during this interview with Junot, who came home quite captivated by him.

"Berthier was talking nonsense," he said, "when he spoke ill of this man. He is described as being insolent, but I consider him merely a courtier, such as I can imagine the gentlemen of the Court of Philip V. to have been. He does not like the Prince and Princess of the Asturias, and he informs me that we shall not meet with a good reception in that quarter. He says that France has no greater enemy than the Prince Royal, and added that it is his wife, the daughter of the King of Naples, who has excited him against us, merely because France is the ally of Spain." Junot informed me that the Prince exclaimed:

"Ah, monsieur, Spain will some day have in him a King who will render her very unfortunate. This double alliance with the House of Naples forms a bond which connects us with Austria, to whom a third daughter of the King of Naples is married. All these women have combined against France. Her new glory mortifies them, and perhaps you will scarcely believe that this new league is planned and directed by the Queen of Naples herself. Our gracious Queen, whom Heaven preserve! opposes this influence with all the power of her mind and her natural affection for her son; but, General——" And he struck his breast with his right hand and shook his head repeatedly.

"I am astonished at what you tell me," said I to Junot; "I have often heard my uncle Demetrius speak of the Princess of Naples, who is now Princess of the Asturias. He knew her at Naples, and described her as a charming creature, beautiful and interesting, able to converse in seven or eight languages, an excellent musician and artist, and, in short, a highly-accomplished woman.

The Prince of the Peace must talk nonsense." Junot rejoined: "May not a Princess be accomplished in the sense in which you understand the word, and yet be the most malicious person in the world?"

It would be a mistake to suppose, notwithstanding all that has been said of him, that the Prince of the Peace was utterly devoid of talent. He possessed considerable shrewdness, good sense, and judgment, combined with an aptitude for business, the more remarkable in a Spaniard, as they are usually very inactive. These qualities seemed calculated to render him a good Minister, but on the contrary, what misfortunes did his administration bring upon Spain!

I believe Godoy's intentions to have been good, as a Minister and a patriot. He encouraged the arts, and by his orders travelers were sent from Spain to different parts of the world, in order to bring back to their native country information on science and manufactures; he constructed bridges and roads; he opposed the Inquisition, and in this conflict — the most serious, perhaps, that was ever maintained between the throne and the altar — the temporal authority was triumphant. How, then, are we to account for the misery which resulted from the government of the Prince of the Peace? On what was grounded the hatred of the whole nation toward that one man? There must have been some good reasons for this, for it seldom happens in such cases that the judgment of the mass of a nation is erroneous.

The Court, as I have already mentioned, was at Aranjuez when we arrived in Madrid. Junot went there first without me, and it was determined that I should be presented on the 24th of March, *en confidencia* — that is to say, without the formality of a full Court dress and hoop. We set out from Madrid on the 23d of March at four in the afternoon, in order to sleep at Aranjuez that night, so that I might be presented to their Majesties next day at half-past one — that is to say, immediately after their dinner, and before his Majesty went out to hunt. On leaving Madrid we crossed the Mançanarez by the bridge built in the reign of Phillip II. by Juan de Herrera, and in allusion to which a wit of the time observed that "now the bridge is made for the river, it will be well to make a river for the bridge."

At a little distance further on we again crossed the Mançanarez, but by fording it; after which we found ourselves on the magnificent road leading to Aranjuez, which is bordered merely by a few miserable looking olive trees. This road, which is six leagues in length, runs in a straight line, and is so perfectly smooth that the carriage rolled along as swiftly as though we had been flying In this way we descended into the lovely valley in which is situated the royal *sitio* of Aranjuez. The descriptions which the poets have given us of Arcadia, the valley of Tempé, and all the spots most favored by Heaven, do not excel the beauty of Aranjuez.

On entering the valley, all trace is lost of the chalky plains of New Castile. Instead of barrenness, the eye dwells on a picture of luxuriant fertility. Nothing is seen but verdure, flowers, and trees laden with fruit. A balmy fragrance perfumes the air. In short, one seems to be transported to another world and to enjoy a new existence. The palace is not fine; it is nothing more than a small, plain, country house, such as might be the abode of any wealthy private gentleman. The Tagus surrounds the palace, and forms a very pretty artificial cascade in front of a parterre beneath the windows. The water is so close to the walls that the King can enjoy the amusement of fishing from his terrace.

I was so enchanted with this earthly paradise that I could have wished to spend the whole day in wandering over the grounds, instead of retiring to my chamber to array myself in full dress at broad noonday. However, I had no choice, and in due time I commenced the important preparations for my presentation. I put on a dress such as I should have worn at the Imperial Court, and a headdress of diamonds. I should have preferred pearls, for diamonds appeared to me to have too glaring an effect for daylight. But whenever I hinted at the idea of wearing pearls to the Marquise d'Ariza and some other ladies, they were as much shocked as if I had intended to insult their Queen.

These ladies told me one thing which appeared so ridiculous that I thought they were hoaxing me. They assured me that the Queen never received a lady in white gloves. "You must therefore recollect to take them off," said the Duchesse d'Ossuna, "or you will get into disgrace."

I laughed at this, and when I was dressed, never doubting but what I had been told was a joke, I put on a pair of white gloves. But on arriving at the door of the apartment in which their Majesties were to receive me, the *camerara-mayor* touched my arm, and by signs requested me to take off my gloves. As she could not speak a word of French, and I could scarcely understand a word of Spanish, the dialogue was not very noisy, though our gestures were sufficiently animated. I observed that the old lady was growing impatient, and I felt myself getting a little out of humor.

That I, a Frenchwoman and a foreigner, who held no rank at the Court of Spain, should be subjected to this strange regulation, appeared to me unreasonable and absurd. Perhaps I was equally so in attempting to resist it; but I am one of those persons who like to have their own way, and consequently I found myself in open rebellion against the *camerara-mayor*, and resolutely withdrawing my gloved hands, I exclaimed: "No, no, senora!" to which she replied: "Senora Ambassadress, it is indispensable."

At length, finding that I obstinately resisted, she smiled, and, seizing my arm with her little dingy, shriveled hands, she began to unglove me by force. I now saw the folly of longer resistance, and I submitted to the ceremony with a good grace. The old lady folded up my gloves and carefully laid them behind a red curtain, near the door of the Queen's apartment, and then looking at my hands, she exclaimed: "Jesu! . . . Jesu! . . . how very pretty! . . . Oh! . . ." She evidently wished to console me and to remove the embarrassment I naturally felt at entering the presence-chamber in a trained dress, diamonds, and bare arms. The *camerara-mayor* then entered to receive the commands of their Majesties, and on her return I was immediately ushered in.

The King and Queen were standing very near the door, so near it, indeed, that on entering I scarcely found room to make my three courtesies. The Queen advanced to me and received me with pleasing condescension. She entered into conversation with me about my journey with an air of interest which certainly could not be sincere, as she must have cared very little about me; but

she appeared to do so, and this appearance is always gratifying on the part of a sovereign.

She seemed to me to be still a fine woman, though she was then growing stout, and was getting a double chin, like Catherine II., which imparted a matronly appearance to her countenance. She, nevertheless, wore a *coiffeur à la grecque* with pearls and diamonds plaited along with her hair, or rather her wig. Her dress, which consisted of a slip of yellow taffety, covered with a robe of beautiful English point lace, was cut exceedingly low on the neck and shoulders. Her arms were without gloves, and adorned with bracelets composed of magnificent pearls, each clasp consisting of a single ruby, the finest I ever beheld.

I could not help thinking of my adventure with the *camerara-mayor* when I saw the Queen's bare arms, which, as well as her hands, were exceedingly beautiful. A smile, which I was unable to repress, apparently revealed to her Majesty what was passing in my mind.

"I suppose," said she, "you were astonished at being required to take off your gloves? It is a custom of which you, madame, at least have no reason to complain, for your hands are made to be seen."

Charles IV.'s figure and appearance were perfectly original. He was tall, his hair was gray and very thin, and his extremely long nose did not tend to improve a countenance naturally devoid of intelligence, though it had an expression of good nature and benevolence. His toilet, when I had the honor of seeing him, was not calculated to set off his personal appearance. He wore a blue frock coat of coarse cloth, with yellow metal buttons, buckskin smallclothes, blue stockings drawn up over his knees, after the fashion of our grandfathers about a century ago, and over the stockings a pair of gaiters. I afterward learned that this was his hunting dress.

Hunting was an amusement, or in his case I may more properly call it a fatigue, of which he was exceedingly fond. Like his father, he went out to the chase every day of his life, let the weather be foul or fair. "Rain breaks no bones," he used to say.* Every day after din-

*When one of his sons was on his deathbed, he went out daily to hunt with as much indifference as though the child had been perfectly well. "What can I do for him?" was all the sympathy he expressed.

ner he would get into his carriage and take a drive of seven or eight leagues before he commenced hunting. In conformity with old etiquette, the Foreign Ministers were admitted to pay their respects to the King twice a week: the day on which I was presented was one of these demi-reception days.

After speaking to me about my journey, and inquiring after the health of my little daughter, the Queen suddenly changed the conversation, and asked me some questions relative to the Empress Josephine. However, she did not say much on that subject, for I managed to change the conversation. From the few words which fell from the Queen, I could easily perceive that the idea she had formed of the Empress was not founded merely on her own judgment.

"How does she dress?" inquired she. "In the most elegant and tasteful style," I replied. "We take her as a model in all that relates to dress, not merely because she is our Sovereign, but because her exquisite taste prompts her to wear everything that is most graceful and becoming" "Does she wear rouge?" I answered "No," which at that time was really true. The Empress certainly rouged at a later period of her life; but I never recollect having seen her wear it during the Consulate or the beginning of the Empire. "And flowers — does she wear artificial flowers?" continued her Majesty. I replied in the affirmative. But these short answers were not satisfactory. I was obliged to be more specific, and accordingly described some of the dresses which the Empress had worn at *fêtes* in honor of the coronation. The Queen then said to me: "Have you seen my daughter, the Queen of Etruria? Do you not think she is very much like me?"

This question quite embarrassed me, and I was at a loss what to say, for it is impossible to imagine a more ordinary woman than the Queen of Etruria. I feared her Majesty was laying a snare for me; I never could have conceived that maternal love was so blind. However, there was something in the Queen's manner which convinced me of her sincerity, and I answered that the Queen of Etruria was remarkably like her Majesty. "Oh!" resumed the Queen, "she is not to be compared to my Carlotta at Lisbon — she presents a strong

resemblance both to her father and me; observe her well when you see her. She is like her father in the upper part of the face, and like me in the lower part."

It was curious enough that all this was perfectly true, and yet the Princess was very ugly, and the Queen of Spain possessed the remains of beauty. She certainly could not be called very handsome at the time when I saw her (1804–5). She had then lost her teeth, and the artificial set which replaced them was no very good specimen of the dentist's skill.

As to the King, he nodded assent to all that Luisa said, and looked at me with an air of good nature. However, he did not seem to be quite pleased at being excluded from the conversation, and when he could find an opportunity of getting in a word, he asked me what I had thought of the *coches de colleras*. He said I must have been much astonished at seeing them drawn by mules, and added that of course I had never seen such animals before.

At this remark I really could not refrain from laughing, for I was then a lively, giddy young woman; but, speedily recovering my gravity, I informed his Majesty that his finest mules were brought from one of our French provinces, namely, from Poitou. I shall never forget the expression of stupid astonishment that was depicted in the King's countenance on hearing this. He stared at me, and looked as incredulous as if I had told him that Peru was in Madrid.

"Did you know that, Luisa?" said he, turning to the Queen. Her Majesty, by a nod, answered in the affirmative. Then, after a pause, and looking earnestly at me, she said, addressing the King: "Is not Madame Junot very much like a Spanish lady? she has the complexion, the eyes, and the hair of a Spaniard." "Yes, yes," said the King, rubbing his hands and smiling, "*La senora es Espanola.*" "And yet," resumed the Queen, addressing me, "you are a native of France, are you not? You were not born in Greece? My daughter-in-law, to whom I was speaking about you yesterday, tells me that she saw in Naples an individual of your name, a Prince Comnena. Is he your father or your brother?" "He is my uncle, madame," I replied, and explained to her that

my name was not Comnena, and that I was connected with that family only on my mother's side.

I then took leave of the King and Queen after a long audience. This interview with the King and Queen of Spain left an impression on my memory which time can never efface. At a period not far distant I had an opportunity of evincing my grateful recollection of the marks of kindness their Majesties were pleased to confer on me. This was at the time when they were so cruelly confined at Marseilles by order of the Emperor. My brother was still in that town, and was impelled by the generosity of his character to alleviate the sufferings of these noble fugitives

---

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Prince of the Peace — His Familiar Manners in the Presence of the King and Queen — Married to a Bourbon Princess — Hated by His Wife — His Connection with Madame Tudo — Anecdote of Mayo, a Rival Favorite — The Queen's Talent for Conversation — The King's Feeble Attempts at Music — Princess of the Asturias — The Recollections of Aranjuez — Court Promenade — Remarkable Picture at Madrid — Renconter with Tallien — Junot's Opinion of Godoy.

THERE is one detail which I passed over in silence when describing my royal presentation, but which is nevertheless worthy of notice. On entering the audience chamber I had scarcely room to move, as the King and Queen were both standing very near the door. The room appeared to be about twenty-five feet by eighteen. This was a moderate size, and enabled me to see very well every object that was in it; and however indecorous it might be to look over the shoulder of the Queen, the singular spectacle which presented itself to my eyes might well excuse my neglect of etiquette.

I beheld a man at the other end of the apartment whose attitude and bearing appeared to me particularly ill-suited to the audience chamber of royalty. This man appeared to be thirty-four or thirty-five years of age; his countenance was of that description which a fine, well-grown, hearty, young man usually presents; but there

was no trace of dignity in his appearance. The individual whom I am now describing was covered with decorations of all sorts. He wore the first Order of Spain, that of the Golden Fleece, together with that of St. Januarius, the Order of Charles III., of St. Ferdinand, of Malta, and of Christ.

I might therefore reasonably suppose that this man was an important personage, and I was not wrong; he was the Prince of the Peace. I was struck with surprise at his free-and-easy manner. He was leaning, or rather lying, upon a *console* at the farther end of the apartment, and was playing with a curtain tassel which was within his reach.

At the time to which I allude his favor at the Court was immense, and beyond all example, even in a country where, for many reigns past, monarchs have possessed no other privilege than that of seating themselves on a throne, whose power they place in the hands of a PRIVADO. But the Prince of the Peace enjoyed the favor of both King and Queen, and when MANUELITO was not with Charles IV. he was sent for, for the King could ill brook his absence. He was Prime Minister, Councilor of State, Commander of four companies of Life Guards, Generalissimo of the forces by sea and land — a rank which no person had ever possessed in Spain before him, and which was created expressly to give him precedence over the Captains General.

This astonishing favor had its source in the cause to which I have already alluded. I should add that he had lately married a Princess of the House of Bourbon, the daughter of the Infant Don Louis, and sister of the Archbishop of Toledo. About this marriage I heard strange stories when I first passed some weeks at Madrid. Both parties detested each other, but nothing could equal the hatred which the Princess of the Peace entertained for the individual whom she refused to acknowledge as her husband.

"You would have a bad reception from her," said Beurnonville to Junot, "if she should imagine that you are on good terms with the Prince." The Prince of the Peace, however, said to Junot, before he was presented to the Princess: "She will make you amends for the grim faces which you and Madame Junot will be obliged

to encounter here. When you see her you will at least have a kind reception, and see a pleasant countenance." I should mention that the GRIM faces to which he alluded were those of the Prince and Princess of the Asturias.

The Princess of the Peace hated her husband to such a degree that one day at Madrid, after the terrible transactions of Aranjuez, being in company with my friend General Lagrange, and speaking to him of the treatment she had received from the Prince of the Peace on account of THAT TUDO, she added, pointing to her little daughter, who at that moment ran into the room: "In fact, I hate him so much that I do not like that child because she is his." Certainly it would be difficult to find any malice and badness of heart to equal this. The Prince of the Peace may not have behaved as he ought to a wife whom his Sovereigns had given him by way of reward and as a pledge of their favor, but the above remark of the Princess seems to exonorate him.

It was then very generally reported in Madrid that he had been married to Madame Tudo, whom I saw at a distance one evening in the theater, and who appeared to me a very pretty woman. She had a Hôtel, in which she resided with a numerous family, who were said to belong to the Prince of the Peace. I may add that I for a long time believed, with many other persons, that the Prince of the Peace was married to Madame Tudo previously to his union with the Bourbon Princess, and that ambition had induced him to commit the crime of bigamy. A lady, on whose veracity I can rely, assured me that she was present at the marriage of the Prince of the Peace at Rome with Madame Tudo, and that it took place after the death of the Countess of Chinchon. His marriage with the Princess was therefore legal, in spite of all she alleged to the contrary.

I may here relate an anecdote which was at the time told at Madrid, and which may form an additional subject for reflection, relative to the astonishing favor enjoyed by Don Manuel Godoy. He had loved the Queen, or rather he had been beloved by her. I adopt this version in preference to the other, for he was

young and handsome, and she, to speak with all the respect due to a crowned head, was old and ugly. His situation was a good deal like that of Potemkin;* but Maria Luisa was not quite so bad as Catherine, for she did not cause her husbands to be strangled.

The Prince of the Peace, who had, I presume, taken Potemkin for his model, wished to imitate him in everything, and when the passion for himself was somewhat chilled, he thought proper to direct the choice of new favorites. He was much offended at the introduction of a young man who had been in the guards, named Mayo. Mayo was handsome, and might become a formidable rival to him. The Prince was indignant; but the young man was in possession, and it was not easy to eject him. However, Godoy avenged himself by directing against him, as well as the Queen, all the epigrams which he could invent.

One day, when he was on a balcony looking into the courtyard at La Granja (San Ildefonso) with the King and Queen, a carriage drove up drawn by four horses, with servants and outriders in splendid liveries; in short, the equipage was fit for a Prince. "Heyday," said the King, "whom have we here?—why, it is Mayo," and with great astonishment the monarch looked alternately at Luisa and the PRIVADO. "I have observed for some time," added he, "that Mayo lives in great style. The other day I saw him on the Prado with an equipage more splendid than yours, Manuelito. . . . What does this mean?" "Oh, nothing extraordinary," replied the Prince, casting a glance at the Queen, who, firm as she was, trembled lest Manuel Godoy should be JEALOUS; but he was no such fool; he had more sense. "The thing is easily explained," said he to the King; "a foolish old woman is smitten with him, and gives him as much money as he wants." "Indeed!" said the King, "and who is this old woman? is it the Marchioness of Santi-

*The favor in which the Prince of the Peace was held seems extremely similar to that of Potemkin. Catherine dreaded the latter when she no longer loved him. I learned from an authentic source that the Queen of Spain stood in fear of the Prince of the Peace in a remarkable degree. Nevertheless, she died of fatigue in attending Godoy during a long and violent illness he had while they were at Rome.

ago?" The Prince thought this was sufficient punishment, and changed the conversation. This was not a difficult matter with poor Charles IV. It was only necessary to say that a dog was running past, and the thing was accomplished.

The Queen possessed considerable talent in conversation. She was remarkably animated; she loved to talk; and she appeared to advantage when doing so, a thing very rare among royal personages. She was, besides, a good musician, and was very fond of music. As to the King, he had also a passion for it, but a very unfortunate one. Every day on returning from hunting he had a concert in his private apartment. The King took his violin and bore a part in a quartette of Haydn, or a quintette of Boccherini.

The reader may judge what some of our most famous violinists, who were then in Spain and were required to play with the King, must have suffered. Libon, whose enchanting talent is well known, passed some time at Madrid, and, like others, was of the royal party. One of these poor martyrs informed me that one evening a terrible confusion arose in a *tutti* passage. It was not the fault of the professors, and after a little consultation, Olivieri, whom I often heard at Lisbon, where he was first violin at the Grand Opera, ventured to tell the King that the fault was his.

His Majesty had hurried on without waiting during three bars' rest which occurred in his part. The good-natured monarch appeared quite thunderstruck. He gazed at Olivieri with amazement, and then, laying down his bow, he said majestically, in Italian, "*Il Re n'aspettano mai*" (The King never waits for anyone).

I had a strong desire to see the Princess of the Asturias. I was told that three o'clock would be the most convenient hour to be presented to her; the Princess, being fond of occupation, did not waste her time in sleep, like the inmates of Aranjuez. I wished to be introduced to one whose misfortunes interested me, and whose fame extended to Europe.

A mother-in-law has not a mother's heart. A mother is proud of the merit of a daughter; a mother-in-law is jealous of it. The Queen of Naples, though certainly an ill-tempered woman, cherished an affection for her LEARNED

yet unaffected daughter; but the Queen of Spain contracted her black eyebrows, and from the first day she saw her conceived an antipathy which was soon converted into hatred of her charming daughter-in-law, who in the Court circle spoke to each Ambassador in the language of his nation. Alas! the hatred produced by the envy of a woman has something horrible in its results.

The Princess of the Asturias, at the period when I was presented to her for the first time, was still what might be called a young bride. She had been brought to Spain to marry the Prince of the Asturias (since Ferdinand VII.), and her brother, who escorted her, took back with him as his bride the Infanta Donna Maria. But neither of the two Princesses wore the crowns which seemed to be in reserve for them.*

It would seem that crowned heads, owing to the exalted station in which they are placed, become only a surer mark for death and misfortune. What a fate awaited the Princess of the Asturias! The Prince of the Peace, whether he had or had not reason to be offended with the Prince or Princess of the Asturias, certainly treated them in a way which the heir to the throne could not endure without the desire of vengeance.

It is true that kings are but men; but admitting this, it is also necessary to concede another point, namely, that if they are men they must also have the passions of men; and the spirit of revenge may invade the soul of a monarch as well as of the lowest of his subjects. However odious Ferdinand may subsequently have proved himself, it is certain that in 1805 he sought only justice. He desired that the heir to the throne should be respected; that his wife should possess a happy, or at least a peaceable, home; and, finally, that they should not be insulted by Manuel Godoy.

He loved the Princess ardently, and she returned his affection fully and unreservedly; in fact, the attachment of this unfortunate pair was the only consolation they

* When Ferdinand VII. was Napoleon's prisoner in France, he on his knees sought a wife from the Emperor. «I beseech Your Majesty to give me one of your nieces,» said he. «But they will not have you.» «Then let me have one of the relations of her Majesty the Empress.» «They will not have you either.» «Then give me,» said Ferdinand, «any wife you please, so that I receive her from your hand.»

experienced in a life full of continually renewed grief and trouble. All that I had heard of their private history made me experience a lively emotion when I was about to be presented to them.

On entering the chamber I found the Princess standing, and leaning on a table, though there was a sofa behind her. The Prince, who was in the adjoining room, came in instantly, and leaned his hand upon the same table with his wife. I always observed that when they were together the Prince watched the eyes of the Princess as if he expected her to indicate what he was to do. The Princess was not very tall, yet her figure was dignified and graceful, which probably was owing to the manner in which she carried her head. Her eyes were of a beautiful blue, her fair hair seemed to denote a Northern origin, and her appearance altogether presented nothing of the Italian. She had the Austrian lip and the Bourbon nose; but the latter was only slightly aquiline, and not approximating to her chin like that of her father-in-law; she had a fresh color and a plumpness which indicated exuberant health. Her arms and her hands were not beautiful, neither were her feet, which, considering her size, ought to have been small. But, upon the whole, she was exceedingly agreeable, and perfectly the Princess.*

Her air was majestic, and at first sight she appeared rather austere, but when she smiled her countenance beamed with kindness. There was poetry in her expressive features, and though she was usually silent and reserved, yet her countenance had a speaking look. She treated me with a degree of kindness of which I shall always retain a grateful recollection. Alas! a year had scarce passed away when the Princess, whom I saw so full of health and bloom, was only a living corpse, calling hourly upon death to deliver her from her sufferings.

The day when I first saw her she was dressed in white. Her gown, which was made in the most simple manner, was one of those pretty sprigged English muslins which were then worn, and was trimmed only with violet and white ribbon. Her beautiful and profuse fair hair was

* In the Duchesse d'Orléans, afterward Queen of the French, I could perceive no trace of resemblance to her sister the Princess of the Asturias.

simply but carefully dressed. Her comb was studded with large and magnificent pearls, intermingled with diamonds. This rich simplicity struck me the more forcibly, because I had just seen in the apartment above all the luxury of dress lavished on an old woman.

The Queen's yellow slip appeared dirty, and the robe of English point, though worth 20,000 francs, seemed in bad taste compared with the dress of pure white worn by the young and blooming Princess. I departed from the audience quite enchanted. The Princess had a winning manner which I have never seen in any other person but herself, except Napoleon. She was not pretty; many persons, indeed, maintained that she was even ugly. It may be so; I care little about it. She appeared to me both pretty and amiable. I found her such because she wished to be so.

Having made my important visits, I returned to Maria Luisa's *camerara-mayor*, according to etiquette, a matter which at this period one could not venture to neglect. The *camerara-mayor* was a little old dame, very thin, dark, and "ugly as the devil," as I heard a lady of the Court observe, who, by the bye, was nevertheless a very pious person. The *camerara* laughed again at the recollection of the white gloves, and, seizing my hands, she looked at them and repeated: "JESU! JESU! HOW PRETTY THEY ARE!"

Many years have passed away since I saw Aranjuez; but time has only augmented the charm attached to my recollection of that delightful place; for in all my travels I have never seen a spot which can form a fair comparison with it. It is not like anything in Switzerland, in France, in Algarve, or Italy. In fact, it is like nothing else. It is Aranjuez itself — an enchanted paradise! Where else shall we find those charming fountains furnished by two rivers whose waters inclose an island in which the sun ripens the rarest fruits of every climate and of every country? Never before did I see so fresh, so green, and so beautiful a vegetation, so much pomp, so much magnificence, in the most barren and most unfavored spot in Nature. Nothing can exceed the fine effect of the island. I do not think the hand of man could add anything to it without spoiling it.

La Calle de la Reyna is a magnificent alley, formed by

elms said to be five hundred years old. It is in length more than half a Spanish league, and forms one of the grandest ornaments of Aranjuez. There I have met the Queen and Royal Family of an evening. The Princesses were accustomed to take the air each in her own carriage, never together: they drove very slowly from one end of the alley to the other several times, and whenever they met they saluted each other with a politeness which might be strictly ceremonial, but was anything but affectionate. The women, as well as the men who were promenading in the alley, stopped as soon as the Princesses came near them. The ladies saluted them respectfully, and the men immediately dropped their *capa*, which the moment before they had draped in a thousand elegant folds.

When the Queen and Princesses passed in front of a lady who was a favorite, and who, by her rank of Grandee of Spain, might receive a public testimony of royal condescension, the Princess who wished to bestow it made a friendly sign to her with the hand or the fan, as if to invite her to approach. This mark of favor was thought a great deal of. When the Queen passed before the place where I had stopped, she smiled, inclined her head in a very gracious manner, and accompanied the motion with a salute of the hand. Thus, the favor shown to me was complete. When the Infantes, the King's brothers, returned from their wretched hunting matches, they used, by way of relaxation, to accompany the Princesses in this promenade on horseback.

We returned to the capital. The moment for our departure for Lisbon approached, and we had several things to arrange which were, for Junot in particular, of the greatest importance. I went about Madrid, and saw everything remarkable in it. It is certainly wrong to deny that this city is one of the finest in Europe, and contains more curiosities of all kinds than many Northern towns of much celebrity, which really, as the Spanish proverb says, ought to be silent before the capital of Castile.

Just before I left Madrid I met with a singular adventure at the Ambassador's. I dined every day at General Beurnonville's when not engaged elsewhere, and was as much at home there as I should have been in my own

family. One day I came rather late, just as the company were entering the dining-room. General Beurnonville offered me his arm, and I had scarcely time to speak to his lady before we were seated at the table.

Next to me sat a gentleman of a most sinister and repulsive countenance, who uttered not a word. He was tall, dark, and of a bilious complexion. His look was somber, and he appeared to me to have but one eye. However, I soon perceived that it was the effect of a cataract, which did not deprive him of sight. As he was so singularly taciturn nobody spoke much to him. This surprised me the more, because the Ambassador's lady was very attentive to him. When the second course had begun, I could no longer restrain my curiosity; and, though conscious of the rudeness of the question, I asked General Beurnonville in a whisper who my silent neighbor was.

"What!" he replied with an air of surprise; "do you not know him?" "I never saw him before." "Impossible!" "I declare that such is the fact." "But you have often heard his name, particularly when you were a child." "You excite my curiosity more powerfully than even his extraordinary appearance has done. Who is he, then?" "Shall I send you some spinach, TALLIEN?" said a well-known voice. It was that of Junot, who sat opposite to me, and was much amused at my curiosity, the cause of which he had guessed. Junot had known him in Egypt, without, however, being intimate with him; for the Commander-in-Chief was not very friendly to those who had any connection with Tallien.

This name, however, pronounced in a manner so unexpected, made a singular impression on me. . . . My childhood, to which General Beurnonville had alluded, had been surrounded with dangers, and my young imagination had been fed with the most horrible recitals, connected in a particular manner with the name and person of Tallien. I could not help starting, which he must have perceived, for when I looked at him again, his odious countenance was dark as Erebus. The wretch! how did he drag on his loathsome existence? I asked General Beurnonville the question, and also how it happened that one of our Decemvirs was in a kingdom governed by a Bourbon.

"I am as much surprised as you," the General replied, "and the more so because the Emperor dislikes Tallien, and has always testified that dislike in not the most gracious manner. This is so true that when in Egypt Junot must have perceived that General Bonaparte was very severe toward his officers who were intimate with Tallien. Lanusse and his brother were never welcome at headquarters on this account." *

After dinner Junot introduced Tallien to me as one of his fellow-travelers in Egypt. He seemed to have forgotten my emotion at dinner on hearing his name. He informed us that he was appointed consul, I believe, at Malaga; or at some place in Andalusia. The name of Tallien is famous in the blood-stained page of our revolutionary annals. Without searching for the motives which made him act, there is no doubt that, for the part he took in the affair of the 9th Thermidor, he deserves notice in our history.

Junot had, according to his orders, several interviews with the Prince of the Peace, and he was well satisfied. Much ill has been said of the Prince of the Peace, and very little good. During my second residence in Madrid the most serious and sinister reports were circulated respecting him. I had then leisure to consider his character, and the impression he made upon me was very unfavorable; but it is my duty as a historian to state that my husband entertained a very different opinion, and that his opinion has since much influenced mine.

My brother, who saw him long afterward, during his exile at Marseilles in 1808, also used to relate some very favorable traits of him. He and Junot used to reproach me for my injustice toward Godoy, and the result of our discussions was to make me express my regret that the Prince of the Peace had not well employed all the statesmanlike faculties with which Heaven had endowed him.

* The brothers Lanusse were intimate friends of Tallien. The elder was killed in Egypt, in the same engagement in which Abercromby fell. He was a brave and worthy man. It was with him that Junot fought at Boulac. The other brother returned to Europe, and, under the Restoration, was one of the most assiduous servants of Charles X.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Alliance between Spain and France — Honors Paid to Us on Our Journey from Madrid — Talavera de la Reyna — News of the Emperor's Acceptance of the Crown of Italy — Truxillo — Unexpected Meeting with Jerôme Bonaparte — Account of His Marriage with Miss Patterson — Portrait of His Wife — Conversation between Jerôme and Junot — Our Meeting with French Sailors — Fright at the Inn in San Pedro — Junot and the Muleteer — Arrival at Badajoz — Entrance Into Portugal — Contrast of the Two Nations — Approach to Lisbon — We Take up Our Residence at Aldea Galega — Our State Visit to Lisbon — Absurd Ceremony of the Collation — Description of the City — Our Reception by the Portuguese Nobility.

WE LEFT Madrid for Lisbon on the 29th of March, 1805, after having obtained full assurance that Spain was then the faithful ally of France. Whether from motives of interest or from good faith, Spain gave at this time pledges of a most sincere alliance with us. Her western and southern ports were crowded with vessels ready to put to sea under our flag. The "*Santissima Trinidada*," almost the biggest vessel then afloat, of a hundred and thirty guns, AWAITED OUR ORDERS — that was the phrase — in the port of Cadiz. The King of Spain ordered that we should everywhere be received with the honors which are paid to a French Ambassador at the Court of Madrid. This is not a trifling matter of compliment; for the Spanish Government, though much devoted to France, displayed, nevertheless, a sort of solemn dignity, a pride, which made every act of ceremonial politeness exceeding the usual practice improper, if bestowed on a foreign official authority.

At Talavera de la Reyna we learned by a courier that the Emperor had repaired in great pomp to the Senate on the 18th of March to accept the Crown of Italy, in consequence of an offer made to that effect by the Cisalpine Republic.* Talavera de la Reyna is a pretty little town built on the bank of the Tagus. In the morning

* The speech of Napoleon on this occasion is a proof of his occasional want of sincerity; he was at this time strong enough to make known his intentions. Why did he say: "We shall at all times be guided by moderation, and not seek to increase the power attached to our crown"? The Emperor quitted Paris almost immediately afterward for Milan, where he was crowned King of Lombardy.

we were treated with a concert by a band of the Queen's dragoons. There was a number of fine cavalry in the garrison. Junot, who lost no opportunity of complimenting the Prince of the Peace, told me that he was particularly attentive to the cavalry, and that it was owing to him that that description of force was in such good condition. To tell the truth, it was very different from the infantry, for foot soldiers were often to be met begging, and even some of their officers would have had no objection to receive alms.

On arriving at Truxillo we were received by the Commandant, the Corregidor, and all the public functionaries; they showed us great attention, for which we were the more grateful, as we were only what are called *transeuntes** in Spain, without any prerogative to lay claim to the hospitality which was so readily offered to us. Junot, who had so good an opinion of the Prince of the Peace, insisted that he had ordered these marks of attention out of compliment to France. Truxillo is a wretched, though a large town. It is almost deserted, which, indeed, is the case with a great portion of the Spanish towns.

We were about two days' journey beyond Truxillo, when one morning Junot approached the door of my carriage and surprised me by announcing that he had just met Jerôme Bonaparte.†

* Passengers.

† Jerôme had married Miss Patterson, the daughter of a banker in Baltimore; the lady was very handsome as well as rich. Napoleon, who was as then only Consul, could not be considered as having any control over the members of his family. Joseph Bonaparte and Madame Lætitia were, in fact, the only persons whose consent or disapproval on any such subject was necessary; and they had both concurred in approving the step. Napoleon's anger on hearing of the marriage was extreme, and at the time here alluded to he manifested his displeasure in a manner not very fraternal. He had issued orders throughout Holland, Spain, and Portugal, prohibiting the reception of Madame Jerôme Bonaparte, or any person assuming that name. The unfortunate lady, who was then *enceinte*, had successively endeavored to land in Holland, Belgium, Italy, Spain, and lastly in Portugal, where M. Serrurier (the brother of the Marshal), who was then our Consul General at Lisbon, was obliged to forbid her landing. Jerôme in despair conveyed his wife to England; and as the prohibition of landing in France did not extend to himself, he determined to see his brother, and to endeavor to mitigate his displeasure. He was on his way to France when we met him.

Jerôme was one of those young men who do neither good nor harm in this world. He had been somewhat gay, but that was nothing to me, and I inherited from my mother a friendship toward him, which even his after conduct, however unfriendly, has not totally banished. I was therefore exceedingly happy to meet him, and the more so as I had an impression he was unhappy — unhappy through a youthful attachment. I was then very young, and rather romantic. Junot was equally pleased at the meeting, though he knew but little of Jerôme; he had seen less of him than of any other member of the family.

Jerôme was but a boy when Junot formed almost a part of the Bonaparte family circle at Marseilles and Toulon; and my husband did not return from Egypt, nor escape from his imprisonment by the English, until the end of 1800. Jerôme set out on his naval career soon after the army returned from Marengo; Junot consequently knew him only as a mere boy. We invited him to breakfast with us, and he accepted our invitation. I could not help remarking a wonderful alteration in his manners. He was sedate — nay, almost serious. His countenance, which used to have a gay and lively expression, had assumed a character of pensive melancholy, which so transformed his whole appearance that I should hardly have recognized him. He spoke in glowing terms of the United States, of the customs and manners of the Americans. During the short time we sat at breakfast, I formed a very favorable opinion of him.

We walked with Jerôme in the garden of the *posada;* and, before parting, Junot, who conceived he might assume a certain freedom with him from the circumstance of my having known him when a boy, endeavored to dissuade him from resisting the Emperor's wishes. But Jerôme answered him with noble firmness, that he considered himself bound by honor, and that having obtained the consent of his mother and elder brother he did not feel himself blamable for taking the step he had.

"My brother will hear me," said he; "he is kind — he is just. Even admitting that I had committed a fault in marrying Miss Patterson without his consent, is this the moment for inflicting punishment? And upon whose head will that punishment light? Upon that of my

innocent wife! No, no; surely my brother will not outrage the feelings of one of the most respectable families of the United States; and inflict at the same time a mortal wound upon a creature who is as amiable as she is beautiful."

He then showed us a fine miniature of Madame Jerôme Bonaparte. The features were exquisitely beautiful, and a circumstance which immediately struck me as well as Junot was the resemblance they bore to those of the Princess Borghèse. I remarked this to Jerôme, who informed me that I was not the only person who had made the observation; that in fact he himself, and many Frenchmen who had been at Baltimore, had remarked the resemblance. I thought I could perceive in the face of Madame Jerôme Bonaparte more animation than in the Princess Borghèse. I whispered this to Junot, but he would by no means admit it; he had not got the better of his old impressions.

"Judge then," resumed Jerôme, replacing the charming portrait in his breast pocket—"judge whether I can abandon a being like her; especially when I assure you that to a person so exquisitely beautiful is united every quality that can render a woman amiable. I only wish my brother would consent to see her—to hear her voice but for one single moment. I am convinced that her triumph would be as complete as that of the amiable Christine, whom the Emperor at first repulsed, but at length liked as well as his other sister-in-law. For myself, I am resolved not to yield the point. Strong in the justice of my cause, I will do nothing which hereafter my concience may make me repent."

To this Junot made no reply. He had set out with an endeavor to prevail on Jerôme to conform to the Emporer's will; but in the course of conversation, having learned the particulars of the case and feeling interested for the young couple, he began to think, as he afterward confessed to me, that he should be doing wrong in exhorting Jerôme to a line of conduct which, in fact, would be dishonorable. At the expiration of two hours we took leave of Jerôme and continued our journey.

Sometimes we met on our road French sailors, who, having been captured by English cruisers, had been put ashore in abject poverty. The first time we saw one of

these poor wanderers I perceived the blood mount into Junot's cheek, and his eyes, always so expressive, flashed with indignation. He would have stripped the clothes from his own back rather than one of his soldiers should suffer from cold: he would have shared his rations, nay, would have gone without any, rather than the lowest private under his command should endure the pangs of hunger. What, then, were his feelings when he beheld these French sailors, clothed in rags, and constrained to dig the earth to procure a few roots to satisfy their hunger!

One day we encountered a party of seven of these poor fellows; Junot spoke to them. Never did I see a more lively expression of joy than that which lighted up their hard and weather-beaten features when they heard the sound of their native language. One of them shed tears. We were French! We had come from France! I question whether the money Junot gave them to enable them to reach Bayonne WITHOUT BEGGING caused them greater joy than they experienced at the first word we spoke in French.

On leaving the Vento del Despoblado we proceeded to San Pedro, where we were to sleep. This was a horrible place. We arrived there in the evening, and when my carriage stopped at the door of the inn I had almost fallen asleep from the fatigue of the day's journey. Junot, who for the greater security preferred riding by the side of my carriage, when near the inn, rode on in advance to see about our quarters there.

"Do not be scared at the appearance of this *posada*," said he; "your bedchamber is certainly not very elegant, but provided we meet with no toads,* which from its appearance I very much doubt, it will do well enough."

As he spoke, I awoke from my slumber, alighted from the carriage, and entered the inn. Heavens! what an inn it was! Let the reader figure to himself a mud-built hut, divided into three or four compartments about five feet high, which were called rooms. And then the odor that saluted us! . . .

"Ah!" I exclaimed, as I stepped out of the carriage; "what place is this? I shall never be able to sleep here! what a horrible-looking house!"

"It is, nevertheless, a house of my building," observed

* The sight of a toad used to make him ill.

in a sepulchral tone of voice a man who was holding a lamp near me.

Hearing these words uttered in French, I turned round, and beheld what I thought the most atrocious-looking countenance that ever belonged to a human creature. I was horror-struck.

"Heavens!" said I, addressing myself to the man; "what could have induced you to quit your country to live in this savage desert—in this inn?"

I answered my question in my own mind. This man, said I to myself, must be some infamous villain who had escaped from the galleys or the gibbet!

I had no inclination, it may be supposed, to sleep in the inn; but being apprehensive of confining my little girl all night in a close carriage, I set about searching the house in quest of a single habitable room. I did at last find one, and I immediately ordered the window to be opened, some ginger to be burned to fumigate the room, and the fire, which was almost out, to be rekindled. Leaving the child and her nurse, Fanchette, in this apartment I retired with Junot to my carriage, where we passed the night.

I had at this time in my service an Italian woman, the wife of Junot's chief *valet de chambre*. She accompanied me to Portugal in the capacity of *femme de charge*. She was a pretty woman, was strongly attached to me, and I in my turn was very partial to her. Not wishing to remain all night in the carriage in which she had traveled, she chose rather to sleep, if she could, in one of the filthy rooms of the *casa*. Leaving her husband, therefore, to watch the baggage and keep order among the escort, which that night seemed more than ever necessary, she lay down in the apartment adjoining that I had selected for my little girl.

The child had been some time asleep when Madame Heldt stole softly into the room and presented herself to Fanchette as pale as a specter. Fanchette, who was not very brave, fell upon her knees at the sight of her companion. My *femme de chambre* had preferred sleeping in one of the carriages, consequently they were quite alone.

"Fanchette! Fanchette!" exclaimed Madame Heldt, "there is a murdered man lying under my bed."

Fanchette uttered a shriek.

"Silence; for God's sake, silence!" exclaimed the other. "They will come and kill us also. There is an instrument of torture in the next room."

Fanchette, anxious to assure herself of the fact, seized her lamp with no very steady hand, and proceeded to the chamber of Madame Heldt, whose lamp had been overturned and extinguished in her precipitate retreat. She looked under the bed, where at first she saw only some of the fresh-cut straw commonly used in Spain. On a closer inspection, however, she discerned the feet of a man.

The two women trembled, and almost sank lifeless beside the dead body. Fanchette, who in this instance showed more courage than her companion, perhaps on account of the precious charge committed to her care, determined to call for help. Madame Heldt then pointed out to her notice what she called the INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE, which next day was ascertained to be a flail for threshing corn!

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Fanchette, "what will become of us? But perhaps it is not a dead body after all," added she, feigning a degree of courage which she did not feel.

"What else can it be, then?" rejoined the other. "It is worse; it is a body cut in pieces, for see, there are only two feet and two legs."

They turned their eyes again toward the object of their terror, and seeing the feet and legs their consternation increased. They rushed to the window and opened it, but all was still; no one seemed to be awake in the inn, and the only sound they heard was the noise made by the mules in their stables — a much better lodging place than was allotted to the human beings they had been dragging.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Fanchette; "Madame guessed right, this innkeeper is certainly a murderer."

"A murderer!" replied Madame Heldt, "more likely the village hangman. Look there!" And she pointed again to the fatal instrument.

At length they heard the footsteps of someone passing beneath the window. It was Colonel de Laborde, who, having thrown himself with his clothes on upon two bundles of fresh straw, from time to time quitted his

bivouac to go round and ascertain that all was right. As soon as Fanchette heard the clanking of his hussar boots upon the stones of the court she thought herself rescued from destruction, and hailed him.

The brave Laborde made but two or three strides to Madame Heldt's room, when the first words he heard were "dead body" and "murdered man." He immediately perceived the two accusatory feet, and not being much afraid of death, he lugged out the body from beneath the bed where it was concealed by the straw. It proved to be a corpse; but there were no marks of violence upon it. Without stopping to form any conjecture upon the matter, he desired the women to call the master of the inn. They, however, made a hasty retreat to my daughter's room. M. de Laborde, unwilling to create an alarm, merely called from the window to one of the soldiers of the escort; and taking the lamp, went down into the kitchen, where the master of the inn was sleeping tranquilly on the hearth, by the embers of the fire round which the muleteers had supped.

"Surely this man cannot be a murderer, or at least he is innocent to-night," thought M. de Laborde. "But, no matter, we must know the history of the dead body." So, kicking him violently with his foot, he woke him, and immediately presented a pistol to his breast. The man, thinking he was going to be murdered, uttered the most dreadful cries.

"Silence, rascal," said Laborde, "or I'll blow your brains out. What explanation can you give of the discovery which has just been made in one of the chambers above? You infamous assassin!"

"My God! my worthy Colonel, I am no assassin," exclaimed the man, throwing himself on his knees and clasping his hands. "I will tell you all about it; only do not mention it to his Excellency the Ambassador; you shall see that I have done no wrong."

M. de Laborde continued to regard him with a threatening eye; and the poor wretch was so dismayed that he had scarcely power to tell his story. At length he managed to stammer out that one of the laborers of his miserable farm had died of some malady that same morning. The body was to be interred the following day, but our arrival had upset their arrangements, for

the chamber in which the corpse was deposited was one of the only two fit to receive company.

"If the Ambassador or his lady had done me the honor to sleep in my poor house," said the fellow, "I would have had the corpse well wrapped up in a cloth so that it should not have been visible; but as only one of their servants was to have the room, I thought poor Garcia might remain in the straw without incommoding her. I humbly ask her pardon. But, sir, if I had murdered the man I should not surely have allowed anyone to sleep in the room until I had removed all traces of the crime!"

This seemed reasonable enough. M. de Laborde asked him whom he could get to vouch for his character. He replied the curate and the Sangrado of the village.

"Lock me up till morning," continued he, "if you suspect I do not speak the truth, and to-morrow you will be convinced of my innocence."

M. de Laborde took him at his word, and placing him in one of the wretched rooms which happened to be furnished with a door, he locked him in. He then ordered two soldiers to replace the corpse of the poor peasant on the bed, and desired the two women to retire with the child to the carriage for the remainder of the night, concluding that the effluvia of a chamber in which there was a dead body might be pestilential.* I thanked him gratefully the next morning for this precaution.

Junot was in a furious rage with the innkeeper, and the poor wretch was skulking about, dreading the anger of the great Senor, as he styled him.

"I am no great Senor, you rascal," exclaimed Junot, "but I am a father and a humane master. How dared you harbor the thought of allowing two females and a child, and my child, too, to sleep in a room in which there was the corpse of a man who has probably died of some pestilential disease?"

As he spoke he seized the man by the throat and seemed ready to strangle him; but at this juncture the curate and the village doctor arrived. These worthies certified that the corpse was in no way infectious, the man's disorder having been a pleurisy, and that he had died a natural death. The curate had given him the

*The yellow fever was raging in Cadiz at that very time.

sacrament, and as to the doctor, if there was any murder in the case he was most probably the guilty man.

However, Madame Heldt and Fanchette positively insisted that the man had been murdered, and declared their conviction that had it not been for M. de Laborde, they, together with Mademoiselle Josephine, would have shared the same fate.

Hardly had we left San Pedro than we were thrown into fresh consternation. Little Josephine was in the carriage with her nurse, Madame Heldt, and my two maids. As the road was bad, Junot alighted and prevailed upon me to do so likewise, in order to ascend a small hill. The child was asleep, and Junot said to the muleteer who was driving her carriage: "Do not go on that side," pointing out to him a particular part of the road which was in a horrid state. "You must not drive there, or some accident will happen."

The muleteer shook his head. It was plain he had no wish to obey. Junot therefore went up to him and repeated his injunction in a peremptory tone.

"I have driven along this road more than twenty times," replied the muleteer, who, like others of his fraternity, was a species of animal much more obstinate than the mules he was driving. "I have driven along here," said he, "more than twenty times, and never met with an accident. The beasts know the path, and if I put them out of their way they will be sure to play me some trick." "And I will break a good stick across your shoulders if you make any demur," cried Junot in a passion; "do as I order you."

We proceeded onward, and had begun to climb the hill. However, we had not advanced far when a violent outcry in our rear made us turn quickly round. My daughter's carriage was overturned, the muleteer having persisted in driving over the broken road Junot had enjoined him to avoid. The first shock of alarm made me fall to the earth; but immediately summoning all my resolution, I flew to the succor of my child, whose cries were heartrending.

As for Junot, he had with the speed of lightning hurried to the spot, and, having seized the muleteer by the throat, had nearly strangled him. M. de Laborde and M. de Reyneval had great difficulty in prevailing upon

him to loosen his hold. When I came up I took my dear child in my arms. Her cries were occasioned only by alarm, and by the condition in which she saw her nurse. However, she had had a very narrow escape. The instant before the carriage overturned she had just wakened, and had gone to sit on Madame Heldt's lap. Had she remained in her nurse's arms she must have been killed, for the whole contents of the carriage rolled on poor Fanchette, which nearly suffocated her, and it was a full half hour before she came to her senses. She was lying stretched on the grass when I came up, and little Josephine was calling upon her in a tone of the most affectionate concern. Fanchette also gave a proof of equal attachment for the child, for when her recollection began to return, before she opened her eyes she stretched out her arms as if feeling for something, then in a feeble tone murmured: "The child! the child!"

At length we arrived at Badajoz, a frontier town of Spain on the side of Portugal. It is a fine city, with straight and well-paved streets — a circumstance rare in this part of Spain. This was the birthplace of the Prince of the Peace. Though the garrison was a fine one, yet the Spanish soldiers do not like to form part of it, and they consider it a sort of banishment to be sent to Badajoz. The Commandant ordered a salute to be fired when we entered the town, in pursuance of orders he had received.

Descending the gentle declivity at the foot of the ramparts, we came in sight of Elvas, a strong garrison on the Portuguese frontier, and situated only a league from Badajoz. Both towns are built upon eminences. A river, or rather a brook, called the Cayo, is the boundary of the two kingdoms.* We crossed it without the least diffi-

*On entering Portugal from Spain the traveler is forcibly struck with the difference between the two countries. The dark eyes, the black hair, and brown complexion, are the only traits of resemblance between the Portuguese and Spaniards. The Portuguese have thick lips, noses something of the negro form, black, and often curly hair; and their figures, and, above all, their hands, show signs of the mixed blood. In Spain the people, in spite of their dark complexion and eyes, have at least a European look. On entering Portugal the traveler is, however, agreeably surprised by finding himself among a more cultivated people. He leaves these vast heaths and meadows which are laid waste by the *mesta*, and enters a country covered with

culty, as it was then almost dry. We entered Elvas under a salute of artillery, while the fortress of Badajoz courteously answered the compliment.

It was on Holy Thursday, at four in the afternoon, that I arrived before Lisbon.

Que não tem visto Lisboa	He who has not seen Lisbon
Não tem visto cousa boa.	has seen nothing good.

I was filled with admiration, and, in spite of the thousand panegyrics which I had heard pronounced on the Portuguese capital, I confess I was surprised as well as charmed at the sight of the splendid picture before me. I should imagine that no city in Europe presents such a *coup-d'œil* as Lisbon, on approaching it from Spain. The vast plain of water formed by the Tagus (which in some places is a league and a half wide) is bounded on the opposite bank by an immense city, built on an amphitheater of hills; while the port, filled with a countless multitude of vessels, presented a forest of masts, bearing the colors of a hundred different nations; for, at the period here alluded to (1805), Portugal was at peace with the world.

Our banker at Lisbon was a French merchant, who was introduced to us, when we alighted from our *coche de colleras*, by M. Serrurier, at that time French Consul at Lisbon. As we were required to stay a few days at Aldea* Galega, in compliance with an absurd rule of Portuguese etiquette, our banker had provided a delightful country house for our reception, which speedily enabled me to forget all the horrors of Spanish and Portuguese inns. M. Serrurier dined with us, and immediately after set off to announce to the Minister for Foreign Affairs the arrival of the Ambassador from the Emperor Napoleon, and to request that the requisite orders might be issued for his reception, which M. d'Araujo immediately did.

rustic but well-built habitations; and as the peasantry carefully plaster their houses every spring, they are always of a dazzling white. The Portuguese are also more attentive than the Spaniards to all that regards personal appearance. A brown cloth jacket takes the place of the Spaniard's mantle and leathern waistcoat, and a hat is substituted for the *montera*. The women either simply fasten their hair with a ribbon, or cover it with a handkerchief, which is tied under the chin.

*Aldea is the Portuguese term for «village.»

This, as I have already mentioned, was on Holy Thursday. It was night when M. Serrurier returned, and he informed Junot that the reception could not take place till the following day. We passed the evening very agreeably in our little country house at Aldea Galega. Next morning, after breakfast, we walked on the banks of the Tagus, awaiting the arrival of the Queen's *escaleres*.* M. d'Araujo sent a long note to explain that it was impossible to fire a salute from the tower of Belem in honor of the Ambassador's arrival, because it was Good Friday.

The three holy days cannot be profaned by any signal of rejoicing. The Queen and the Prince and Princess of Brazil do not receive any such demonstration of respect when they pass Belem on one of those days. Having made the necessary inquiries to ascertain that the omission of the salute was not suggested by English influence, Junot returned for answer that the Emperor, his master, would regard this respect shown to the King of kings as a practice which he himself would have been the first to order.

Spain was at this time the prey of a terrible scourge; the yellow fever had decimated the fair province of Andalusia. Cadiz, which had lost a vast proportion of its population, seemed to be almost arrayed in general mourning. Malaga, Murcia, and all that portion of the coast of the Peninsula had suffered frightful ravages. To the alarm naturally inspired by this pestilence we were indebted for a visit from the officers of health, a ceremony which is not usually observed except toward persons arriving by sea. Our examination being ended, we again proceeded to the bank of the river, and there we found the Queen's *escaleres* in readiness to receive us. I was struck with the neat appearance of the rowers. They were twenty-five in number, and were all dressed in white, with black velvet caps ornamented in front with the arms of Portugal in silver.

I stepped on board the Prince Regent's yacht, accompanied by Junot, M. de Reyneval, first secretary to the embassy, M. Lageard de Cherval, and Colonel Laborde, Junot's first aid-de-camp. My little girl, her *gouvernante*, M. Legoy, and some other persons of the suite, followed in another *escaler*, of which there were four, besides the

* State barges.

Queen's yacht. In this manner we crossed the great expanse of water formed by the Tagus between Aldea Galega and Lisbon.

As we advanced, the picture became more and more interesting; new beauties arose at every stroke of the boatmen's oars. I think we were nearly two hours in going across; the men had received orders to show us the city from different points of view. This piece of national vanity I thought very pardonable. At length we landed between Belem and the Quay of Sodres. Here we found the Count de Castro Marino, a Portuguese grandee, who was deputed to receive Junot on his landing, and who was also to introduce him to the Prince Regent.

They both stepped into one of the Court carriages drawn by six horses, the Ambassador sitting on the right of the Count de Castro Marino. M. de Rayneval and M. de Laborde were then requested to enter a third carriage, and, in conformity with one of those strange customs which excited my astonishment, the second carriage remained empty. M. Legoy and the other gentlemen of the embassy followed. As for me, I did not land until five minutes after Andoche, etiquette having so ordained it. I then took my seat in a Court carriage and six, accompanied by M. de Cherval, who, holding no specific post in the embassy, could not form part of the grand cavalcade. My daughter and her *gouvernante* occupied the second carriage, and the third was filled by my female attendants. All the three carriages had six horses each.

We took a different road from the grand procession, and, proceeding along the banks of the Tagus, we reached our destination before the Ambassador and his introducer. This was exactly what I wanted. I had laid a wager with Junot that before he got through all his ceremonies with the Count he would inevitably be guilty of the indecorum of indulging in a laugh. I therefore was curious to observe him after he should alight from the carriage.

One of the absurd ceremonies of the Court of Portugal is that, on the arrival of an Ambassador, he must give, IMMEDIATELY ON ENTERING HIS HÔTEL, a collation to the individual who is to introduce him at Court. This COLLATION, as it is styled, is nothing less than a great dinner, since covers are laid for five and twenty.

The Ambassador and his introducer sit down to table alone, face to face, and without tasting a morsel, amuse themselves with folding and unfolding their napkins for the space of five or six minutes, like two automatons. This ludicrous custom is the more at variance with common sense inasmuch as when the Ambassador arrives by sea there can be no time for unpacking the plate and making the requisite arrangements for the observance of this etiquette. However, as there is no possibility of evading the ceremony, the Ambassador borrows from some friendly power whatever may be necessary for the collation. Thus the embassy of Spain enabled Junot to do the honors of his Hôtel as soon as he alighted from his carriage.

Anticipating the drollery of the collation scene, I had laid a wager with Junot that he would never get through it with becoming gravity. I also had my misgivings about the Count de Castro Marino. Before he presented himself I expected to see one of the thoroughbred *hidalgos* of the old school, carrying in his hand a gold-headed cane, and coughing from the very bottom of his lungs at every word he uttered. But I was agreeably surprised at finding him quite a young man, ugly enough in all conscience, and in all probability not very reluctant to join in a laugh. My conclusion was reasonable enough; but in Portugal things are not always consistent with reason.

I stationed myself near a door which looked into the dining-room, and where I could have a good view of what passed. Their Excellencies gravely ascended the grand staircase of the Hôtel, bowing to each other at every door, and the Count de Castro Marino keeping on the left of the Ambassador with scrupulous care. In this manner they ascended from one flight of stairs to the other, bowing and bowing until they reached the reception-room. Here they each made a most profound bow, looking for all the world like two Chinese mandarins.

After a short interval the *maître d'hôtel* entered to announce to their Excellencies that the collation was served. Then the two poor victims, tortured as they had already been by bowing, made each three or four more bows, and at length adjourned to the dining-room.

Here I was waiting for them. To my astonishment, I soon discovered that the wretch of a Portuguese, far from being a VICTIM, as I had imagined, went through the ceremony with evident complacency. He preserved his gravity so decorously that Junot conceived himself bound to return it with interest, and there they sat as if challenging one another which would longest refrain from smiling.

At length, at the expiration of six minutes, which I counted precisely by the timepiece, the Count de Castro Marino rose, and Junot followed his example. They then resumed their bows, and having each made about a dozen, the Portuguese grandee, who, by the bye, was an extremely little man, took his leave, and set of in his large carriage, which, I may observe, resembled one of the carriages of Louis XIV.'s time, after the model of which it was actually built. Junot accompanied his guest downstairs with the same formalities as he had observed on coming up, and having bowed the Count into his heavy rumbling machine, bade him farewell.

Two or three long strides up the stairs brought him back to the drawing-room, where he found me mortified at having lost my wager, and not a little astonished to find that a YOUNG man could go through the ceremony I have just described without even a smile. After a hearty laugh we sat down to partake of the COLLATION, which was excellent.

General Lannes had occupied at Lisbon a spacious and beautiful house, situated at the Fountain of Loretto, near the Opera House, and in the vicinity of the Tagus. In this house, one of the best in the Portuguese capital, we now installed ourselves. The bank is situated in the quarter of Loretto, which is, in consequence, the busiest part in Lisbon. The window of a little drawing-room which I usually occupied looked into a small square, through which thousands of people passed in the course of the day.

The dress of the inhabitants of Lisbon has in it nothing peculiar, like that of the people of Madrid; but it is much more gay. The uniformity of dress, and especially the prevalence of black, in Madrid, imparts to that city an air of melancholy which did not displease me, though I have heard it much condemned by travelers, particularly at

the period here alluded to. Since that time French fashion has had its influence on the Spanish customs, and now a female, whatever may be her rank, may venture to walk out in open day in a shawl and hat, while in 1805 she would have been insulted. At Lisbon the females of the lower rank walk about the streets alone, but those of a superior class ride in what are called chairs.

These chairs are a sort of cabriolet drawn by two mules, one of which is ridden by a man, who is very shabbily dressed if in the employment of a common person, while his coat is trimmed with some wretched lace if he should be the servant of an individual having any pretension to nobility. These little chairs are used in Lisbon by the noble and the wealthy, who have them tolerably neat in appearance, and drawn by two fine mules. A groom rides beside the vehicle when it contains a lady of elevated rank.

Females of the higher class, however, usually drive in carriages drawn by four mules, with a groom riding on one side. I, too, was obliged to conform to this latter ceremony, which I found was indispensable. In Lisbon it is impossible to make several visits in a carriage drawn by two mules, on account of the immense distance between one part of the city and another. The capital of Portugal, which contained at this time nearly three hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, exclusive of the military, was two leagues and a half long, while in width it did not exceed the limits of two or three streets.

Lisbon, like Rome, is built on seven hills. The continual acclivities and declivities of the roughly-paved streets therefore render driving very difficult, and this is augmented by the heaps of rubbish which are frequently encountered — the ruins of former earthquakes. Yet scarcely any, except the very common people, go on foot in Lisbon.

The women of the lower class, who are generally pretty, wear a very becoming costume. It consists of a red cloak and hood bordered with black velvet, while on their heads, instead of a cap, they have a lawn handkerchief, pinned on in the style which in France is called *en marmotte*. This dress is exceedingly graceful, and even a plain woman looks pretty in it, since no feature is seen but her eyes, and the Spanish and Por-

tuguese women universally have fine ones. Indeed, to take beautiful eyes to the Peninsula is so much beauty thrown away.

After we had got a little settled in our new residence, Junot requested that a day might be appointed for his presentation. M. d'Araujo, whom we now met again with great pleasure, and who, as I have already mentioned, was the Portuguese Minister for Foreign Affairs, informed Junot that he should be introduced as soon as the Easter festivals and processions were over. The presentation took place at Queluz. Junot had received from the Emperor instructions respecting the etiquette he was to observe himself and to exact from others.

It was well known in Paris that the Prince Regent was the absolute slave of England, and that he almost trembled to receive us. It is true that the most marked honors were constantly shown to the French embassy, and yet, when the Portuguese nobility came to pay the usual complimentary visits, they behaved, by order of the Court, in a way which was calculated to offend, though perhaps it would not have justified a demand for explanation. Some of them came dressed in mourning!

CHAPTER XXX.

Junot's Presentation at Court — His Superb Hussar Uniform — The Prince of Brazil Copies His Dress — My Preparations for an Audience — Embarrassment of Hoops — My Presentation to the Royal Family — The Princess of Brazil — Her Ugliness and Absurd Costume — Ladies of the Court — Lord and Lady Robert Fitzgerald — Lord Strangford and Pellegrini, the Painter — The Spanish Embassy — The Russian Minister — M. von Lebzeltern, the Austrian Ambassador, and His Family — Count Villaverde and M. d'Anadia — Galeppi, the Apostolic Nuncio — Napoleon's Opinion of Him — The Pope Deceived by Napoleon.

On our arrival the Court was at Queluz, and the Queen was as mad as ever. Junot was anxious that his retinue should be as splendid as a retinue possibly could be in Lisbon. His dress was superb, and became him admirably, for he was then a very handsome man. He wore his magnificent full-dress uniform of Colonel-

General of the hussars, the same which he had had made for the Emperor's coronation. The dolman was white, with red facing, the pantaloons blue, and the pelisse blue, richly embroidered with gold. The sleeves of the dolman and pelisse were adorned with nine gold chevrons, superbly embroidered in an oak-leaf pattern. The pelisse was bordered with magnificent blue fox fur.

This dress cost fifteen thousand francs, independently of the heron plume in the shako, which was a present from the Empress Josephine, and was worth more than a hundred and fifty louis. He presented a truly martial appearance in this dress. His tall handsome figure and noble countenance, on which five honorable scars were visible, naturally commanded respect. One of these scars was particularly visible, and was caused by a wound received at the battle of Lonato.*

Junot proceeded to Quelez in great pomp. The most trivial points of Portuguese etiquette were scrupulously observed, and the equerry in white silk stockings was not forgotten. The carriage in which he rode was one of the finest Paris could produce, having been built by the celebrated coachmaker Leduc; the liveries were rich, and the attendants numerous. Consequently the embassy, consisting of the Ambassador, M. de Rayneval, Colonel Laborde, MM. de Cherval, Legoy, and Magnien, presented a very imposing appearance. Junot went through his part exceedingly well, and was received with a marked degree of favor, for which, perhaps, he was in some degree indebted to our eight hundred thousand

* I may mention that whenever the Emperor looked steadfastly at Junot, he seemed to fix his eye with an expression of complacency on this long gash, which extended from the temple almost to the bottom of the cheek. In the course of a conversation I had with him after my return from Portugal, alluding to Junot's scars, he asked me, singularly enough, whether the Princess of Brazil had cast TENDER GLANCES at Junot. This was his expression; and he added, «*Ma foi!* Junot is a handsome fellow; and that scar of his gives him a martial air which would turn my head if I were a woman. And I can tell you Junot made many conquests at Milan, and during the campaigns of Italy.» When the Emperor was in good humor he was exceedingly fond of rallying his favorite officers. With women, on the contrary, he never joked, or, if he did, his joke was a thunderbolt. The strange mania that possessed him of telling wives of the infidelities of their husbands sometimes gave rise to very painful feelings.

bayonets, and also to the fear naturally inspired by such a Minister of Peace as Junot, who was inclined to say with the ancient Roman: "I bear peace or war in the folds of my mantle." The Prince of Brazil by no means realized the idea which Junot had formed of him from what he had heard.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed on his return home, "how ugly the Prince is! . . . *Mon Dieu!* how ugly the Princess is! . . . *Mon Dieu!* how ugly they all are! . . . There is not a comely face among the whole set, except the Prince Royal (the late Don Pedro), the Prince de Beira. He is a handsome youth, and he looks like a dove amid a brood of owls. But I cannot conceive," added Junot, "why the Prince of Brazil stared at me so steadfastly. . . . I did not know that there was anything very extraordinary in my looks, but he never for a moment turned his eyes from me." In the evening we learned what had excited the Prince's curiosity.

M. d'Araujo said: "Do you know, the Prince was quite puzzled to know why the Ambassador did not take off his CAP, as he called it." "What does he mean by his cap?" inquired I. "Why, he calls the shako a cap. I have affirmed that the shako is never removed, even in the presence of God, and the Ambassador has certainly gone far to confirm that idea. However, I can assure you that but for me the affair would have been made the subject of a note. But you will be surprised when you learn the effect which the General's appearance has produced at Court."

These last words piqued my curiosity, but M. d'Araujo smiled and would not gratify it. However, it was not long before his meaning was explained. On the day after the presentation, the Prince Regent's first *valet de chambre* was sent to request that the French Ambassador would be pleased to lend his hussar uniform as a pattern for his Royal Highness's tailor, who was to make one like it for the Prince, and one for the Infant Don Pedro. I had not then seen the Prince of Brazil, therefore I could not laugh, as I afterward did, when I beheld his corpulent figure, clumsy legs, and enormous head, muffled in a hussar uniform. His negro hair (which, by the bye, was in perfect keeping with his thick lips, African nose, and swarthy color) was well

powdered and pomatumed, and tied in a thick queue. The whole was surmounted by a shako, ornamented with a diamond aigret of great value. A more preposterous figure was never seen. There was the pelisse hanging over his RIGHT shoulder like a Jew's bag of old clothes, and his clumsy, ill-shaped legs muffled in braided pantaloons and red boots. But the best of all was the shako; it was put on quite straight and very backward, with the visor resting on his powdered head.

After Junot had made all his diplomatic evolutions, my turn came. This was an anxious moment. Before I left Paris, and during my journey, hoops had been only remote objects of terror, but as the time for wearing them approached I began to lose courage. Twice or thrice I attempted to try them on before my dressing-room mirror, but I turned about so awkwardly that I had nearly fallen flat on my face. . . . And then what a strange figure I cut! I looked for all the world like the Comtesse d'Escarbagnas, and, to tell the truth, I believe it was this that alarmed me.

"Heavens!" I exclaimed, almost crying with vexation, "what an absurd thing it is to be obliged to wear these horrible instruments of torture. . . . My dear husband," said I, in the most coaxing tone I could assume, "do pray get me exempted from this infliction. Come, I know you can arrange the matter if you will . . . France is so powerful!" But, within the first fortnight of his embassy — that is to say, when he had fairly entered upon his duties — Junot began to be very grave. He no longer laughed at the whimsical etiquette of the Portuguese Court, and he now talked of nothing but diplomatic notes and the duties which nations owe one another. When I spoke to him about the hoops, he seemed as astonished as if I had wished him to make a declaration of war.

"Your hoop, Laura . . . go in your hoop, by all means. Recollect that, being an Ambassadress, you, of all persons, are required to observe this etiquette. . . . To think of going without a hoop — the thing is impossible!" What was to be done? there I was like an ass just harnessed with his panniers, swinging to the right and swinging to the left, and in momentary expectation of falling on my nose. I was out of all patience, and

openly rebelled. I declared that my name should not mark an epoch in the annals of diplomatic presentations, and that people should not have to say: "Oh! you recollect, it was the year when the French Ambassadress fell down at Court . . . Don't you remember her ridiculous exhibition?"

Among the foreign Ambassadors at the Court of Lisbon was Count Lebzeltern, the Austrian Minister. His lady rendered me the important service of helping me out of my dilemma. I was giving her a history of my trouble, and complaining of the tyranny of Junot, when she said: "But, my dear Madame, I cannot imagine how it is that you find the hoop so awkward as you describe. . . . You are slender, and you move as lightly as a fairy; why, then, should you be so clumsy in your hoop? There must be something wrong about it. Let me see it; I dare say I can suggest a remedy." She guessed right. On examining my hoops she found that they wanted at bottom a little iron or brass rod, the use of which was to act as a counterpoise to the enormous weight above it. When I tried them on after this improvement I found that I could walk like other people.

On the day appointed for my presentation, after getting the monstrous mountain properly adjusted, I put on a dress of white silk embroidered with gold llama, and looped up at the sides with large gold tassels, precisely after the manner of a window curtain. On my head I wore a TOQUE, with six large white feathers fastened by a diamond clasp, and I had a diamond necklace and earrings. When thus harnessed, I drew on a pair of white gloves (for the daughter had not the same antipathy as the mother), and I was ready to set off for Queluz. But my troubles were not yet at an end. I had got dressed, it is true, and had made up my mind to look like an ass laden with cabbages, but this was not enough. A fresh difficulty presented itself. How was I to get into the carriage, especially at an hour of the day when the Chafariz de Loretto was crowded with Galegos,* who began to laugh when they beheld my extraordinary figure?

With my foot on the carriage steps, I tried to squeeze

*Natives of the Spanish province of Galicia, employed as laborers in Lisbon, and extremely industrious.

myself in, first frontways, then sideways, and at length I stepped back in utter despair, for the vehicle was as much too low for my plume as it was too narrow for my hoop. Junot, who had not to go to Queluz that day, anxious to see me safe off, came down to the door in his *robe de chambre* and slippers, and assisted in PACKING me as gravely, and with as much care, as if I had been a statue worth a million. At length we mastered the difficulty, and in I got; but then I found I was obliged to sit slantwise, and with my body bent almost double, for fear of breaking my feathers and crushing my beautiful *moire* draperies. In this state of purgatory I rode from Lisbon to Queluz, a distance of two leagues!

I was ushered by the *camareira-mor* * into the little suite of apartments belonging to the Princess of Brazil. As it was contrary to Portuguese etiquette for the Prince or King to receive an Ambassadress, this was the only visit I had to make, for all the Princesses were assembled in the drawing-room of the Princess of Brazil. . . . I made my three courtesies, looking all the while very stupid — for this ceremony is in itself exceedingly foolish — and then I waited for the Princess to speak to me.

I had been informed that she would question me about France, and that she wished to render herself agreeable to me; not that *I* personally was worth that trouble, but I was the representative of FEMALE France. Accordingly the Princess commenced by observing that she should much like to know the Empress Josephine, and she asked me whether she was as handsome as she was represented to be. I replied that her Majesty was still very handsome, and that her figure in particular was exquisitely fine. "If," added I, "your Royal Highness wishes to see a portrait of her, I can have the honor of showing you a most striking likeness."

I then produced a miniature by Isabey, which was, like all his works, a masterpiece of grace and delicacy. The Princess then spoke of her mother, and laughed very much at the Court regulation respecting gloves. She then asked whether I thought her like her mother. I boldly answered YES. Heaven forgive me for the falsehood! for the Queen had really been a fine woman,

* The same post as the *camarera-mayor* of the Spanish Court, already mentioned.

while the Princess could never have been anything but a most hideous specimen of ugliness.

Picture to yourself, reader, a woman four feet ten inches high at the very most, and crooked, or at least both her sides were not alike, her bust, arms, and legs being in perfect unison with her deformed shape. Still, all this might have passed off in a royal personage had her face been even endurable; but, good heavens, what a face it was! . . . She had two bloodshot eyes, which never looked one way, though they could not absolutely be accused of squinting — everybody knows what eyes I mean. . . . Then her skin! there was nothing human in it; it might be called a VEGETABLE skin. . . . Her nose descended upon her blue livid lips, which when open displayed the most extraordinary set of teeth that God ever created. Teeth, I suppose, they must be called, though they were in reality nothing but huge pieces of bone stuck in her large mouth, and rising and falling like the reeds of a reed pipe.

This face was surmounted by a cranium covered with coarse, dry, frizzy hair, which at first sight appeared to be of no color. I suppose it was black, for, looking at me, the Princess exclaimed: "She is like us. . . . She is dark-complexioned. . . . She has hair and eyes like Pepita." "Heaven preserve me!" I inwardly exclaimed, while I involuntarily turned my eyes to a mirror as if to assure myself that what she said was not true. Pepita was the Queen of Etruria.

The dress of the Princess of Brazil was in DISCORDANT unison, if I may so express myself, with her person. This was precisely what it ought to have been. She would have been natural, at least, in a dress of dark-colored silk, made perfectly plain. However, she had thought proper to array herself in a dress of Indian muslin embroidered with gold and silver llama. This dress, which was wretchedly ill made, very imperfectly covered an enormous bosom, and a chest all awry, while diamond brooches ornamented the sleeves, whose extreme shortness displayed a pair of arms which would have been much better concealed. Her frizzy dingy hair was plaited, and decorated with pearls and diamonds of admirable beauty. The body of her dress, too, was edged with a row of pearls of inestimable value.

Her eardrops were perfectly unique; I never saw anything like them. They consisted of two diamond pears, perfectly round, of the purest water, and about an inch in length. The two brilliants which surmounted the drops were likewise superb. The exquisite beauty of these jewels, combined with the extreme ugliness of the person who wore them, produced an indescribably strange effect, and made the Princess look like a being scarcely belonging to our species. Near her stood two of the young Princesses, one of whom was about ten years old. They were both fine girls, especially the one whose name was, I believe, Isabel — the one, I mean, who afterward married her uncle, Ferdinand VII. As to the other Princesses, Doña Maria-Anna and the widow, they were both ugly; but it was an amusing piece of coquetry in them to station themselves beside the Princess of Brazil; her singular ugliness gave a comparative touch of beauty to the others.

Let the reader imagine, if he can, this personage dressed, as I have seen her, in a hunting-jacket (made almost like a man's) of green cloth trimmed with gold lace, a petticoat likewise of green cloth, open behind and before, like those worn by our great-grandmothers when they used to ride on horseback in the country, and then the *beaux cheveux*, which I have already mentioned, surmounted by a man's hat stuck on the crown of her head. Such was the hunting costume of the Princess of Brazil, and her Royal Highness, it must be observed, hunted like another Nimrod. Heavens! what a strange being she was!

One day I arrived at Queluz just as she was setting out to the chase, and when I beheld her equipped in her extraordinary costume I fancied I saw a grotesque vision before me. She had a black horse, very small, like all the Portuguese horses, but sufficiently skittish to intimidate a good male equestrian. To my amazement the Princess mounted him ASTRIDE, and giving him two or three smart cuts with the whip, she made him prance round the esplanade in front of the palace, and then set off at full gallop, like a headlong youth of fifteen just broke loose from college. She appeared so ridiculous that I had difficulty in preserving the gravity indispensable to my DIPLOMATIC dignity.

My presentation audience being over, I went, according to etiquette, to see the *camareira-mor*. This personage was a little thin woman, very dark and very shriveled, as most of the old women in Portugal are. Her dress, like that of all the ladies of the Court of Lisbon, was the strangest masquerade that Christian women can possibly assume. It consisted of a petticoat of very stiff and thick silk, of deep blue color, with a border of gold embroidery; and her robe was a piece of some kind of red silk, which dragged behind her by way of a train. I observed that some of the elder ladies of the Court wore a sort of *toque* or cap fitted close to their heads (this, I believe, was peculiar to widows), and the *camareira* had in hers a large blue flower of the same color as her petticoat.

When I entered the Princess of Brazil's drawing-room, all the *damas de honor* were seated — guess, reader, where? On the floor — yes, on the floor — with their legs crossed under them like tailors, or rather like the Arabs, who have bequeathed this among the many other customs they have left to the Peninsula. The ladies all rose up as I entered, and I almost fancied myself surrounded by a flock of Brazilian birds — those brilliant red and blue feathered paroquets. Their dresses were of the brightest and most glaring colors. The Princess, though blind to the defects of her person, apparently had sense enough to avoid these showy colors, and she never wore a Court dress. If she had done so, it would have been an awful affair to encounter the twofold monstrosity of her person and her apparel.

After my presentation I was looked upon with much consideration at Lisbon. I was the only personage of importance connected with the Diplomatic Corps. There was, to be sure, the wife of the English Minister, Lady Robert Fitzgerald;* but, I know not how it was, her manners rendered her intolerable. The good sense and gentlemanly manners of Lord Robert Fitzgerald formed a striking contrast to the qualities which distinguished his lady.

She was quite a virago, with large legs, large arms,

* Aunt by marriage to the beautiful Pamela, the adopted child of Madame de Genlis. She married the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

and large teeth, the latter making one almost afraid to go near her lest she should bite, an apprehension not unreasonable in those who observed the furious way in which she used to eye even a French hat or cap, looking like a tiger ready to fly at the face of the woman who wore it. The reserve maintained by Lord Robert Fitzgerald previous to our arrival in Lisbon was a proof of his sagacity. He perceived the influence which France, supported by Spain, was about to exercise upon Portugal. That influence was not received by the nation with the ardor which England might have been led to expect; but it was not on that account the less decided; and Lord Robert, who knew the timid character of the Portuguese Government, had no inclination to engage in a conflict which at that moment could not have turned to the advantage of England.

The Princess of Brazil was a Spaniard, therefore discretion was necessary, and every train of reasoning led to the evident conclusion that France was then the ruling Power of Europe. Lord Robert Fitzgerald therefore acted prudently. He made no display, gave no parties, but limited himself to the formal interchange of those diplomatic dinners which furnish a stock of *ennui* for several weeks. I fancy, too, that his fortune did not enable him to live very expensively. In his youth Lord Robert must have been an extremely handsome man; he had the manners of a highly-educated nobleman.

The principal secretary to the English Embassy was a man whose name was even then distinguished in the literary as well as the political world, and who since has acquired a celebrity of which his country may be proud. I allude to Lord Strangford. He was then engaged on an English translation of Camoens. His lordship was an agreeable and well-bred man. He was short-sighted, and this circumstance, added to his absence of mind, led him into some strange adventures. One day calling on Pellegrini, an Italian painter, in Lisbon, he perceived, as he imagined, M. d'Araujo sitting for his portrait.

Pellegrini motioned Lord Strangford not to approach, observing at the same time: "It will be finished presently." Lord Strangford imagined that the artist did not wish him to show himself lest he should disturb the Minister for Foreign Affairs at his sitting. After he had

waited nearly a quarter of an hour at a respectful distance, as became a young diplomatist, Pellegrini beckoned him to come forward. He advanced with a low bow, but M. d'Araujo seemed to take no notice of his salutation. He made a second and a third bow, but M. d'Araujo still preserved the same motionless silence.

Lord Strangford, who probably attributed this coolness to French influence, advanced quite close to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and saluted him for the fourth time; but his surprise at the taciturnity of M. d'Araujo was speedily converted into merriment when he perceived that he had been bowing all the time to a figure dressed up in the Minister's robes of office.

The Spanish Embassy would have been of infinite assistance to us if the Ambassador's lady had been living. The Comte de Campo Alange was an old man, a widower and a greater devotee than any good Christian needs to be. He was imbued with all the gloomy superstition of the most ignorant of the Spaniards. In other respects he was a worthy man, and his honorable principles well fitted him for the post he filled. He afterward became attached to King Joseph, and proved his fidelity by the sacrifice of almost the whole of his large fortune.

His chief secretary, Senor Castro, was a man alike remarkable for his intelligence and for the gloomy, and even ferocious character of his countenance. His black eyes, surmounted by his bushy and lowering eyebrows, made him look like the leader of a conspiracy. When the troubles in Spain broke out, Castro took part in them, and his name became celebrated among the Spanish insurgents and the English. His mind was like his countenance — gloomy. The decision of his character was expressed in his eye.

The Russian Minister was the most tedious of men; we, however, saw but little of him. England, which already began to tremble at the threatened invasion of Europe by the overwhelming power of Napoleon, tried every scheme to build up a barrier to the threatened torrent. It was whispered that a treaty had been signed at St. Petersburg between Great Britain and Russia. The fact was not yet officially announced, but the Russian Minister, on being invited to a party at my house, where

there were more than two hundred persons present, appeared with a face screwed up for the occasion.

He assumed such a ridiculous air of importance that even those who were best disposed to England wished he had stayed at home, since the only effect he produced was to render himself uglier than he naturally was.

Holland had only a Consul General at the Court of Lisbon, who discharged the functions of Minister. Mynheer Dormann was a worthy and excellent man. His wife, like himself, was one of those persons whose friendship and esteem confer honor on those who enjoy them.

The Austrian Ambassador was M. von Lebzeltern. For him and his interesting family we cherished a high regard. The Countess Lebzeltern, who was a native of Spain, was much advanced in years. But the gayety of her mind and the playfulness of her manners, which were the relic of a past age, recalled to my mind the traditions of infancy and conspired to attached me to her. Her daughters, especially the eldest, Doña Theresa Maria, were charming girls. How many delightful hours have I passed at Lisbon and at Cintra with this estimable family! Junot, too, was much attached to them.

The Comte de Villaverde filled in the Portuguese Cabinet an office similar to that which in France is called President of the Council. He was considered to possess a certain tact, or, to speak in plainer terms, a sort of shrewd cunning, and was subject to that perpetual timidity which, in a Government as well as an individual, is the stamp of degradation and frequently of dishonor. M. de Villaverde had just talent enough to discern from the lightning's flash that the storm was advancing upon his country. But there his discernment ended. He had no resources to oppose to the danger, and, having proclaimed it, he delivered himself up to its terrors.

The Vicomte d'Anadia, the Minister of the Marine, was one of those persons whom it is always a happiness to meet. But the Viscount was not easily to be met with, for he was an absolute hermit. He avoided society. He saw his country in its true light, viz, a paradise inhabited by demons and brutes, and containing a mere sprinkling of what was good. He contemplated the evils

of his country with a heavy heart and a broken spirit. M. d'Araujo, who was no less sensible to the misfortunes of his country, used to say to him: "Let us try to remedy them"; for he did not think them incurable. But M. d'Anadia wept like Jeremiah over the fate of his country, rejecting both consolation and hope. He was an excellent musician, and he embellished his retreat with all the resources of the fine arts. I contrived to gain his good graces, and he came to visit at my house more frequently than he went elsewhere.

I have now arrived at the principal portrait of my group, that of the Apostolic Nuncio. Monsignore Galeppi, Archbishop of Nisibi, is a man famous in the diplomatic annals of the Vatican. His shrewdness, joined to his extensive and profound information, rendered his society extremely interesting.* He felt that his attitude must be humble toward France. I do not know whether the Nuncio had received any instructions, or whether he anticipated them, but certain it is that as soon as he heard of our arrival he constituted himself the friend rather than the diplomatic colleague of the Ambassador of France. As for me, he lost no time in declaring himself my *cavaliere servente*, and as he was between sixty and seventy, his age of course set scandal at defiance. He declared himself my ADMIRER, and addressed to me the most elegant compliments. At the same time he lavished caresses on MY TREASURE (as he called my

*I may here relate an observation which fell from the Emperor relative to Galeppi, and which shows his opinion of the crafty Italian's character. After my return from Portugal, Napoleon was one day conversing with me about the Court of Lisbon, and, naturally enough, mentioned Monsignore Galeppi. He had known him, I forget now where, but I believe in Italy. He observed that all the art of the most subtle Turkish *scheik* was mere simplicity compared to the cunning of Galeppi. This was a comparison he frequently made, and often when talking of Galeppi at Malmaison he used to point to the little figure of an Egyptian *scheik*, enveloped in an enormous green pelisse trimmed with sable, a turban made of a scarlet sprigged cashmere shawl, and holding in his hand a pipe of jasmine wood, tipped with amber. He told me that when Galeppi was once arranging a treaty with Murat, I do not recollect on what occasion, he put on a pair of green spectacles that the expression of his countenance might not be observed. This single fact shows the man completely. In the billiard room at Malmaison there was a collection of these little figures, representing all the *scheiks* of Cairo.

little Josephine), and used to bring her presents of delicious sweetmeats made by an Italian confectioner whom he had brought from Rome.

The Nuncio did all this with good taste, without any tinge of servility, and it might have answered Galeppi's object with those who would have suffered themselves to be led without looking where they went. But an event which had just happened was calculated to put us on our guard. The Council of the Holy Father had, as well as himself, reckoned on the restoration of his ancient domains. The Treaty of Toletino had deprived him of the three legations, and Cardinal Consalvi, as well as the rest, hoped that the Emperor would acknowledge the deference the Pope had shown him by his journey from the Monte Cavallo to the Pavilion of Flora in order to consecrate his coronation, and would at least restore some of the wrecks of the legations. Napoleon did not fulfill this expectation. The Pope, after lingering four months in Paris, recrossed the Alps without obtaining any satisfaction.

Perhaps the Emperor committed an error. It is impossible to conceive how prejudicial the Bull of Excommunication was to his interests in Spain, Italy, and throughout Catholic Germany. He must have perceived at this time the leaven of hatred and vengeance which lurked in the breasts of the Italian ecclesiastics. Monsignore Galeppi made no demonstration of his feelings to me; but he doubtless regretted as keenly as others the loss of that gem of the triple crown. At the time of the Italian coronation, the Nuncio, who had probably requested his friends to furnish him with accounts of it, showed me a great quantity of letters from Milan, giving details of the ceremony in terms which revealed profound attachment to Napoleon, and seemed almost dictated by enthusiasm.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Nobility of Lisbon — The Duc and Duchesse de Cadaval — The Nobleman and His Cook — Portuguese Politeness — Their Insincerity — Degradation of the Country — The Marquis de Loulé — The Three Graces — Duchess of Alafoës — Marquises de Louriçal and de Loulé — Count Sabugal — Comtesse d'Ega — Ratification of a Treaty — General Lannes's Saber — The Order of Christ — The Valet de Chambre and the Red Ribbon — Ceremony in the Convento Novo — Tedious Sermon — Prince of Brazil — Portugal under the Domination of England — Naldi and Catalani at the Opera at Lisbon — Portuguese Theater.

When I was at Lisbon in 1805 the society of that capital presented a strange mixture. It was in two extremes, without any medium — either detestable or excellent. In the latter division, which unfortunately was the minority, I have already placed the Austrian Minister's family; and I am proud to say that the two other individuals whom I most highly esteemed in Lisbon were Frenchwomen, married to Portuguese. One of them was the Duchesse de Cadaval, cousin to our present King, and sister to the Duc de Luxembourg; the other was Madame de Braamcamp de Sobral, the daughter of Comte Louis de Narbonne.

The Duchesse de Cadaval was married at Lisbon at the time of the emigration. She was possessed of great charms of person, grace of manners, a cultivated mind, and an excellent heart. At the time of her marriage, when nineteen or twenty years of age, she was tall and well shaped; her eyes, though soft, beamed with animation, and she had an easy and gentle demeanor which imparted additional charms to her appearance. When I knew her she still retained the gayety of her smile; but it was easy to detect in it a tinge of grief. The Duchesse de Cadaval, whose son had a chance of one day sitting on the throne of Portugal, was an excellent woman. When she married the Duc de Cadaval, his fortune had been dissipated by debts of all kinds, some of them not the most honorable. She had the courage to adopt a most rigid system of economy in his household. There was a cook to whom he owed 50,000 francs. This debt she paid.

The Duke, enraged at this settlement with a man whom he alleged to be a thief, behaved in the most violent manner toward his wife; nor was he appeased till the following day, when the money was refunded. Can the reader guess how? He staked the sum at faro with the cook and won it. This is a fact, and truths such as these caused the Duchesse de Cadaval to shed bitter tears.

The nobility of Portugal resembles no other. It contains none of those elements which may be turned to advantage in stormy times when a country is in danger. The days of Juan de Castro, Albuquerque, and Pombal are gone by, and even the recollection of them is almost extinct. In no country, however, is the difference between the upper and lower classes so strongly marked as in Portugal. The only point of resemblance discernible between the two classes is their habit of paying compliments, which the Portuguese carry to a ridiculous pitch of extravagance, far beyond even the ceremonious politeness of the Spaniards, which, though overstrained, has nevertheless some appearance of sincerity.

A Portuguese peasant, when he meets his friend, never fails to take his hat off and hold it in his hand, whatever may be the state of the weather, until he has inquired after the health of the children, the grandchildren, and the house dog. I have never heard a Portuguese utter an indecent expression or an oath. This peculiarity in their character is so marked that there exists no word in the Portuguese language which is equivalent to the Spanish *caramba*, much less to other blasphemous expressions used in common conversation by the French, English, and Germans. The Portuguese are great talkers; they may almost be called babblers. They are not frank, but are constantly endeavoring to conceal their real feelings under the cover of engaging and polite attentions. Of this we ourselves experienced mortifying proofs when, at a subsequent period, Junot, with his chivalrous generosity of feeling, sought the aid of men who had once offered to place their fortunes and lives at his disposal, and who answered his appeal only by base treason.

The men are not handsome in Portugal. There is among the Portuguese a sort of mixed blood, which gives them very much the appearance of mulattoes: this is

particularly observable in Lisbon and Oporto. The fact may probably be accounted for by the frequent intercourse maintained by the inhabitants of those two cities with the negroes. In figure the Portuguese are short, thickset, and square. Their features present no regularity; and the thick lips, flat noses, and curly hair of the negroes are frequent among them. But it is in their hands, and especially their nails, that the distinctive character of the mixed blood is above all perceptible.

The decay of Portuguese society is perhaps owing materially to their Government. Never has that Government known how to turn to good account any generous impulse on the part of the people. Such feelings have always been stifled by fantastic laws still more fantastic in their application. The ruin of literature was so complete at the period of our residence in Portugal that Camoens was scarcely known. To this melancholy state of things was added the English domination, the real cause of the malady which preyed upon the vitals of Portugal in 1805. The English were then all-powerful at Lisbon, and their rule was exercised with perfect despotism. How could it be otherwise when the Prince of Brazil himself set the example?

After my presentation I kept open house. I received company every day, and three times a week I gave a grand dinner. I often gave balls, but not for the Portuguese, who, indeed, are not fond of dancing, and dance very badly. At the time to which I allude there was but one man in Lisbon who danced well, and he would have been conspicuous even in Paris, not only for that accomplishment, but also for the general elegance of his manners and his high-bred politeness. This was the unfortunate Marquis de Loulé. He was very much like the portraits of Henry IV., and had the pleasing smile which distinguished that monarch. He married one of the "three Graces," for so we called the sisters of the Marquis de Marialva, who has been Ambassador from Portugal to France, and who is one of the few men who do honor to Portugal. The Marquise de Loulé, the Marquise de Louriçal, and the Duchess of Alafoës, were indeed most charming women.

The Duchess of Alafoës, remarkable for her beauty, was, when I knew her, about twenty-eight years old,

and the aunt of the Princess and of the Prince Regent; I believe also of the old mad Queen. The Duke of Alafoës was upward of eighty. He was a lively and intelligent man, and had traveled much. He had been long in France, and his recollection of that country sufficed to insure a polite reception to every Frenchman who visited him. He was no favorite at Court at the period of our stay at Lisbon, and consequently lived in retirement at his residence called the Grillo, at the Eastern extremity of Lisbon. After the custom of the most exalted HIDALGOS, he lived in the midst of a troop of dependents, who formed a sort of little Court around him. The Marquise de Louriçal and the Marquise de Loulé were more elegant than their sister. They were fond of pleasure: they used to come to my balls and scrutinize my toilet with looks of envy, and amused themselves by saying ill-natured things of France, her Ambassador, and even her Ambassadress.

In 1805 the Bellas family were exceedingly influential in Portugal. They were devoted to England, soul and body, and had English manners. The Marquis de Ponte de Lima was a man of very pleasing manners, who spoke French well. He was married to his cousin, the daughter of the Comtesse d'Obidos. She had a pretty face, but, though only twenty, she was, like the Baroness von Tondertintrunck, nearly three hundredweight. This was the consequence of a habit of gormandizing, and an excessive indulgence in *caldo de gallina*.* The Portuguese are by no means as abstemious as the Spaniards.

Comte Sabugal, the eldest son of the Comte d'Obidos, was a man of very elegant manners. He wrote Italian verses very neatly, and spoke French well. He was passionately fond of literature, which was something rare; for the Portuguese nobility make literary taste a subject of ridicule. The Count was connected with the Royal Family, and his servants therefore wore the GREEN LIVERY. Comte Sabugal would have been a distinguished man in his own country had the Government employed him as it ought to have done; but in Portugal nothing is ever seen in its right place.

The Comtesse d'Ega is another individual of whom I will here say a few words, though I shall presently have

* Chicken dressed with rice.

to speak more at length of her and her family. The Countess was a Portuguese by birth, but the daughter of a German nobleman. She was an intelligent woman, well informed, without pedantry; and she spoke and wrote several foreign languages with facility. Just as I arrived in Lisbon, the Countess was about leaving Portugal for Madrid, where her husband was Ambassador. As she had taken her *congé* at Court, that monster ETIQUETTE, which creates so much annoyance in the world, prevented me from seeing her. However, I afterward saw her in Madrid on my way back to France.

Her acquaintance was a source of great gratification to me, for her house was the resort of the best company, and her cultivated taste gave her a superiority over most of her countrywomen. Her fair hair and fine complexion made her look like a German or an Englishwoman rather than a Portuguese; and she was altogether a very pretty and elegant woman. The Comte d'Ega, who was very old and ugly, possessed, it was said, considerable ability as a statesman. Since her widowhood the Countess has married Baron von Strogonoff, the brother of my friend Madame Demidoff.

The treaty concluded by General Lannes had been signed,* and the Emperor directed Junot to present the ratifications to the Prince Regent. Junot carried them to Queluz, where the Prince generally resided. When his Royal Highness received the *roulcau* of papers he began to laugh. «Ah!» . . . he exclaimed; «yes! . . . yes! . . . yes! . . . It is a fine treaty! . . . a fine treaty. . . . Ah! Portugal is a fine nation! . . . a very fine nation.»

I must mention that at this moment Junot and the Prince were alone on a little terrace which commanded a fine view of the scenery round Queluz; and when the Prince said: «Portugal is a fine nation!» he alluded to the fields of olives and maize which he perceived around him. «Yes! . . . yes!» . . . he continued; «it was on this very spot that I gave my word of honor to General Lannes. . . . The general is rather——» Then, observing a frown gathering on Junot's brow, the

* The treaty of neutrality between France, Portugal, and Spain, concluded in 1803.

poor Prince drew in his horns, and added: "He is a very worthy man. . . . He used to carry a very large saber, which made a great noise as he came up stairs." I was informed that Lannes's saber had once or twice nearly frightened the Prince of Brazil out of his wits. Probably the plenipotentiary, observing its effect in accelerating business, employed it as a convincing argument. THE GREAT SABER had left a profound impression in the memory of the Prince.

As a mark of gratitude for the courtesy which Junot had evinced in his relations with the Court of Lisbon, the Prince of Brazil offered him the Grand Cordon of the Order of Christ. Junot could not venture to refuse it, though he was very much inclined to do so; but he replied that he could not accept it without the Emperor's permission, which he would write for.* However, remonstrance was useless; and Junot received formal permission to accept the Order of Christ on the eve of a grand ceremony which was to take place at a convent recently founded by the mad Queen, called *O Convento Novo*. This convent, to which a beautiful little church was attached, was situated on one of the hills of Lisbon, which on account of its pure air, was resorted to by foreigners as their place of residence.

Junot inquired what dress was to be worn by the knights on the occasion, and he was informed A LARGE MANTLE OF WHITE CRAPE, WITHOUT LINING, AND TRAINING ON THE GROUND. "Well," said Junot, using an emphatic expression, "the best thing I can do is to dress myself like a priest on Shrove Tuesday to complete the ceremony." The Minister for Foreign Affairs had sent a note to Junot, informing him that the Prince Regent requested his presence at the *Convento Novo*, as Grand Cross of the Order of Christ, if he had received from his Sovereign leave to accept it.

Junot replied that, to his great regret, the courier, who, he had no doubt, would bring him the GRACIOUS PERMISSION, had not yet returned; but he added that

* In spite of the reverence attached to the name of this Order, it is perhaps the most insignificant in the catalogue of knightly decorations. Junot could hardly be blamed for wishing to decline the honor intended him, when he had seen the Duc de Cadaval's servant waiting on his master invested with the red ribbon of the Order.

Madame, the Ambassadress, who was exceedingly anxious to witness the imposing ceremony, requested to know whether she could be admitted to the chapel without any breach of etiquette. M. d'Araujo immediately replied that places should be reserved for me and any persons who might accompany me, and that I must be at the convent next morning at half-past eleven o'clock.

As Junot could not properly accompany me to the *Convento Novo*, MM. de Rayneval, de Cherval, and Magnien escorted me. I wore an Indian muslin dress with a worked border. It was made high in the neck, and with a demi-train, as morning dresses usually were at that time. I had on a Leghorn hat with a bouquet of wild flowers, a very large English veil, colored gloves, and black shoes. As for the gentlemen, they were in boots and round hats; in short, quite in an undress. On arriving at the convent we were received with military honors. The guard presented arms, the drums beat, and an emigrant French officer stepped forward to hand me from my carriage, and to conduct me to the place which he said was reserved for me by order of the Prince. We passed through a number of little passages and doors, and at length reached a very gloomy corridor, where I heard some delightful singing. We were separated from the body of the church only by some tapestry. "Take care, your Excellency," said the officer, "there are three steps to ascend."

I stepped up, and he raised the tapestry. It was now impossible for me to recede; I found myself at the edge of a broad platform, on which were the Prince Regent, the Prince of Beira, and, in short, all the male portion of the Royal Family of Portugal, but not one of the females. It was fortunate that there was a seat for me, for I was ready to expire from confusion and vexation. The reader may imagine what I must have felt at finding myself an object of observation to seven or eight hundred persons who looked upon the wife of the French Ambassador as an extraordinary animal.

At that time the men of the Revolution were regarded by foreigners as paragons of bravery; but in Portugal it seems they were looked upon as absolute *anthropophagi*. What, then, must have been thought of their wives? Fortunately for me, the Comte de Novion, who, as well as his

wife had been for thirty years the friend of my family, assured the Portuguese that my parents were OLD CHRISTIANS. Thus I found favor in the eyes of the Portuguese, who, though three parts Jewish, are extremely tenacious of admitting among them any persons who do not bring good proofs of their purity of blood. M. de Rayneval and M. de Cherval were as much perplexed as I was by our awkward situation. Their first impulse, like mine, was to retreat; but this was impossible, and the greater our astonishment was, the more it behooved us to conceal it from the uncharitable ridicule to which we knew we should be exposed.

That I might be the better able to observe the ceremony, I had raised my veil on entering. I would fain have drawn it down again to hide my face, which I am sure must have been as red as a pomegranate. The Prince Regent, who probably had never seen an Ambassadress in such a situation, fixed upon me two great eyes which almost frightened me, though I could hardly help laughing. Fortunately my attention was diverted by observing the Knights of Christ ranged in two files, and each covered with the white crape mantle, at the idea of which Junot had been so much amused. The strange figures of the Comte de Villaverde, then President of the Council, the Prince of Brazil, and other distinguished personages present, dressed in white crape mantles, marching to and fro in a space of twenty-five feet, alternately sitting down, standing up, and kissing each other's ugly faces, was so diverting that they afforded me for a time some compensation for my embarrassment.

But I began to yawn, and M. de Cherval, who was also tired to death, said to me in a whisper: "Never mind, we shall get off very well if we can escape the sermon." At this moment we heard a voice exclaim with a nasal twang: "*In nomine Patris, et Filii,*" etc. We looked at each other with such an expression of despair that the inclination to laugh naturally followed. However, this was immediately suppressed by a sermon in Portuguese, a horribly barbarous-sounding language to those who do not understand it, with its continual terminations in *aon.* This harangue lasted for an hour and a half; so we were obliged to exercise our patience, and during my long torture I surveyed the different

members of the Royal Family. As to the Prince of Brazil, I have already attempted to sketch his portrait, but his countenance baffles all description. There was a caricature published in Lisbon the day after his flight, in which he was represented with a bull's head with somewhat of the expression of a wild boar. The fact is, that he was not only ugly, but his ugliness was of that description which left good nature no resource. It was impossible to look with patience at his great brutish head, his clumsy legs, and his shoulders as broad as those of a Galego. The Prince of Beira,* his son, was handsome, and was altogether a pleasing and interesting child.†

At length, after nearly four hours' torture, we were allowed to go away, because the Prince and his craped Court took it into their heads to retire, after kissing each other in all peace and charity, although they hated one another as cordially as any persons in the world. I did not leave my place until I was pretty sure that the Prince was quite gone, then, again accepting the arm of the officer who had before escorted me, I regained my carriage. My companions were exceedingly annoyed, especially M. de Rayneval, who, accustomed as he was to the *ennui* of Court life, had never before swallowed so soporific a potion. The guards saluted us at our departure as they had done on our arrival, presenting arms and beating drums, and we departed fully resolved to make strict inquiries beforehand respecting any ceremony of the Court of Lisbon which we might again desire to witness.

There was at this period great hesitation on the part of the Portuguese Government to obey the imperious

* So called in order that he might not be confounded with the Infant Don Pedro, the son of an Infant of Spain and a Portuguese Princess then at the Court of Portugal. The Prince of Beira was afterward Emperor of Brazil.

† One day I saw him with a napkin before him by way of a cook's apron, and his blue ribbon hanging out on one side, going up the staircase leading to the apartments of his governess, Madame Moscoso. He had in his hand — guess, reader, what? — an *omelette* of his own making! Fortunately for my dignity on the day of the ceremony at the convent, I was not aware of his Serene Highness's talent for making *omelettes*, or I should have hardly restrained a laugh when I saw him in full Court costume.

wishes of England. Even the Court of Lisbon, though directly under the yoke of Great Britain, could not obey her without fear and trembling. Now, too, a voice of thunder also issued its mandates and insisted on being obeyed. Hitherto Portugal had not been under much apprehension with respect to France, because we could not attack her except by sea, and we had no fleet. But Spain was now subjected to the man to whom mountains covered with snow, raging torrents, unformed roads, hostile fleets — nothing proved an obstacle, and a sort of instinctive terror hinted to Portugal: "This man will ruin you if you do not obey him." What I have already said of the Portuguese character will enable the reader to comprehend the double dealing of the Court of Lisbon. M. d'Araujo, who wished to act uprightly, was compelled to do as the others did. The celebrated singer, Naldi, was then a performer at the Lisbon Opera. He came to Paris, and ended a life which he had employed in acts of benevolence, and in revealing that unsullied worth which may be found even in his profession. I engaged him for my singing master as soon as I heard him in Fioraventi's "Camilla," and we soon learned to appreciate his various merits. Naldi was distinguished for extensive information on every subject relating to the fine arts, science, and mechanics. His love for the latter afterward cost him his life. He was trying an autoclave* at his residence in Paris, when the machine, which was new and not perfectly understood by him, burst and fractured his skull.

How many delightful hours have I passed in listening to the delicious compositions of Fioraventi, sung by Naldi and Guaforini! Naldi also excelled in the "*Fanatico per la Musica*. This opera, which was produced during my residence at Lisbon for Guaforini and Naldi, was quite spoiled in Paris when Madame Catalani arranged it for her voice. The pretty *duo* of the singing lesson was no longer the same. The Lisbon Opera was at that period the most famous in Europe. Catalani, then in her zenith, was the *prima donna*. The soprano was Matucchi, the

*An autoclave is a species of saucepan screwed down hermetically by the pressure of the steam inside when its contents are boiled. They are now disused on account of the frequency of their explosion, and have given place to Papin's Digesters.

successor of Crescentini; Monbelli was the tenor, and he was a very excellent singer and actor. There was also another tenor named Olivieri. This was the company for the *opera seria*. For the *opera bouffe* there were Guaforini, Naldi, and a good tenor whose name I have forgotten. Add to this list the names of Fioraventi, the composer for the *opera bouffe;* Marco Portogallo, composer for the *opera seria;* and Caravita, as writer of the *libretti;* and some idea may be formed of what the Lisbon Opera was in 1805 and 1806.

As to the Portuguese theater, which is called *Teatro de Salitre*, it was wretchedly bad. The house was gloomy and dirty, and the actors detestable. I went once to see the performance of "*Gabrielle de Vergy*," translated into Portuguese. I began to understand a little of the language; but I could as easily have comprehended Chinese as the Portuguese actors — they seemed to be braying. As to the dresses, I cannot attempt to describe them. When Fayel enters Gabrielle's prison wounded, the actor, wishing to have the appearance of being stained with blood, made an immense blotch of red on a portion of his dress. This was hideously disgusting.

The Lusitanian Roscius had got a piece of red rag sewed upon his dress, and, being insecurely fastened, it got loose, and fluttering in the wind which blew in from the side scenes produced a most ludicrous effect. The reader may judge of the rest from what I have stated. The Portuguese themselves do not go to their national theater. They have no dramatic writers. The actors are bad, because there is no audience capable of appreciating them if they were good.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Belem — Garden at Bemfica — The Dangerous Bouquet — Military Position of Lisbon — Junot's Subsequent Defense of It in 1808 — The Mad Queen, Donna Maria — My Encounter with Her — Cintra — Country-Houses There — Coalition Preparing against France — Elevation of Madame Lætitia and the Princess Eliza — Naval Action between Villeneuve and Sir R. Calder — Captain Baudin, of the "Topaze" Frigate — His Successes — Promoted by Napoleon — Observations on Colonel Napier's Work — Letter from Napoleon to Junot — Attitude of Austria — Junot's Visit on Board the "Topaze" — My Illness — Junot Departs to Join the Emperor — His Speedy Arrival at Napoleon's Headquarters — His Conversation with the Emperor.

THE King has no palace in Lisbon. He formerly resided at Belem, but since that castle was burned the Royal Family live at Queluz, which they never leave except when they go to Maffra, a royal convent, and a wretched copy of the Escurial. The castle of Belem* was being rebuilt when I was at Lisbon. The only garden in the environs of Lisbon that deserved the name was the property of the Marquis d'Abrantès, at Bemfica. One day when I was walking in it, inhaling the balmy air, in an alley formed of superb mangolias and palm trees, then in full bloom, the gardener made me up a large bouquet, in which he placed four or five magnolia flowers.

On my return home with my bouquet I felt an unusual drowsiness. I went to bed, having first placed my nosegay in water and deposited it on a table near my bedside that I might enjoy its delicious perfume. When I lay down the drowsiness with which I had been oppressed appeared to leave me. My blood circulated with extreme violence; my pulse beat as if I had been in a fever. I was for a considerable time exceedingly restless, but at length I fell into a profound and heavy sleep. As I had retired to bed much fatigued, Junot desired the servants not to disturb me the next morning. However, at eleven o'clock, finding that I had not been called, he himself came into my apartment and opened my shutters,

* Belem is a suburb of Lisbon, almost forming part of the city itself.

while my little Josephine climbed upon the bed to embrace me.

But as soon as the light entered my room the poor child uttered a terrible shriek. I was almost suffocated. Junot instantly threw open the windows. My faculties were so completely suspended that at first he supposed me to be dead. However, there was no contraction of the features which indicated suffering. I was deadly pale, and my teeth were so firmly closed that on coming to myself again I could hardly separate them. My eyelids also were very much swollen. I had lost my sense of hearing, and was in a state of perfect insensibility. Junot raised me in his arms and carried me into the balcony. The air caused me to give signs of life, but it was not till M. Magnien * had rubbed my forehead with vinegar, and, I believe, with ether and alkali, that I was able to open my eyes. I awoke as if from a long and sound sleep. My eyes could not support the light of day, and I several times appeared inclined to relapse into my state of insensibility. I remained in this situation about two hours.

I had felt no pain until I was perfectly roused, and then I suffered from violent headache, which was removed only by very active exercise. I should undoubtedly have died had not Junot entered my chamber just as he did. This circumstance serves to prove the baneful effects which may be produced by perfumes so powerful as those exhaled in Portugal by the magnolia, and especially the datura, of which there was a superb branch in my nosegay, as well as daphnes of all kinds.

To return to my observations on the surroundings of the Portuguese capital and its defenses. Lisbon appears, when approached from Spain, as if intrenched behind the Tagus, which at that part is two leagues broad. From hence to the mouth of the river, about half a mile, there are several hills which might be easily defended, but which do not command the city. On one of the hills there is a tower, corresponding with the tower of Belem. It is fortified, and contains a garrison, and is called *Torre Velha*. Near the mouth of the river are two villages, Trafferia and A-Costa. From the point of

* M. Magnien was a medical gentleman. He accompanied the Embassy, but not in any official capacity.

land where A-Costa is situated, a sandbank runs out to a large fortified tower, which, together with a fort built opposite to it, defends the entrance to the port. Its proper name is the Fort de San Lourenço, but it is commonly called Torre di Bugio. The northern bank then stretches much farther into the sea, and forms the famous promontory of Cabo di Rocca.

A little below Belem, proceeding toward Lisbon, is a square fort called the Torre de Belem, which is thickly planted with cannon, and defends the passage. No vessel could pass these guns without being seriously assailed. A short time before I arrived in Lisbon several batteries were built near this fort, some quite on the edge of the river, which is very difficult of access. The channel is very narrow, and its mouth is barred by a bank of stone. At a short distance stands the little town of Oeyras, and two leagues lower down, still following the current of the river, is Cascaès, an important town, having a fort, beneath which vessels may anchor. Close to this place is Fort San Antonio. From thence, in the direction of the north, the river is bordered only by a chain of broken rocks, while on the south there is an immense multitude of sandbanks not yet marked on any map.

From the description I have here given of the position of Lisbon, the reader may conceive the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of carrying the city by an attack directed either from the side of Spain or from the sea. Before the city could be endangered in the latter direction, the hostile force must land at a considerable distance, and in that case Lisbon may defend herself by an army and her natural position. It was by this means that Junot defended Lisbon in 1808; but once the barrier is passed, all defense is impossible. Thus availing himself of the peculiarities of his position, a General intrusted with the defense of Lisbon once said to his assailant:

"Grant me the conditions which I IMPOSE UPON YOU, or I will destroy the city of Lisbon; the Emperor did not confide to me his eagles that they should be dishonored by a capitulation."

This was Junot's reply to Sir Arthur Wellesley, when, after the Battle of Vimiera, he found himself with 12,000 men opposed to 35,000 English, and an equal number of

Portuguese troops, backed by a savage and insurgent population, bent on the pillage and massacre of the French. And he would have done as he said. Of course he and his army would have been destroyed first, but the destruction of the English would have been equally certain. This would have been better than the burning of Moscow, for at that catastrophe Rostopchin escaped.

Leaving Belem and its fortifications, and crossing two leagues of a fertile and cultivated country, we arrive at the residence of the Royal Family, which is situated in a solitary valley. Here dwelt the mad Queen, Donna Maria. She was at times raving mad, and was always haunted by the dread of hell-fire. Whenever her confessor, the Grand Inquisitor, entered her room, she would exclaim that he was the devil. She used also to greet her daughter-in-law with the same appellation; in this instance the mistake was less pardonable.

This Queen was the mother of the two Princes of Brazil. One died of the smallpox before he came to the throne; the other reigned in Brazil as he did in Lisbon. Heaven knows how gloriously that was! . . . The mad Queen was therefore the grandmother of Don Pedro, and the great-grandmother of the young Queen, Donna Maria da Gloria. Her Majesty never left her royal prison except to enter another — namely, one of the little Portuguese carriages, in which she was closely shut up until she got into the country and quite out of reach of the public gaze; then sometimes her keepers would let her get out of the carriage and enjoy her liberty.

One day, when I was strolling in a little romantic valley in the neighborhood of Cintra, I met three ladies, one of whom attracted my notice on account of her strange appearance and wild stare. It was a windy day, and her hair, which was as white as silver, was blown over her face and shoulders. As this appeared to annoy her, one of the females who accompanied her endeavored to draw the hair from her face, but for this kind office she received a box on the ear, which I heard.

Three men were walking at some distance to render assistance in case of need. When I was perceived, one of these men came to me, and, addressing me in Portuguese, begged that I would retire. He did not, however, mention her Majesty, and it was not until afterward that

I was informed by M. d'Araujo it was the Queen. I think her attendants must have told her who I was; for as I withdrew I perceived that she was menacing me with clenched fists, and darting at me looks which were absolutely demoniacal. This encounter not only frightened me, but it gave rise to a world of melancholy reflections.

The Sovereign of a great nation wandering in a solitary valley, and consigned to the charge of a few menials, whose impatience and ill-temper being excited by constant attendance on the unfortunate lunatic were likely to increase her malady; her gray head, too, which in its dishevelment seemed to reject the crown it could not support — all presented a picture which made a profound impression on my mind. When, on my return home, I mentioned my adventure to Junot, we could not help remarking the curious fact that all the Sovereigns of Europe — at least, all the LEGITIMATE Sovereigns — were at that time either mad or imbecile.

On the northwest of Lisbon a long chain of high mountains terminates the beautiful landscape. These are the mountains of Cintra, upon which many of the Portuguese have their *quintas* or country houses.

We hired a *quinta* at Cintra which had belonged to a Madame la Roche, the widow of a French merchant. The garden was not large, but it was entirely planted with orange and lemon trees, which we were informed produced an extraordinary abundance of fruit. At Cintra we found the Duc and Duchesse de Cadaval. They had three *quintas* there, and scarcely one of them was habitable. The Duchess laughed at this, though it was easy to perceive she was dissatisfied. As to the Duke, he did not concern himself about the matter. His occupations were gambling and abusing the French — at least saying behind their backs what he dared not have said to their faces. We had also near us the family of the Austrian Minister, our intimate friends the Lebzelterns. They resided in the old royal palace of Cintra, part of which was assigned to their accommodation by the Court. This formed a pleasant little journey for us, for our house was near Colares, almost at the other extremity of the valley.

While we were at Cintra, Junot received letters announcing that a third Continental coalition had been

formed against France. He became low-spirited, for he was fearful that the Emperor would forget him. He therefore wrote to Napoleon, and sent off his letter by an extraordinary courier. It was now July. The reports of war were circulated only in whispers; for Austria had not formally acceded to the treaty between Russia and England. At this time, too, I learned an event which rendered me truly happy. Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was at length raised to the rank suitable to the woman who had given birth to the Sovereign of Europe, and I was appointed one of her ladies. I have reason to be grateful for the kindness I invariably experienced from that Princess. She was an excellent woman, and possessed a truly queen-like heart.

About this period several acts of the Emperor awakened the petty animosity of some of the Governments of Europe. All that was wanted was a pretext for rising against the Colossus, whose regenerating hand was extended to all the old crowned heads which were tottering beneath antiquated and decayed institutions. By an Imperial Decree the States of Parma and Piacenza were united to France, and Lucca was given to the Princess Eliza. England, resolved on war at any sacrifice, gladly seized the opportunity to characterize as the ambition of invasion that which was rather the ambition of glory on the part of Napoleon. Accordingly, her fleets put to sea.

The Emperor, assured of the good will and fidelity of Spain, and confiding in Admiral Villeneuve (that man who brought so much misfortune and disgrace on our arms), ordered him to go in pursuit of the enemy, but only with superior force, which was very easy, since we had the command of the dockyards and arsenals of Spain. Admiral Villeneuve set sail with a combined fleet, consisting of fourteen French ships of war and six Spanish vessels. He fell in with the English fleet, commanded by Sir Robert Calder, off Cape Finisterre. The unfortunate Villeneuve was beaten with a superior force, and two of the Spanish ships fell into the hands of the enemy. We were among a people to whom our misfortunes were a source of joy, and our glory a cause of mourning. It may easily be imagined, therefore, what were our feelings on the receipt of the above intelligence, which came

to us even before it reached the Emperor. Junot was furious. But Heaven had a compensation in store for us. How happy I am to number among my friends a man of whom the French navy has just reason to boast, and over whose laurels we then shed tears of pride!

We were still dejected by the melancholy intelligence of the Battle of Finisterre, when we learned that a French frigate had just entered the port of Lisbon after some glorious engagements. We were then at Cintra. Junot directed Colonel Laborde to set off to Lisbon, and to request the Commander of the frigate to come to him immediately. It was too late for him to return that evening; but next morning the Colonel came back accompanied by the brave officer who had secured such a triumph to the French flag. Junot hastened to meet him, and embraced him as if he had been an old friend.

Captain Baudin was at that time a very young man, handsome, and of mild and reserved manners. He commanded the frigate "La Topaze," forty-four guns. Off the Antilles he had fallen in with the English frigate "Blanche," also of forty-four guns. He had defeated and captured her. Returning to Europe to refit, for he had suffered considerably in the engagement, he fell in with another English vessel, the "Raisonable," sixty-four guns, near the coast of Spain. "My lads," said he to his crew, "shall we allow this fine prize to escape us?" "No!" exclaimed with one voice both officers and men. "*Houra pour la belle France!* . . . Captain, give the word!" The guns of the "Topaze" gave the signal for the attack, and with his masts broken, his sails tattered, a part of his crew wounded and disabled, the young captain attempted to capture this large vessel. The "Raisonable," however, escaped, but with immense loss; and the "Topaze" entered the port of Lisbon amid the acclamations even of our enemies.

"Oh!" exclaimed Junot, after reading Captain Baudin's report of these actions, and striking the table forcibly with his hands—"Oh! if this young man had been at Finisterre instead of that —— Villeneuve!" When Captain Baudin returned to the drawing-room Junot ran to him and embraced him a second time. "You are a brave and loyal young man," said he; "I ask your friendship and I offer you mine." This was not a common phrase

with Junot. It was but the second time I had heard him make use of it since my marriage. On the first occasion it was addressed to General Richepanse.

The "Topaze" had suffered so severely that she required to be completely refitted. Lisbon, being a neutral port, seemed admirably adapted for this operation; but, will it be believed, it was necessary to resort to force to enable the frigate to remain there, while a flotilla, composed of six large vessels and several small ones, lay at anchor before the Square of Commerce as long as it was found convenient. Is it surprising that this conduct should provoke revenge? Is it wonderful that we should take reprisals when we have in our hands overwhelming proofs of the ingratitude of the Portuguese toward the man who devoted himself to the protection of their lives and honor when his own safety was compromised, both as a private individual and one intrusted with an immense responsibility? Lisbon should not have raised her ungrateful voice so loudly. How base and treacherous has been her ingratitude!

But why should I be surprised at the conduct of the Portuguese? Have I not seen here, IN FRANCE, one of Junot's old comrades permit the publication of a work translated from the English, containing revolting falsehoods respecting my husband and Marshal Ney? . . . This work, which is the production of Colonel Napier, and which found grace in the eyes of the Minister for the War Department, was presented TO ME — TO ME, THE WIDOW OF JUNOT — as containing AUTHENTIC documents.

I read in it an indecent attack upon the private character of a man whose conduct as a soldier in that admirable affair of the Convention of Cintra not even his enemies could traduce, since the individuals who signed it on the part of England were tried by a court-martial. The fine lines of "Childe Harold" would in themselves suffice for the glory of Junot, even though the original copy of that Convention were not in existence to prove it. Fortunately I possess that original document, and in both languages. It is not inserted in Colonel Napier's work.*

* [This is an oversight of Madame Junot's, as the Convention is given at the end of the first volume of Colonel Napier's "History."]

On receiving intelligence of the career of the "Topaze," Napoleon immediately raised Captain Baudin to the rank of *Capitaine de Frégate*. In the report which Junot transmitted to Paris the Emperor remarked a circumstance which greatly pleased him; this was that Captain Baudin had adopted at sea the same method which he (Napoleon) employed in making an attack by land — he had taken positions in which he could employ more guns than the enemy, and it is well known that this was one of the Emperor's favorite manœuvers. Baudin remained several months in the port of Lisbon because there was an English cruiser at its entrance which he wished to avoid. He left Lisbon after the unfortunate Battle of Trafalgar.

My husband was much attached to Captain Baudin, who is one of those friends that have remained faithful to me. The friendship I cherish for him makes me feel the more indignant at the injustice with which he has been treated. Napoleon who so well knew how to appreciate talent, and who never conferred distinctions except as the reward of real merit, made Baudin a Rear-Admiral at an age when others of his profession scarcely attain the rank of Captain. Three and twenty years afterward he still remained what Napoleon had made him.

While we were at Cintra, Junot one day received a letter in the handwriting of the Emperor, which brought him very important intelligence. I have already mentioned that a new Continental coalition was expected. Of the Powers included in the coalition, Austria was the one whose interests were most in danger. Her States, reduced to half their former extent, were open on all sides. Her federative power was annihilated in Germany without the hope of recovery, and this same power was menaced in Italy, and even in part destroyed.

Accordingly, Austria took alarm, for with her the question was an affair of life or death. Napoleon's coronation at Milan conveyed to Austria the last conviction that her power was forever annihilated in Italy, and that she had never been beloved there — a fact sufficiently inexplicable to a sovereignty that was adored in its own hereditary States. Be this as it may, Austria was really afraid; she had not yet recovered from the

shock of Marengo and Hohenlinden. She found herself, as it were, compressed between the source of the Main and the mouth of the Po. It was thus necessary to assume an imposing attitude or she was lost.

The violation of the Treaty of Luneville was seized upon as an opportunity. It was alleged that by virtue of that treaty Holland, Switzerland, Lombardy, Genoa, and Lucca, as well as Parma, had the right of choosing constitutions for themselves, and that it was an infringement of that right to impose laws upon them. Reasoning thus, Austria at length acceded to the treaty concluded between St. Petersburg and England on the 8th of April previous. She immediately entered the field. General Kleinau crossed the Inn and invaded Bavaria.

The Austrian Army, 80,000 strong, was commanded by the Archduke Ferdinand under the tutelage of General Mack, while 35,000 men occupied the Tyrol under the command of the Archduke John, thus supporting the left of General Kleinau's army and the right of the Army of Italy. The latter, which was under the immediate command of Prince Charles, was perhaps the most important of all, and consisted of 110,000 excellent troops. This force was advancing in good order upon the Adige. France found herself again threatened on all sides. The South of Europe alone continued faithful to her, and therefore it was of the highest importance to preserve friendly relations between the Courts of France and Lisbon. England made superhuman efforts to stir up a quarrel, and a very trivial occurrence well-nigh enabled her to accomplish her object.

Junot went to visit Captain Baudin on board his frigate, and as soon as he set foot on the deck a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in honor of him. It is not allowable to fire guns in a neutral port, and the English affected to be very indignant at this violation of the rule. They appeared much more mortified at it than the Prince Regent of Portugal himself. Finding that they did not obtain what they were pleased to call justice, they made our one and twenty guns an excuse for firing two thousand as the signal of mourning on the one side and rejoicing on the other, on the occasion of the Battle of Trafalgar.

This powder cannonade was more insulting to the Princess of Brazil than to us, because she was a Spaniard; but its object was to insult France, and serious consequences would no doubt have ensued had Junot been at that time in Lisbon. Fortunately, he was galloping toward Moravia. His first impulse, which was always violent when the honor of France was concerned, would doubtless have been injurious to the feeble Government of Portugal. M. de Rayneval, who was no less susceptible, but more calm, avoided a rupture, to the great disappointment of the English.

I had been exceedingly ill for several months past, and my medical attendants ordered me to go to a little miserable village called Caldas da Raynha, where there are some tepid springs which are said to possess wonderful medicinal virtues. Though I entertained very little hope of deriving benefit from them, yet I set off, carried on a sort of litter, and arrived at Caldas da Raynha in such a weak state that at first I could take the waters only by spoonfuls. They are warm, sulphuric, and at the same time tonic. My disorder was a nervous affection of the stomach, but so severe that I could not take even a glass of *eau sucré*. The waters produced a wonderful effect upon me, so that at the expiration of a week I was able to walk in the royal quinta, and within a fortnight I ate a partridge for my dinner. However, my convalescence was slow. One day, while I was at Caldas da Raynha, Junot came to bid me farewell. The Emperor had kept his word, and had sent for him as soon as the first cannon was fired. "Be speedy," said Duroc in his letter, "for I have a presentiment that this campaign will not be a long one."

Junot immediately set off to join the Emperor wherever he might be. M. de Talleyrand, who had written to desire Junot to give the post of *chargé d'affaires* to M. de Rayneval, mentioned in his letter that I might if I pleased return to France, as it was known that I was an invalid. Junot stayed but a few hours at Caldas. He returned to Lisbon, where he mounted a post horse and rode to Bayonne. There he procured a *calèche* which conveyed him to Paris. He stayed there four and twenty hours, after which he departed for Germany in a post chaise, driving with the utmost speed. He joined

Napoleon at Brunn, in Moravia, on the 1st of December.

The Emperor was standing with Berthier at a window looking toward the highroad. It was about half-past nine in the morning, and the weather was thick and foggy. "Whom have we here?" said the Emperor, as he perceived Junot advancing along the road. "It is a post chaise. We do not expect any news this morning." The chaise advanced rapidly, and the Emperor, who kept his glass pointed at it, at length exclaimed: "It is a general officer. If the thing were possible I should think it was Junot. On what day did you write, Berthier?" Berthier informed him. "Then it cannot be he," continued Napoleon. "He has twelve hundred leagues to travel, and with the utmost possible speed he could not arrive yet."

The aid-de-camp on duty entered and announced General Junot. "*Par Dieu*," said Napoleon, running up to him, "you are the right man for affairs like this! To arrive on the eve of a great battle, after traveling twelve hundred leagues, and to leave an Embassy for the cannon's mouth! To complete the business you have only to be wounded in to-morrow's battle." "I expect it, Sire, but I hope, then, it will be with the last ball," replied Junot, laughing. "The Russians must let me perform my duty to Your Majesty." "Faith," said the Emperor, "it is the only duty that is left for you. You have come too late. Every corps has got a commander, even your brave grenadiers of Arras, and they have a very able one."* "I know it," replied Junot, "and I do not

* [General Oudinot, afterward the Marshal Duke of Reggio. Oudinot was wounded thirty-two times in action, but was so little of a braggart that in going among the old pensioners of the Invalides he was never heard to allude to his own scars. At Friedland a bullet went through both his cheeks, breaking two molars. "*Ces dentistes russes ne savent pas arracher*," was his only remark as his wound was being dressed. It was to him that an old soldier, applying for a decoration, began thus: "Marshal, under the Empire I have received two wounds, which are the ornaments of my life, one in the left leg, the other in the campaign of Jena." Oudinot was the most disinterested of men. After Friedland he received with the title of Count a grant of £40,000, and he began to distribute money at such a rate among his poor relations that the Emperor remonstrated with him. "You keep the lead for yourself, and you give the gold away," said his Majesty in allusion to two bullets which still remained in the Marshal's body.—"The Temple Bar Magazine," August, 1883.]

regret his appointment, for I know he will lead them to victory. But, Sire, I am too happy in serving as your aid-de-camp, as I did in Italy. It is a happy augury."

The Emperor shook his head, but his air of doubt was not discouraging; he smiled, and his smile always inspired confidence. He walked about the room with a calmness calculated to encourage the most timid. He asked Junot how he had left me, and whether my illness was caused by jealousy of the Princess of Brazil. Junot burst into a fit of laughter. "Is she really so ugly as she is described?" resumed the Emperor. "Is she uglier than her sister of Etruria? Surely that is not possible." "Sire, she is uglier than anything you can possibly imagine." "What, more so than the Queen of Etruria?" "Much, Sire." "And the Prince Regent?" "In the first place, Sire, he is a perfect fool; and as to his personal appearance, your Majesty may judge of that from the description which my wife drew of him in two words, and which I assure you is exceedingly accurate. She observed that the Prince of Brazil was like a bull whose mother had been frightened by an orang-outang." "Did she really say that?" resumed the Emperor, laughing immoderately, "*petite peste.* And is it true?" "Perfectly true, Sire."

The Emperor then asked Junot a multitude of questions respecting the Royal Families of Spain and Portugal, and that at a moment when his mind must have been engrossed by thoughts of a different and more important nature. But everything was wonderful in that wonderful man.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Dangerous Passage across the Tagus — Narrow Escape — The Battle of Trafalgar — Celebration of the Event by the English at Lisbon — Villeneuve's Incapacity — Disastrous Results of the Battle — Napoleon's Brilliant Campaign in Germany — Series of Victories — Capitulation of Ulm — Battle of Austerlitz — Enthusiastic Attachment of the Soldiers to Napoleon — Armistice — Napoleon Enjoys the Fruits of His Glory — Marriage of Eugène — My Audience at the Court of Lisbon before My Departure — Singular Fire.

After Junot left his diplomatic post to assist in gaining fresh triumphs for the country he so dearly loved, several unfortunate and unlooked-for events occurred. The battle of Trafalgar, that disastrous conflict which extinguished the last gleams of our maritime glory, happened about this time; I was at Lisbon. I saw the consequences of that event unclouded by the illusion with which flattery sought to conceal the disaster — a disaster so at variance with the glories of Austerlitz.

I was on my way back to Lisbon from Caldas da Raynha after my recovery, and on reaching the Tagus went on board one of the royal *escaleres*, which was prepared for my accommodation. This was on the 21st of October; the weather, which at first had been exceedingly fine, became all of a sudden overcast, and soon fell to a dead calm. As we had twenty rowers this mattered little, especially as we were descending the river. But a violent storm presently burst upon us, raging with such increasing fury that we were at length in extreme danger.

For two hours the wind raged furiously, and our yacht was sometimes driven aground so violently that we feared she would go to pieces. Fortunately my little daughter was not with me, so that I had only my own safety to think of, and that did not so greatly concern me. However, I was then but twenty years of age, and it is hard to die a violent death so early. But, I recollect, I was quite resigned.

A dispute between M. Magnien and M. de Cherval informed me that the former had, contrary to the opinion of the bargemaster, insisted on our returning by water. The master became uneasy, and, on my questioning him

frankly, admitted the danger we were in. As he was speaking the clouds closed over us with such rapidity that the banks of the river disappeared from our view in an instant. The master ordered the sail to be unfurled, which was no sooner done than a dreadful blast rent it in two. The lurch was so violent at that moment that we were within an ace of being upset.

M. Magnien was perfectly bewildered. He kept traversing the little cabin of the barge, into which the waves forced themselves through the windows, wringing his hands, and reproaching himself for having been the cause of our peril. Presently the master came down to us, looking agitated and pale. "Our oars are broken," said he; "the sail is torn, and I cannot answer for your safety. We are now opposite Saccavin. If you like, I will endeavor to land there." "By all means," cried I, half killed by the pitching of the boat.

All the efforts of our twenty rowers were at first of no avail. The wind blew with such violence that we were constantly driven back into the middle of the river, covered with the surge, which forced itself over the sides of the yacht. At length, however, the promise of a rich reward, joined to a natural solicitude for their own safety, animated the men, and, after the most laborious exertions, they succeeded. We were brought on shore at about two hundred paces from the landing place. Four of the boatmen carried me over the shallows, and I was taken to a house at Saccavin, where I was provided with a fire and a change of clothes. I then dispatched an express to Lisbon for my carriage, and on that same evening I was seated in the little yellow drawing-room of my hotel in Lisbon, with my daughter on my knee, surrounded by my friends, and perfectly happy. Ah! how often have I reproached myself for the happiness I enjoyed that evening! . . . It was the day of the Battle of Trafalgar!

Five days had elapsed since my return. The stormy weather had passed away, and the blue sky of Lisbon again appeared. The autumnal sun, more glowing than that which warms the summer of our climate, now again shone forth in cloudless glory. We had arranged a little excursion in the country with the Lebzelterns, when one morning I was awakened by the firing of guns, which

shook the frail walls of our hotel, for the Portuguese, from the apprehension of earthquakes, build their houses very slenderly. The reports followed each other with such rapidity that I knew not what to think of it. I sent to M. de Rayneval, but he had gone out. Indeed, everybody was abroad making inquiries. M. de Rayneval was the only person who had learned the news, and he had gone immediately to M. d'Araujo.

Intelligence of the Battle of Trafalgar* had arrived at Lisbon during the night. The port was crowded with English vessels, and, without regard to the neutrality of the place, without regard to the Princess of Brazil — who, as Infanta of Spain, had lost by the disaster even more than France — the English vessels immediately began firing in celebration of their victory, just as if they had been in Portsmouth harbor; with their demonstrations of joy signs of grief were mingled. Their victory was dearly won. Nelson was no more!

On his return M de Rayneval told us the news. He was overwhelmed with grief at the disastrous event, happening as it did at the very moment our arms promised such success — an event, too, which the enemy and the elements combined to follow up with such murderous and general destruction! He described the dreadful conflict to me, for he could not bear to read it over again. It was indeed horrible! "What a wretch must that Admiral be," thought I. . . . "He has been the cause of this catastrophe, this scene of carnage, this second act and conclusion of the tragedy of Quiberon, this ruin and destruction of our naval power." The Emperor is reported to have cried out in his sleep, after he heard of the defeat of Villeneuve by Admiral Calder:

"*Varus, rends-moi mes légions.*"

The brilliant affair of Captain Baudin had not rendered this news less bitter to Napoleon. He had immediately ordered Admiral Villeneuve to be superseded by Admiral Rosilly. Villeneuve had previously fallen into disgrace, for it was he who, at the Battle of the Nile, remained quietly at anchor. He was patronized by Décrès, who always protected the unworthy and never the deserving

* Trafalgar is ten leagues southeast of Cadiz.

When Décrès was informed of the Emperor's determination, he wrote to Villeneuve to this effect: "I delay the OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT of Rosilly having superseded you. Manage to get under way before it reaches you. Seek the enemy, and if you should have a successful engagement you will be pardoned. You must risk all to gain all."*

On receiving this letter, which informed him of his well-merited disgrace, Villeneuve saw that he must escape dishonor at any risk. In his character as Commander-in-Chief of the combined squadron, he summoned on board his ship all the Spanish commanders, at the head of whom was the brave Gravina, the boast of the Spanish navy. Villeneuve announced to them his intention of proceeding to sea. Gravina objected to this proposition on the ground of its impracticability. Villeneuve replied to him in an abusive strain. "I shall demand satisfaction for this after the battle," rejoined Gravina. "We must be off, it seems; may God protect us, for we are going to our destruction!"

Villeneuve was impelled by his evil genius. He was equally deaf to the remonstrances of the officers of the French fleet. The brave and skillful Rear-Admiral Magon, the old friend of my family, in vain enforced Gravina's arguments. The English fleet, commanded by Admiral Nelson, that enemy of the French, whom he hated as cordially as Hannibal hated the Romans, consisted of twenty-eight vessels, nine of which were three-deckers.† The combined fleet included eighteen French and fifteen Spanish ships. It consisted of one vessel of a hundred and thirty guns (the *Santissima-Trinidada*), two of a hundred guns, two of eighty-four, three of eighty, one of sixty-four, and twenty-four others, each of seventy-four guns. What a noble fleet! In this united force there was power sufficient to crush the English fleet. But, instead of being victorious, ours was destroyed through the most unskillful manœuvers.

The courage and ability of some of our officers, it is

*I knew the officer who carried this dispatch. Many months after, by a singular accident, he became acquainted with its contents.

† [Twenty-seven vessels, seven of which were three-deckers, were only present in the action, Lord Nelson having parted with some ships a few days previously.]

true, present examples almost equal to the fabulous achievements recorded by Plutarch of the heroes of antiquity. A storm as dreadful as any which had occurred in the memory of the oldest sailor added its horrors to those of the conflict, and the lightning vied with the flashes of the guns. Our tricolored flag, alas! suffered most during those fatal days, for the horrid conflict raged two days and a night. We had five vessels taken! three sunk during the action! three blown up! one (that commanded by Rear-Admiral Magon),* borne down upon by the enemy and her deck covered with the slain, was blown up by her own crew to escape the disgrace of surrender! Thus did I lose a friend of my early childhood!

Ten other vessels ran ashore on different parts of the coast. One was wrecked at a distance of thirty-two leagues from Trafalgar, at Cape Saint Vincent, near Lagos; but she contained only the dead and dying. Only nine vessels re-entered Cadiz. As to the Admiral, it was natural to expect that he must have been killed in the battle, or, at least, that one of the thunderbolts which rent the air on every side must have lighted on his head! But no, he was taken; he was made prisoner! He delivered up his sword amid the groans of the dying and the wounded, who with their last breath vented imprecations on him as the author of their misfortunes.

The consequences of the Battle of Trafalgar were most dreadful. I was then in the habit of seeing men capable of judging of the extent of the disaster, and who considered it not even balanced by the Emperor's victories. Napoleon was not irritated, but profoundly grieved, at the Battle of Trafalgar.

While the Straits of Gibraltar were reddened with French blood, Napoleon was leading our eagles to victory on the plains of Ulm. The Grand Army, composed of seven different corps, under Bernadotte, Marmont, Davoût, Soult, Lannes, Ney, and Augereau, and with Murat at the head of the cavalry, and an immense reserve of artillery and cavalry, was advancing with giant strides upon Austria.

* *L'Achille.* Rear-Admiral Magon was determined not to surrender. «I was taken once,» he used to say to me, «but it shall be the last time.»

Everything had been prepared with such ability that nothing was wanting in the hour of need. Treaties were everywhere signed against France; yet she, ever great and powerful, smiled at all the projects formed against her, as a giant smiles at the efforts of pigmies. The Kings of Naples, Spain, and some portions of Germany, alone remained faithful to us. All at once, as if by a mandate from Heaven, the French army was set in motion. Its course was marked by the destruction of all that opposed its progress. In the space of one month, after the occupation of Weissembourg, or rather from the 3d to the 20th of October, 1805, the French army pursued its victorious course as follows:

While Napoleon dismayed Austria and secured his flank from attack on the side of the Tyrol by the rapidity of his movements and the skill of his manœuvers, every day brought us a fresh victory. I shall therefore speak of battles only, without adding the word VICTORY, that being always understood. To begin with Werthingen. Murat has frequently been said to have won this battle. This is a mistake; the glory of it belongs to General Oudinot and the brave grenadiers of Arras. After the Battle of Werthingen came the Battle of Guntzbourg, in which Marshal Ney defeated the Archduke Ferdinand: then the occupation of Augsbourg by Marshal Soult: then the occupation of Munich by Bernadotte: then the capture of Memmingen by Soult, who made 4,000 prisoners. These events were succeeded by the famous Battle of Elchingen, at which Marshal Ney made 3,000 prisoners, and, by taking the bridge of Elchingen, mainly insured the success of the campaign, and especially the capture of the garrison of Ulm.* Then followed the Battle of Langenau, in which Murat made 3,000 prisoners.

And lastly, on the 20th of October, seventeen days after the occupation of Weissembourg, Ulm capitulated, while Mack, the Quarter-Master-General, was within its walls.†

* This important result was as much the consequence of the incapacity of Mack as of the great military talents of Napoleon.

† I was much amused sometimes by the hypocritical compliments I received on the success of the French arms. One day, when the Duc de Cadaval was dining with me, he said, with an air of confidence: «Now I see how it is; come, tell me frankly, BONAPARTE has bought over Mack, has he not?» I pretended not to understand him. «What

The Archduke Ferdinand had escaped with a party of cavalry.

In Ulm were found immense magazines, 30,000 men in garrison, 70 pieces of cannon mounted, 3,000 horses, and 20 generals; these last were allowed their liberty on parole. In these seventeen days Austria lost 55,000 prisoners, and almost the whole of her artillery and baggage. The wreck of her army was obliged to retire behind the Inn, where Napoleon immediately came up with it. The Emperor of Russia had an interview at Berlin with the King of Prussia. In order to render their union the more solemn, the two young Sovereigns swore, on the tomb of the great Frederick, to maintain a fraternal alliance for the extermination of France.

After the brilliant affair of Ulm the French army passed the Inn, and Marshal Lannes took Branau — the very place in which, five years after, the Archduchess Maria Louisa, consigned herself to the fair hands of the Queen of Naples, to become Empress of France and Napoleon's wife! Salzbourg was next taken by Lannes. In Italy, Masséna sustained, as he always did, the honor of the French arms. Vicenza and Verona fell into our hands. The Archduke Charles, having obtained a momentary advantage at Caldiero, paid for his transient triumph by an immediate retreat upon Palma Nova. Marmont reached Leoben in Styria; and while the Emperor was entering Vienna the Tagliamento was crossed by our victorious troops.

The Russians, astonished at the rapidity of our triumphs, proposed an armistice. Murat accepted it on condition of its meeting with the Emperor's sanction. Napoleon rejected it, and commanded the French army to pursue its march. Presburg was occupied by Davoût's corps. While these events were proceeding in Austria, the Army of Italy passed the Isonzo and took Gradisca and Udine. Palma Nova, with its numerous magazines, fell in its

do you say, Monsieur le Duc?» inquired I. He looked embarrassed. «I was saying,» he stammered out, «that I thought the Emperor Napoleon had bribed General Mack.» The idea was so stupid, and at the same time so malicious, that I could not refrain from bursting into a fit of laughter, which not a little disconcerted my politician. Thus it was that those great events, those splendid achievements of genius, were appreciated in Portugal in the year 1806.

turn. Marshal Augereau crossed the Black Forest, took Lindau and Bregentz, obliged General Jellachich, with 6,000 men, to capitulate, and made the French masters of all the Vorarlberg. It seemed as if, at the blast of our victorious trumpet, towns opened their gates, ramparts crumbled, and troops laid down their arms.

While his lieutenants were seconding him with the ardent spirit which then animated every man in the army, Napoleon advanced into Moravia. Buxhowden had formed a junction with Kutusow, and the latter General became Commander-in-Chief of the whole Allied Forces. But Napoleon did not allow him time to arrange new plans. He took Brunn, the capital of Moravia, and the point of union for all the magazines of the combined army. He then made himself master of Trieste. A corps of 8,000 men, under the command of the Prince of Rohan, driven from the Tyrol by Ney, endeavored to reach Venice. They were routed in turn by Regnier, Ney, and Gouvion St. Cyr, and after flying from defeat to defeat, and fighting everywhere against their fellow-countrymen, they terminated their career by a capitulation.

At length, on the 2d of December, the three Emperors appeared at the head of their armies. The Russians numbered 75,000 effective troops; the Austrians 35,000, with a cavalry force far superior to ours. We had but 85,000 men.* The Battle of Austerlitz is one of the most glorious monuments of Napoleon's fame. On that field, as in Italy, he beat the enemy with an inferior force, and by his superiority of military skill. But even there he was pursued by the envious hatred which finally riveted the chains at Saint Helena. Lannes commanded the left wing of the army, having Suchet under him. Soult led the right wing, Bernadotte the center, and Davoût commanded a corps of observation. The cavalry was placed under the command of Murat, and twenty-four pieces of light artillery supported Lannes's right. Oudinot formed the reserve with the grenadiers of Arras, and Junot was to support that reserve with six battalions of the Guard.

* The French army had some time previously been spread through Moravia, and its line, being so much extended, was in proportion diminished in strength.

Napoleon, from an eminence, took a view of the enemy's forces on the morning of the battle. He was accompanied by a young page, afterward a Colonel in one of our regiments; his name was M. de Galtz de Malvirade. The Emperor rested his glass on the shoulder of the youth, and for seven or eight minutes attentively watched Kutusow ordering the position of his troops. What he saw afforded him the most perfect satisfaction, for he smiled, and his countenance wore an expression of perfect serenity. He closed the glass, and observed to Junot, who was standing near him: "It is well; they are doing exactly what I want."

The Battle of Austerlitz, which commenced at sunrise and did not terminate till nightfall, is a memorable proof of Napoleon's talent and of the courage of his troops. I have no objection to admit that the enemy's folly also contributed to his success. The Battle of Austerlitz was a complete humiliation to the Russians and the Austrians. Junot, who never left the Emperor's side during the whole of the action, has often described to me the conduct of that extraordinary man during those hours when his destiny depended upon defeat or victory.

To render justice to all, it must be allowed that Marshal Soult gave evidence of superior courage and talent. For seven hours he maintained an attack, as suddenly conceived as it was vigorously executed, and to which, according to Junot, the success of the day was mainly owing. I know not whether the "*Moniteur*" made specific mention of this at the time, but Junot attached considerable importance to it, declaring that it had considerable influence on the result of the battle. The loss of the allies was immense; 155 pieces of cannon, flags innumerable, whole parks of artillery, and 40,000 men, either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. At Austerlitz the cuirassiers for the first time were seen to charge batteries.

The night before the battle the Emperor directed Junot, Duroc, and Berthier to put on their cloaks and follow him, as he was going round to see that all was arranged as he wished It was eleven o'clock, the bivouac fires were surrounded by soldiers, among whom there were many of the brave guards who were afterward nicknamed the *Grognards.**

* Grumblers.

It was the 1st of December, and the weather was very severe, but none cared for it. They were singing and talking, and many of them were engaged in recounting the splendid victories of Italy and of Egypt. The Emperor, wrapped up in his *redingote grise*, passed along unperceived behind the groups, in which were hearts devoted not only to him and his glory, but to the glory of our arms. He listened to their conversation, smiled, and seemed greatly affected. Suddenly he passed a bivouac, the fire of which gleaming full in his face discovered him.

"The Emperor!" exclaimed the whole group. "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!*" responded the next. Along the whole line, in the bivouacs and under the tents, the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" passed from mouth to mouth and rent the air. The fires were immediately deserted, for the soldiers rushed forward to behold their well-beloved chief. They took the straw from their beds, and, lighting it, made torches with which they illuminated the gloom of the night, still shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" with that heartfelt enthusiasm which neither authority nor corruption can ever repress.

Napoleon was moved. . . . "Enough, my lads! enough of this!" he said. But these proofs of attachment afforded him the liveliest pleasure, and his heart responded to them. "Ah, you seek glory!" exclaimed an old soldier, with mustachios which seemed never to have been cut since the first passage of the Alps. "Well, to-morrow the good fellows of the Guard will purchase it to crown your anniversary!" "What are you growling about under those thick mustachios?" said the Emperor, approaching the old grenadier, with one of those smiles which in him were so captivating.

The grenadier, like most of his comrades, held in his hand a torch of straw, whose light revealed his swarthy scarred face, the expression of which was at that moment most remarkable. His eyes were filled with tears, while a smile of joy at sight of the Emperor was playing on his hard but manly features. The Emperor repeated his question. "Faith, General, that is, SIRE," replied the soldier; "I only say that we will thrash those rascals of Russians; that is, if you desire it, for discipline before everything. So *Vive l'Empereur!*" and thus fresh shouts

conveyed to the Russians their death warrant, for troops so animated could never be subdued. It was, however, found necessary to order the soldiers to put out their straw torches, for, their cartridge boxes being filled, an accident might possibly have happened.

The Emperor of Austria, it is well known, came to Napoleon at his bivouac for the purpose of ASKING FOR PEACE. M. d'Haugwitz, the Minister of the King of Prussia, was sent to our Emperor. He had, it is said, two letters in his pocket. Junot, who regarded him perhaps with an eye of prejudice, maintained that this fact was not doubtful, because D'Haugwitz searched a long time for the packet which the issue of the battle had rendered the right one, or rather the wrong one, for his master. He made strange grimaces. "In short," said Junot, "I did not like his countenance." It is a fact that on receiving the letter from HIS BROTHER of Prussia, Napoleon smiled, and said very pointedly: "Here is a compliment of which the fortune of war has changed the address." The Battle of Austerlitz not only terminated the campaign of 1805,* but also put an end to the triple Continental coalition.

At length Napoleon reposed in the full blaze of his glory. The drum had ceased to beat, the eagle had closed his wings, and peace prevailed. We enjoyed the climax of our triumph when we saw Napoleon seated upon that throne to which he had been raised by the voice of the nation. After signing the treaty of peace which restored to the Emperor of Austria his States and his subjects, Napoleon proceeded to Munich and married Prince Eugène to the daughter of the King of Bavaria. Prince Eugène was a most amiable as well as a very handsome young man. Junot, who was affectionately attached to him, wrote to me at Lisbon all the particulars of his marriage.

This union, I know not why, met with strong opposition on the part of the Queen of Bavaria, who was the step-

* At first an armistice only was agreed to; and the first thing demanded was the evacuation of the Austrian States by the Russian troops. They were required to retire by the Krapack Mountains by daily marches, in three columns, and in a way prescribed by the Emperor Napoleon.

mother of the Prince Royal and of the Princess Amelia.* However, the marriage took place, and gave occasion to a succession of very brilliant entertainments, which I did not see, because I was then on my way home from Lisbon to France.

The cause of my long and severe illness was pregnancy; and as soon as I was able to undertake the journey I determined to return to France. I requested an audience of the Princess of Brazil, who immediately granted it Perhaps our recent victories in Germany had something to do with this ready acquiescense.

The Princess received me in a cabinet into which none were admitted but her personal favorites. She was surrounded by her young family, and the interesting group gave her almost an air of beauty. One of the Infantas was truly pretty, viz, Doña Isabella, who afterward married Ferdinand VII. She was then a mere child, but a very engaging creature. The Princess treated me with great courtesy. She even proposed to stand godmother to the expected child. She had mentioned her intention of doing me this honor before, when Junot took his leave of her and the Prince at Mafra. I acknowledged as became me this mark of royal favor.

But I was somewhat more embarrassed with her next offer, which was the Cross of Saint Elizabeth. I replied much in the same manner as Junot had done on a similar occasion. I said that as the Empress Josephine wore no orders herself, the ladies of her Court could not wear any. I added that before the Revolution no distinctive symbols were worn by the ladies in France; with the exception, perhaps, of Canonesses, and the females of the family of the Grand Master of Malta, as for instance, the Noailles and others.

The Princess of Brazil was very lively, but I think very ignorant. She gazed at me with a singular expression while I was speaking to her, and seemed to follow my words one by one as if to catch their sense. "But," said she in a tone of voice which had in it something of bittersweet, "I do not think the Empress will refuse to accept the Cross of Saint Elizabeth if I offer it to her.

* Junot, who hated imperious women, especially when they conceived they had a RIGHT to be imperious, nevertheless confessed that the Queen of Bavaria was very handsome.

General Junot is the bearer of a letter from the Prince and one from me, in which we beg her acceptance of it. Should she accept it, you can have no reason for not wearing it.»

I replied that I had a great wish to wear the Order, which in fact was true. I never had a stronger wish for anything than to possess a decoration. That of Saint Elizabeth was beautiful. It was a white and red ribbon, terminated by an enameled portrait of the holy aunt of our Saviour. The decoration of Maria-Louisa, which is a white and violet ribbon, is less pretty, especially for a woman. I cannot help remarking, as a singular circumstance, the scruples which both Junot and I expressed to accept favors which in general are so eagerly sought after. For my part, I wished with all my heart to wear the Order; but it was different with Junot: he had an objection to the Order of Christ.

My conversation with the Princess was long, and very condescending on her part. She talked to me with a grace which reminded me of her mother. The Empress Josephine seemed to be a particular object of curiosity with both these Princesses. They evidently wished that I should be very communicative on the subject; but I contrived to maintain that sort of reserve which for more reasons than one became me. I therefore only touched in a general way on the subjects of Malmaison, Saint Cloud, and the social mode of life led by the Emperor, the Empress, the Prince Louis, the Prince Eugène, etc.

As I spoke I observed that the countenance of the Princess of Brazil became more and more repulsive; a malicious expression seemed to overspread her singularly ugly features. She had a narrow and illiberal mind. Ever since the Battle of Trafalgar she had stood in a humiliating situation at her own Court. Her pride had been wounded, and though she could neither give her ill humor vent nor accuse anybody for her misfortunes, yet she nevertheless longed to do so. I perceived her chagrin, while she innocently believed she was all amiability in my eyes. How she detested the Emperor!

Our conversation turned upon French fashions. I said that, with her permission, I would do myself the honor of sending her patterns of every elegant fashion prevail-

ing in Paris, after my arrival there. "And will you not send me anything?" inquired the young Princess when I approached her to take my leave. I understood sufficient Portuguese to comprehend this simple question, and I replied that I should have the honor of sending her Royal Highness a finer doll than ever Prince Lutin conjured up with his magic rose.

My audience was, as I have stated, a very long one. The weather being bad, the Princess could not go to hunt, and it became therefore necessary to kill time. I stayed with her a full half hour. A fortnight afterward, when I was on the point of departing, I had another audience. This was very brief, but still of the same friendly description.

I was on the point of returning to France, and one day previous to my departure, we observed, while sitting at breakfast, a strong smell of fire. We were at a loss to imagine whence it could proceed. There was no chimney in the house, except a small one built by the Duchesse de Montebello in the little drawing-room which I usually occupied, and there was no fire there.

"The smell comes from below," said I to M. de Rayneval, "from your room."

"This is an odd accusation," he replied; "I have no light, no fire, not even a fireplace."

"If it be not in your room," said I," it is on the lower story, and we must go and see about it."

We rose from table, much alarmed, for the smell became stronger and stronger every moment. When we came to the corridor, into which M. de Rayneval's room opened, we distinguished the smell of burning paper. We entered the apartments of M. de Magnien, M. de Cherval, and M. Legoy, but could perceive nothing.

At length we heard M. de Rayneval call out "Fire!" His writing table was all in flames. The cause of this combustion is so extraordinary that, if M. de Rayneval and M. de Cherval were not both living, I should not venture to mention it, lest I should be accused of relating impossibilities.

On M. de Rayneval's writing table stood a glass jug filled with water. This jug, which was perfectly clear, and contained very limpid water, had produced the effect of a lens. The rays from the jug ignited the paper on

which they fell It will be asked how this was possible. It is not in my power to tell. I merely state the fact, and leave it to more scientific persons to explain the phenomenon.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Fête on Board the "Topaze" — Superb Appearance of the Frigate — Festivities — Sham Fight — Gayety of the Nuncio — Sacrifices to Bacchus — His Humane Interference on Behalf of an Old Fortune-teller — My Arrival at Madrid — Gloomy Events at Madrid — Mysterious Death of the Princess of the Asturias — Suspicion of Poison — Alameda — Departure for Paris — Escape of a French Prisoner from England — His Statements Reported to the Emperor — My Return to Paris — Visit to the Empress — Her Breakfasts — Stephanie de Beauharnais, Her Niece — Audience with Madame Mère — Receipt of an Unexpected Salary.

I was now on the point of leaving Lisbon to return to Paris; but Captain Baudin, who was still in the Tagus, where he had repaired his frigate, wished to give me an entertainment before I left. Every person connected with the Diplomatic Corps, and maintaining friendly relations with us, was invited to meet me, besides many Portuguese of distinction. The Captain had invited M. d'Araujo; but in his rank of Minister for Foreign Affairs he could not be present at an entertainment given in the Port of Lisbon, and at which the health of the Emperor Napoleon would, of course, be drunk with enthusiasm. This was at all events the real reason of his declining the invitation; the pretended reason was the arrival of some dispatches.

The person who contributed most largely to the amusement of the company was Monsignore Galeppi, the Papal Nuncio. He wore what in Italy is called a country costume, that is, a sort of greatcoat of violet-colored taffeta, trimmed with gold lace; and, as we were not on *terra firma*, he conceived himself privileged to behave as he pleased.

I reached the quay of the Square of Commerce [*Praça do Commercio*] at eleven o clock There I found the Captain s gig, with twelve rowers dressed in white trousers and blue jackets. I was acompanied by M. de

Rayneval, my daughter, who was then four years old, her governess, and M. Magnien. On reaching the "Topaze," which lay at anchor off the quay of Soudres, I was received by the Captain and his officers. The Spanish Ambassador and the Nuncio were already arrived, and the gallant Captain conducted us over his vessel.

To me this was a curious and a novel sight. The Captain's cabin was so elegantly fitted up that it might have served as the boudoir of a Parisian lady. It was wainscoted with Brazil and other woods, remarkable both for their rarity and fine odor, and every part of the furniture was in the most perfect taste. A magnificent *déjeuner* was prepared for the company. Captain Baudin managed everything with that courtesy which enhances the value of a reception. I have uniformly remarked that officers of the navy and army are ever more attentive than other gentlemen when in the company of ladies. A fine band played while we sat at breakfast; but presently our ears were greeted with a different sort of harmony. Several toasts were drunk; first, the Pope, then the Emperor, the King of Spain, the Queen of Portugal, the Prince and Princess of Brazil, and lastly the King of Holland. Each toast was succeeded by loud hurrahs, and the firing of five and twenty guns. The noise was so terrific that I almost fancied myself in the infernal regions. My ears, however, soon grew familiar with it, and it even pleased me.

But this uproar was nothing to that which followed. As I had often wished to be enabled to form a good idea of a naval battle, Captain Baudin got up a sham fight for my amusement, and it was so admirably managed that the illusion was for a moment terrific; the frigate, in consequence of the damage she had sustained in her late engagements, had required to be newly masted; the yards and topmasts were up; but not being completely rigged it was easy to make them fall as if broken by the enemy's balls. Almost all the population of Lisbon had assembled at the water side to view the spectacle. We thus had our revenge that day, and the shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur*" compensated for the hurrahs that had been given for the Battle of Trafalgar.

The Nuncio contributed very largely to the amusement of the day. Monsignore Galeppi was at first a little

stunned by the guns which were fired in honor of the toasts. The Pope's health was the first toast, and the Nuncio did full honor to it by drinking off three glasses of madeira, probably to fortify his nerves. Then he drank port for the Emperor's health, Carcavello for the King of Spain's, Oyeras for the Prince of Brazil's, and so on, until from health to health he came to mine. This was the *coup de grace;* the Nuncio's head began to betray symptoms not strictly apostolical. The frigate, though at anchor, nevertheless had that slight rocking which is always perceptible in a vessel when lying in rough water like the Tagus.

To behold Monsignore Galeppi, that pink of finesse, that leader of the Machiavelian science of the Vatican, in the situation above alluded to, was a sight never to be forgotten. In plain terms, Monsignore Galeppi was completely TIPSY; he laughed, looked round with his little eyes, and betrayed confidences which greatly scandalized his official *attaché*, the Auditore. The latter behaved with all due propriety, but as to the Nuncio, his tongue ran on beyond all bounds.

"These dogs of English must all be annihilated," he exclaimed, filling up a bumper of wine; "they are a set of infidels. *Vive* his Imperial and Royal Majesty, Napoleon, Emperor of France, and King of Italy!" He handed a glass of madeira to me that I might drink the toast; I excused myself, being a rigid water drinker, but he nevertheless extended his violet taffeta sleeve, exclaiming: "*Vipe sa Majesté l'Empereur Napoléon!*" Then, with his husky voice, he attempted to sing.

He was a most original character; but, nevertheless, a very intelligent man, and free from priestly superstition when he could act according to the dictates of his own understanding.

A curious circumstance occurred while I was in Lisbon, which, thanks to Junot and Galeppi, was attended by no serious consequence. An old woman named Juana, who associated with her more regular calling of orange and pilchard selling that of a fortune teller, was applied to by a drunken German soldier, Fritz Klumpt, for the exercise of her divining skill. He had mortally wounded a rival in a fit of jealousy, and, apprehensive of the consequences, was anxious to consult his fate, thinking that

by BEING APPRISED OF IT BEFOREHAND he might avert condign punishment by running away.

The woman, perceiving his state of intoxication, deferred the consideration of his case until the following day. A crowd having collected, the soldier became greatly excited.

"But I say that you SHALL tell me," exclaimed Fritz in a passion; "and though you should be in league with the devil himself, I will have satisfaction of you both."

On hearing the name of the devil, every Portuguese in the group of bystanders crossed himself three times at least. Fear was stronger than curiosity, and the group now retreated from the two interlocutors. Fritz advanced to Juana for the purpose of forcing her into the wretched hovel in which she cooked her pilchards and delivered her oracles.

"Touch me not," she exclaimed, "touch me not, or I say again you shall REPENT it."

Fritz replied only by an oath and staggered forward. The old woman stretched out her arm to defend herself, and she no sooner touched the soldier than he fell at her feet as if struck by a thunderbolt.

On seeing this the bystanders were for a moment petrified with terror. Juana herself was dismayed at what she had done. Fritz was raised up, but he showed no sign of life, and it was not until he had been bled, and after a lapse of two hours, he at length opened his eyes. On coming to himself he declared that on attempting to seize the old woman he saw the devil at her side, who felled him with a club. This was too good a *bonne-bouche* to escape the attention of the monks.

Through their bribery, and probably their threats, the soldier persisted in the truth of his statement, and the unfortunate beldame was confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition. She was luckily rescued from further molestation by Junot, who was cordially assisted by Galeppi in the business, though he was somewhat afraid his interference should be known at Rome. To crown the absurdity, the soldier became a monk of one of the most austere convents in Lisbon.

On my departure from Lisbon I proceeded to Madrid, where I took up my residence at my old abode, Alphonso Pignatelli's pretty little house. Ill-boding events were

passing at this juncture within the Palace of the Kings of Castile. Much has been said of the enmity borne by the Prince of the Asturias to Manuel Godoy. That enmity, if it had its origin in the ill treatment to which the Prince of the Peace insolently subjected the son of the King, as well as a Princess whose amiability rendered her admired and beloved; if, I repeat, the enmity was grounded on this, it was entirely justifiable. Kings and Princes are but mortals, and are, like other men, influenced by human passions.

The Princess of the Asturias was on her deathbed, expiring amidst tortures so frightful that, being one day at the Sitio, I could no longer endure the sound of her piercing shrieks. I was much attached to the Princess, and should have liked to have paid a visit to her at this moment, but all my efforts to obtain permission were ineffectual. During my long sojourn at Madrid I frequently solicited leave to make this visit, not only from respect to the Princess, but because I wished to see the Prince of the Asturias, whom I was sure of finding at his wife's bedside, which he never quitted day or night.

I had, in fact, received from Paris some secret instructions, in which I was desired to do something which unfortunately I was unable to effect. This occasioned my protracted stay at Madrid, a circumstance which some persons have thought proper to attribute to my love of pleasure. This, indeed, would have more naturally hurried me back to Paris. The fact is, that reasons which I cannot divulge, but which were of the highest importance, with reference to the situation of the Royal Family of Spain, detained me at Madrid.

Strange reports were circulated respecting the illness of the Princess of the Asturias. The affair was enveloped in mystery; but in confidential conversation the terrible word POISON was hinted by persons attached to the Queen. It was related that one day a courier, about to depart for Naples, was arrested and his dispatches examined; they contained letters from the Princess of the Asturias to her mother. The unfortunate Princess complained of the more than humiliating treatment which both she and the Prince of the Asturias received from the Prince of the Peace; and the letter concluded with affecting

regrets for her removal from her native country, and apprehensions respecting her future fate.

The Queen smiled maliciously on perusing those touching complaints of a broken heart. "What shall we do?" said she to an individual who was her counselor, for as to Charles IV. he was a mere cipher. "Send off the letter," was the reply, "and then we shall see the answer: that will suggest to us what we had best do." The answer arrived but too speedily. The reports then in circulation stated that it arrived on the 10th of August, 1805, and five days after, viz, on St. Louis's Day, the resolution which had been adopted was put into execution.

Such were the reports current among the very highest ranks of society in Madrid; in short, it was whispered fearfully that the Princess of the Asturias had been POISONED, and that this crime had been resolved upon in consequence of a line in the answer of the Queen of Naples. "My daughter," wrote the Queen, "I can scarcely conceive how you endure what you described to me. . . . There is no throne that can be worth being purchased so dearly. . . . Rather leave Spain and come back to me. But if you cannot resolve to leave Ferdinand, from whom you derive the little share of happiness you enjoy in that country, then, my daughter, learn to be not a weak woman, but a great and courageous Princess. Recollect the words of Catharine II.: 'IT IS BETTER TO KILL THE DEVIL THAN TO LET THE DEVIL KILL US!'"

This last sentence, it is said, instigated the murder; such, at least, was the general report. Since the accession of Ferdinand VII. I have heard that the apothecary who administered the poison, voluntarily confessed his guilt; but for this I cannot vouch, as I was not at that time in Spain. However, that the Princess was poisoned was universally believed to be a fact.

The Prince of the Asturias was in such a state of despair that it is supposed he would have put an end to his existence. He scarcely ever left the bedside of the Princess, whose sufferings might well have moved her bitterest enemy. For the memory of the Princess of the Asturias I cherish the respect due to those talents and virtues which, had she lived, would have imparted conspicuous luster to the throne of Spain. Her death might be regarded as a great misfortune to France.

There can be no doubt that the affairs of the Peninsula would have been treated very differently at Bayonne had the Princess been there.

I remained in Madrid until the beginning of February. I frequently visited the amiable Comtesse d'Ega, the wife of the Portuguese Ambassador at Madrid, who gave very agreeable music parties. The Duchesse d'Ossuna, too, gave a charming *fête* in honor of me at the Alameda, her country house near Madrid. When King Joseph was in Spain I cannot imagine why he did not choose the Alameda as his residence instead of giving it to General Belliard. I would rather have lived there than in the Escurial.

I now received a letter from Junot, dated Vienna, in which he informed me that the Emperor had given him a mission to Italy, but that I was to return to Paris to enter upon my duty in the service of Madame Mère.

At the hotel at which I lodged at Bordeaux, on my homeward journey to Paris, I met a lady who had been formerly acquainted with my mother, coming from her estate, the Château de Pierre-Fonds, to embrace her son, who had miraculously escaped from an English prison. He was an ensign, and had been taken at Trafalgar. At first he had been well treated, I believe, because he was a freemason, and whatever the fraternity could offer he had in abundance. Then came the most rigorous orders, and the poor prisoner was closely confined, but as he had not given his PAROLE he escaped under three different disguises. Here, at length, he was in France, joyfully treading his native soil, embracing his mother, and swearing eternal hatred to England, of which, however, he spoke as formidable and deserving of respect.

"The number of vessels in commission," said he (it was in 1806), "amount to seven hundred and forty, of which one hundred and thirty are of the line, twenty from fifty to sixty guns, and above one hundred and forty frigates; and all these thoroughly rigged, fitted for sea, and manned with the full complement of able and well-disciplined seamen." When I repeated to the Emperor, who had for many days after my return put numerous questions to me relative to the minutest particulars of my journey, this history of the young heir of Pierre-Fonds and the remarks he made, the Emperor inquired

his name and address, and two months afterward I learned by letter from his mother that her son had been promoted. "Probably," she added, "to indemnify him for the evils of his captivity. I cannot otherwise understand to what he owes his good fortune." I mention this fact because it proves the Emperor's attention to the smallest details, and also his kindly disposition.

I re-entered Paris on Shrove Tuesday, which was the anniversary of my departure; and, oh, how joyfully! France, my country — how proud was I then of thy name! I was a Frenchwoman, and the wife of one of my country's bravest soldiers.

The next day I wrote to Madame de Fontanges, lady of honor to Madame Mère, to inquire when I should have the honor of presenting myself to her Imperial Highness to pay my respects and take possession of my office as lady in waiting. The same evening Madame de Fontanges replied that her Imperial Highness would receive me after mass on the following Sunday. On Friday morning I received a visit from a lady in no elevated situation in the Empress's household, who asked among other things whether I intended to wait till I had seen Madame before I paid my duty at the Tuileries. To this I replied that my notions of Court etiquette compelled me to do so.

But after my visitor's departure I began to surmise that the interview was not wholly of her own proposition; and knowing the terms of mother and daughter-in-law upon which these ladies lived, I determined that the *minutiæ* of etiquette — of which, excepting the Empress herself, not one female of the Imperial Family had the most distant notion — should not become a cause of offense, and immediately wrote to Madame de la Rochefoucauld to know when I might offer my duty to her Majesty.

She replied at once that by the Empress's command she was directed to invite me to breakfast the following morning, and to desire that I would bring with me her goddaughter, my little Josephine. My maternal pride was delighted with this goodness, for Josephine was a charming child, with large curls, as soft as silk, falling upon her rosy cheek, and all the graces and delicacy of infancy in her figure and manners. I took much more

pains with her toilet than my own, and at half-past ten repaired with my child to the Tuileries.

The breakfasts of the Empress Josephine were a very interesting portion of the domestic arrangements of the Tuileries. They were in a wholly peculiar style, of which no other Court offered any similar example, and the Empress knew how to invest them with fascination. Four or five persons usually composed these parties; the Empress seldom invited any but females, and her invitations were usually verbal. Something beyond the mere intention of obliging her certainly urged the Emperor to permit these familiar meetings in the very interior of the Palace, and even, as it were, under his presidency.

Already the unlucky system of fusion was in operation, and these breakfasts were extremely serviceable in forwarding it. Many ladies were invited to them who as yet did not make their appearance in the great circles at Court, nor even at the theaters, but who at a later period flourished in the "*Almanach Impérial*," wholly at their own desire, and in consequence of repeated letters written to the Grand Chamberlain. At the time, however, of which I am writing, they would only appear to associate with Madame de Beauharnais as with one of their own class. A particular circumstance has impressed upon my mind the recollection of the breakfast I am now speaking of.

On entering the great yellow *salon* which follows that of Francis I., I met a young person whose grace, freshness, and charming countenance struck me with surprise. She advanced to me with a smile, though she did not know me, and, stooping down to put herself on a level with Josephine, exclaimed: "Oh, what a charming little creature! Will you come to me, my angel?" Then, taking her in her arms, she ran with her to the other end of the *salon*. Josephine, who was by no means unsociable, was very well pleased with this sort of reception, and replying to it in kind, a perfect intimacy was established between them in a very few minutes. I had not time to ask Madame d'Arberg who this very pleasing young person was, when the Empress entered the room from her private apartment.

She received me in her kindest and most amiable manner, and everyone knows how much she excelled in

the art of captivation when so disposed. She embraced me, and in the most gracious tone assured me of the satisfaction she felt at my return. "And where," said she, "is my goddaughter? Have you not brought her to see me?" Josephine, my daughter, encouraged by her godmother's condescension, and quite unconscious of any restraints of etiquette, ran forward at the first word. "Ah!" said she, "I perceive Stephanie has already undertaken to entertain Josephine," and then added in a lower tone: "You do not know my niece; look at her, and tell me if she is not charming?"

Without fear of being suspected of Court flattery, I replied that the Empress had good reason to think so; for, in fact, I have met with very few women to be compared for grace and beauty with what Mademoiselle Stephanie de Beauharnais was at that period. No woman could wish for greater advantages of person and manners than she possessed; at once pretty and engaging, she attracted the admiration of the men, and by her gracious attentions silenced the envy of the women. She was daughter to the Senator M. de Beauharnais, cousin to the Empress's first husband, and was affianced to the Hereditary Prince of Baden. Her intended, whom I saw a few days afterward, did not appear to me deserving of her — at least, in personal attraction.

The Empress spoke at some length upon the subject of my journey to Portugal, and asked me a multitude of questions concerning the Queen of Spain and the Princess of Brazil. I could not help thinking, as I answered her, of the curiosity these Princesses had expressed respecting the Empress, and repeated only the agreeable remarks the Queen of Spain had made about her. I was impenetrable upon the rest of her Majesty's conversation — which had been, in fact, more curious than amiable — and prided myself on the skillful commencement I was making in diplomacy.

The Empress then spoke of Madame. "I am very sorry that the Emperor did not place you in my household instead of that of my mother-in-law," said she. "You will certainly find that house very disagreeable. Everyone about it is as old as if they had been determined to supply it from the Court of Louis XV. So young and gay as you are, how will you be able to

accommodate yourself to such a species of mausoleum?" Flattering as were these words, and gracious as was the Empress's manner, I knew very well that it was perfectly indifferent to her whether I belonged to Madame's household or not.

I made no reply to her remarks on the style of Madame's establishment — which it was too much the custom to ridicule at Court, and, as it always appeared to me, without any sufficient cause — but merely answered the Empress that Madame had been kind to me from my infancy, and that I was assured she would extend to my youth that indulgence of which no doubt I should stand in need, though I trusted my conduct would always be irreproachable. I felt what I said, for I looked upon Madame as a second mother. I can never forget that when mine was dying, she and the Queen of Spain, then Madame Joseph Bonaparte, came to me in the belief that I was an orphan, and a tribute of gratitude is due to those from whom I received so much kindness.

On Sunday the 25th of February I proceeded to the Hôtel of Madame in the Rue Saint Dominique, now the Hôtel of the Minister of War. Madame Mère had not been elevated to the dignity of a Princess of the Imperial Family so early as her daughters and her daughters-in-law, as I have previously observed, on account of her attachment to her proscribed son Lucien. Happily for himself, the Emperor reverted to sentiments more worthy of his greatness, and Madame was recalled from Rome and placed in the rank which belonged to her as mother of the Emperor.

At the period of my return from Portugal she had been some time in possession of her title and fortune, and it is but justice to say that she sustained the one as a worthy and noble matron, and honorably employed the other in the mode for which it was destined. Her income then amounted to 500,000 francs, one-fifth of which was swallowed up by the appointments of her Court of honor.*

*Certain journalists have liberally assigned millions to Madame Mère. The only period when her income amounted to a million francs per annum was when the King of Westphalia was at Cassel in 1807. All she afterward possessed was perhaps only what she had saved out of that million, and that during five years. During the

On my arrival I was presented to her by name, by Madame de Fontanges. Madame Mère, advancing from the fireside, where she had been standing, approached me, saying: "You need not introduce Madame Junot to me; she is a child of mine, and I love her as much as my own daughter: I hope everything will be done to render her situation in the household of an old woman agreeable to her, for it is a dull post for so young a person." It was agreed that I should come into waiting the following Sunday. Upon this I took leave, and Madame proceeded to dine with the Emperor, the regular arrangement for every Sunday unless superseded by some very important engagement.

The next morning at ten o'clock M. Rollier, steward of the household to Madame, was announced. On receiving my appointment it had never occurred to me to inquire whether any income was attached to my place, and when M. Rollier informed me that he was come to bring me an entire year's salary, I would have positively refused it had he not assured me that my doing so would offend Madame; upon this, though the sum was pretty large, I accepted it. I relate this trait, insignificant as it may seem, because it is directly opposed to the character ascribed to Madame. If she had been the miser — the word must be spoken out — which some persons have been pleased to represent her, she would have found here a very convenient opportunity of saving 6,000 francs, to which I should certainly never have thought myself entitled.

subsequent misfortunes of the Bonaparte family, if she denied herself those indulgences which are so essential in old age, it was to secure the means of assisting her children, for whom she had made the greatest sacrifices. The conduct of Madame Mère entitled her to honor and respect, and should at least have screened her from false and unjust calumnies. It is natural that journals of a certain class should assign illusory wealth to the Bonaparte family to excuse the Bourbons for not having fulfilled any of the treaties they entered into with that family; for having detained their property, the Crown diamonds, which were purchased with the Emperor's money; and for having turned on the wide world as exiles those whom they had reduced to beggary.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Portrait of Madame Lætitia Bonaparte — Her Retired Life — Coolness between Her and Napoleon — Her Household — The Maréchale Davoût — Madame de Fontanges — Madame de Fleurieu — Madame de Saint Pern — Madame de Bressieux — Madame Dupuis — Mademoiselle Delaunay — Comte de la Ville — M. de Beaumont — M. and Madame de Brissac — Deafness of the Latter — Absurd Scene with the Emperor — M. Decazes — Prince of Baden — The Court Quadrille — The Lost Shawl — Festive Scenes Encouraged by Napoleon — Naples Occupied by the French — Death of Tronchet — Naval Disasters — Capitulation of Rochambeau, and Massacre of the French at Saint Domingo — General Lallemand and His Wife — My Interview with Napoleon — Junot Writes to Me to Join Him at Parma.

OF ALL the anecdotes which have been written of the Emperor's family, none are so ridiculously false as those which concern Madame Mère.* I not only knew her during the period I belonged to her household, but long before, and may therefore be permitted to offer a correct portrait of her. Among the important figures who surrounded the Emperor, his mother ought to be known as she truly was.

At the time Madame was named MADAME MÈRE she might be about fifty-three or fifty-four years of age; she had been perfectly beautiful in her youth; all her daughters (except Madame Bacciochi) resembled her, and gave a good idea of what her beauty had been. Her stature was that most agreeable in women, about five feet one inch; but as she grew older her shoulders increased in breadth, which diminished her apparent height, though her carriage always continued firm and dignified. Her feet were the most remarkably small and beautifully formed I had ever seen. A defect in her right hand was conspicuous in one otherwise so pretty: the forefinger did not bend in consequence of an ill-performed operation — the nerve had been cut; and this stiffness had a singular effect when she played at cards. At this

*I know not whether before his death Sir Walter Scott was undeceived as to his delusion of having written a history of Napoleon; but if he died in that opinion, it only proves that the most sensible minds may have strange aberrations.

period her teeth were still perfect, and, like all the Bonapartes, her smile was charming, her countenance lively, piercing, and very intelligent. Her eyes were small and very black, but their expression was never ill-natured, which is more than can be said for some of her children.

Madame was very nice in her person, and paid especial attention to dressing always conformably to her age and position. She made, in short, a more respectable appearance than some princes and princesses I have seen, who stood sadly in need of their royal titles to distinguish them from the commonalty. The great inconvenience to which Madame's situation exposed her arose from her timidity and her want of fluency in the French language; she felt really nervous in presence of persons who were presented to her, and whose sarcastic observations she apprehended. She possessed great tact and acuteness of judgment; she saw with a glance the disposition of the persons who approached her.

This was observable on the day that Madame de Chevreuse was presented to her in quality of Lady of the Palace — an office, by the way, which she had been persuaded to accept against her inclination. Without knowing her connections and the sentiments professed by them, Madame detected in a moment the lurking dislike, if not even hatred, that this lady bore to all the Bonaparte family. The subsequent conduct of Madame de Chevreuse, which was punished, perhaps too severely, by her exile, proved the penetration of Madame Lætitia. Madame led a very retired life; if it was wrong, the fault was not her own. The Emperor, though he loved her, did not surround her with the consideration which was due to the mother of Napoleon. She felt this; but too proud to hint it to her son, she preferred remaining in solitude to putting herself in contact either with the Empress or with any of the persons who surrounded the Emperor. The Ministers sometimes paid their respects to her on New Year's Day; sometimes at distant intervals, but never with the forms of ceremony and etiquette which were suited to her station, except the Duc de Gaëta.* But she possessed no influence, and the frequenters of a Court possess a marvelous acuteness in

* Gaudin.

deciphering the actual position of individuals within that magic circle.

I was affectionately attached to Madame, and my feelings revolted against such treatment. I spoke of it sometimes to Duroc and Junot, and told them I was convinced that Madame suffered much from the neglected situation in which her son permitted her to remain. Duroc defended the Emperor, and referred to the circumstance of the quarrel between Napoleon and Lucien, in which Madame took the part of the latter. Junot was of my opinion, and always treated Madame with the utmost respect.

Madame, on receiving the title of Imperial Highness, quitted the Hôtel she had shared with her brother, Cardinal Fesch in the Rue du Mont Blanc, to take possession of the Hôtel de Brienne in the Rue Saint Dominique. This Hôtel had belonged to Lucien, who had furnished it sumptuously; so that Madame had at once a mansion suitable to her new dignity.*

The Maréchale Davoût formed a member of the Court of Madame Mére. But her pretensions were more ambitious, and she was disappointed in not having been named a lady of honor to the Empress. She professed ill health, and gave in her resignation before my arrival at Paris. As this little Court will naturally often appear in connection with these Memoirs, I shall give the names, with a slight sketch of the individuals composing it.

We were four ladies in waiting, one lady of honor, and a reader; two chamberlains, two equerries, one chief equerry, a chief almoner, and a secretary. Madame de Fontanges, whom the Emperor had created a Baroness, because it was his will that all persons attached to the different households should be titled, was the lady of honor. She was handsome and inoffensive, young, but without fortune: a Creole, I believe, and carrying in her person and in her actions that tropical listlessness which is never entirely without its charm. She had not been presented at Court before the Revolution, and was utterly ignorant of its etiquette. The nomination of this

* It is still the same; and I sometimes think that Madame la Maréchale Soult cannot totally abjure all recollections of the Empire, in this very house, where she has so often attended to take her turn in the service of Madame Mère.—Note by Madame Junot.

lady was the result of a mistake on the part of the Emperor, he intended to appoint the Marquise de Fontanges, a most amiable person.

The four ladies in attendance (after the retirement of the Maréchale Davoût) were Madame Soult; Madame de Fleurieu, wife of the Minister of Marine under Louis XVI.; Madame de Saint Pern; and myself. There was but one among us all who might be said to be completely in her place. Madame de Fleurieu seemed born to be the companion of an elderly Princess, for she seemed never to have been young herself. She had never been handsome, nor even pretty, and she possessed all the characteristics of a plain and virtuous woman.

I have seldom seen any person so directly the reverse of pleasing as Madame de Fleurieu; dancing with as melancholy an air as if she was begging at Saint Roche, and holding out her petticoat at the extent of her two arms, offering a good representation of an espalier tree. Having no pretension to grace, she aspired to be considered a *bel-esprit*. She had, however, two serious faults: the one was the mania, or rather the monomania, of etiquette — a pretension which had dazzled the Emperor, who never imagined that anyone could persist in talking forever upon a particular subject without being perfectly well versed in it. Her second great fault was that of being an eternal talker; a spout of lukewarm water, always open and always running; the recollection of it is terrible even at this distance of time. To sum up, however, I should say with Brantôme: "SHE WAS A VERY RESPECTABLE AND VERY VIRTUOUS LADY."

To know Madame Saint Pern was to love her. She was not pretty, but her figure and address were striking. Her character was charming. A Corsican by birth, and as unhappy as exile and domestic sorrows could make any human being, she supported her misfortunes with affecting resignation.

Madame de Bressieux, the successor of Madame Saint Pern, is the Mademoiselle Colombier of whom Napoleon speaks in the Memorial of Saint Helena. I had heard from Napoleon himself that in his very early youth, while he was at Valence, there had existed a project of marrying him to Mademoiselle Colombier; I had in consequence a strong desire to see her. I found her witty,

agreeable, mild, and amiable. Without being decidedly pretty, she was very pleasing; extremely well formed, and her address remarkably engaging. I easily understood that the Emperor might have gathered cherries with her at six o'clock in the morning without any improper thought, and confining himself entirely to harmless chat. One peculiarity which struck me the first time I saw her was the interest with which she watched the Emperor's smallest movement, her eyes following him with an attention which seemed to emanate from the soul.

Madame Dupuis, our supernumerary, as we were in the habit of calling her, was singular without being amusing. Her countenance suited her mind; her figure might have been good, and she had beautiful black hair; yet with these advantages, and with a pretty hand and foot, two requisites even more indispensable, in my opinion, to a pretty woman than fine eyes — with all these it never came into anyone's head to maintain that Madame Dupuis was handsome. She was as good natured as Creole indolence would permit her to be, and we know about how far that good nature extends; but she was wearisome to excess.

Mademoiselle Delaunay, the reader, was an amiable and charming person, remarkable for her highly-cultivated talents. She was an excellent musician, vocal and instrumental, and painted in miniature so well that Madame employed her to paint all the portraits of herself which she gave as presents.

It will be seen by these sketches that something might be made of the ladies of Madame's household; but for the gentlemen, a more extraordinary choice of attendants upon a person of her taste and habits could scarcely have been made, with the exception of my excellent friend the Comte de la Ville, formerly belonging to the household of the King of Sardinia; he alone suited Madame. He united a thorough goodness of feeling with the most finished politeness of the courtier; he knew precisely the rank to allot to each individual, and the consistent arrangements of etiquette; points of which our lady of honor was as ignorant as the rest of the household, who, excepting M. de Beaumont, knew as much of these matters as if they had fallen asleep

in the days of the patriarch Jacob, and awoke again under the dynasty of Clovis.

M. de Brissac, M. d'Esterno, General d'Estrées, and M. de Beaumont, found their duties in Madame's household of a most wearisome nature, and threw back upon the circle their own *ennui.* I should not, however, class M. de Beaumont with the rest; if he was himself *ennuyé*, he certainly did not contribute to weary others, for he was very witty, and beyond measure amusing and full of mimicry. I was always delighted to meet him, because we enjoyed those hearty laughs together which are so exhilarating. He was brother to M. de Beaumont, chamberlain to the Empress Josephine, but no relation of General Beaumont, aid-de-camp to Murat.

M. de Brissac though old, ugly, and a little crooked, was the best of men, polite, amiable, and inoffensive. Although Madame de Brissac did not belong to the household, it is impossible to pass her over, as she was more about Madame than any one of us. She came every evening to join the party, with M. Clement de Ris, M. Casabianca, M. Cholłet, and two or three more old senators, whose portraits, under the semblance of animated tapestry, haunted my dreams, after sitting a whole evening in Madame's *salon* looking at and listening to them, from six o'clock till eleven or even midnight. Madame de Brissac, with all her wit, for she had much, played with these old-fashioned perukes with as natural a smile as if she had been really amused. She was a very singular woman; she had never been pretty, her height being about four feet and a half, and her figure not quite straight; notwithstanding which she was as coquettish in her dress as I could be at twenty years of age; and for this very good reason, she was as much in love with her husband as a woman is supposed to be in the springtide of life.

M. de Brissac had, however, been false to her. While still a child he had fallen in love with Mademoiselle de Rothelin — another beauty fell in his way, and he abandoned her. "Then how did you become his wife?" said I to her one day, when she was relating to me the history of her love for M. de Brissac. "Only because I waited patiently, and the other died," she replied, with an air of triumphant simplicity and an almost

comic expression of countenance which I shall never forget.

She was extremely deaf, and on the occasion of her presentation to the Emperor was most anxious to be informed what questions he would ask her, and what she ought to answer. She was told that the Emperor almost always inquired what department the persons came from, how old they were, and how many children they might have. Doubting her ear, which the agitation of the moment might render even unusually treacherous, she determined to be prepared beforehand for each of these questions, in the order in which they had been stated to her.

The day of presentation arrived; Madame de Brissac made her three courtesies to the Emperor, who, having laid down no law to himself to ask precisely the same questions of all the extraordinary faces which appeared before him, said rapidly to her: "Is your husband brother to the Duc de Brissac who was killed on the 2d of September? and did he not inherit his estates?"

"Seine and Oise, Sire," was the answer, and though an odd one, not so very wide of the mark, for M. de Brissac really inherited property in that department. The Emperor, however, struck by its incoherence, looked at her with some surprise as he continued: "I believe you have no children?" "Fifty-two, Sire," said she, with the same amiable and benevolent smile as before, never doubting but the Emperor had inquired her age. Napoleon by this time was satisfied that Madame de Brissac was hard of hearing, and, without further observation, continued his tour of the circle. With all her eccentricities she was a kind friend, a good mother, and an excellent woman.

Besides the gentlemen I have already mentioned as belonging to the household, there were M. de Quelen, brother to the Archbishop of Paris, equerry, the Bishop of ——, chief almoner, M. de Guien, secretary. The latter died soon after, and was replaced by M. Decazes, afterward the Minister of Louis XVIII.; he was then called the sweet pea of the Court. He had married Mademoiselle Muraire, but had become a widower.

Nothing surprised me so much on my return to Paris as the increase of that rage for place and favor which had begun to manifest itself before my departure, but

which was now in its highest paroxysm. The tablets of the Grand Chamberlain, of the Master of the Ceremonies, and Marshal Duroc, were daily filled with requisitions — nay, pressing petitions for appointments, from persons who, at a later period, found it convenient to deny all connection with the Imperial Court.

The Hereditary Prince of Baden had arrived at Paris. He was the most disagreeable personage I had ever seen; he had the pouting air of a child in disgrace; but his humors were not followed by the clear sunshine of childhood. The first time I saw him I could not forbear casting my eyes upon the charming young person* who was about to become his property; she seemed to me more than usually lovely. She appeared in smiles at the *fêtes* given in celebration of her sacrifice, but her smile was melancholy — how could it have been otherwise?

Among the *fêtes* which this first royal marriage in the Emperor's family produced, was one distinguished from the rest by the introduction of a perfect novelty; this was a quadrille — the first which had been seen at Paris since the Revolution. The idea of this truly royal amusement originated with the Princess Caroline, who had lately received the title of Grand Duchess of Cleves and Berg. The costume was a long time under consideration, and, as generally happens when twenty different advisers are consulted, an intolerably ugly one was adopted.† The Emperor did not like Louis XIV.,

*Mademoiselle Stephanie de Beauharnais, niece of the Empress.

†The performers in this memorable quadrille were to be distinguished by four different colors — white, green, red and blue. The white ladies were to be adorned with diamonds; the red, with rubies; the green, with emeralds; the blue, with sapphires and turquoises. The costume was to be Spanish; the robe of white crape slashed with satin, of the color of the quadrille, and the slashings trimmed with silver llama. The headdress was to be a toque of black velvet with two white plumes.

The equipment of the gentlemen was perfectly absurd. A coat of white velvet, made in what fashion I cannot describe, surmounted by a scarf the color of the quadrille, tied in a bow at the side; and for headdress a toque of black velvet similar to ours. It was a long time before I could look with a serious face upon any one of the gentlemen of our set. Then the style in which this quadrille was danced was itself worth remembering; it was directed by Despréaux, my former dancing master, and took place in the Gallery of Diana, in the Tuileries.

but he was determined that his new Court should be constructed after the model of that monarch's. After my return from Portugal I gathered from the conversation of the Emperor his determination to render his Court the most brilliant in Europe. He questioned me concerning the Courts of Spain and Portugal, and seemed to take pleasure in dwelling upon the miserable condition of those sovereigns in the midst of their jewels and etiquette.

A Piedmontese lady, wife of the Comte de Saint Martin, belonged to the household of the Princess Caroline. She was lively, witty, and agreeable, with one of those warm hearts which imperiously demand our friendship in return for the affection they frankly offer; and as she felt strongly, she expressed openly and without disguise her sentiments and opinions.

The Princess Caroline had given her a very handsome shawl of white cashmere particularly rare and valuable on account of some extremely beautiful parrots which ornamented the border. The Comtesse de Saint Martin, accordingly, was very proud of her shawl. The rehearsal took place in the morning, and as the bright sun of the spring brilliantly illuminated this noble gallery, we always went very elegantly dressed to this meeting. Madame de Saint Martin then, as was natural, went in her shawl; and as it was also natural to take it off in dancing, she laid it down on one of the benches, as the other ladies did theirs. One day, the rehearsal being over, we were about to leave the gallery, when Madame de Saint Martin's shawl was nowhere to be found. She sought for it, inquired for it, became angry, but all in vain; the shawl was absolutely lost. Madame de Saint Martin's lamentations were incessant; she would not get into her carriage till she had inquired of all the servants of the palace, and offered a great reward for the recovery of her property. But the rehearsal concluded, the quadrille was danced, and the shawl was not forthcoming. Madame de Saint Martin was in despair, especially as the dancers were not alone in the gallery, for there were often many spectators present, and it was not easy to discover what persons had been there. It remained, then, decided that Madame de Saint Martin had been ROBBED, for she would use no other term. One evening, at a ball given by the

Minister of Marine, she came to me and said in a tone of great agitation: "Dear Madame Junot, you know how much I have been distressed by the loss of my shawl."

This I knew, indeed, perfectly well, for she had never spoken to me since her loss, but the shawl was the first subject, something else next, and the shawl always in conclusion. "Well, I have found it!"

"I congratulate you; but where is it?"

"On the shoulders most probably of the person who stole it; and as you knew my shawl, which I have shown you twenty times, I am come to beg you to identify it."

"But pray be careful," said I, "that you make no mistake; nothing can be more similar than one white cashmere to another."

Here the Comtesse de Saint Martin started with something like indignation, exclaiming: "You do not mean that my parrots are like everybody else's?"

The parrots convinced me, but I still entreated her not to attack the lady she suspected before all the company. "And why not?" "It would be wrong; give me leave to manage the affair."

With much difficulty I persuaded her to stand back for a few minutes, while I opened the business to the young lady, who was at the room door, about to leave the ball. I approached her, and said in a low voice and with as much politeness as it was possible to throw into a speech of this nature, that I believed a mistake had arisen, and that having probably lost a shawl of her own, she had by some accident become possessed of one belonging to Madame de Saint Martin in its stead. All this modesty was perhaps ill-timed, for the young lady, looking at me with an air of sufficient impertinence, answered: "That so long as Madame de Saint Martin had been deafening everyone with lamentations over the loss of her shawl, she might have had time to discover that hers, though perhaps resembling it, was her own." The lady's mother, who was in conversation with another person, turned round on hearing her daughter's elevated voice. And Madame de Saint Martin, who had also heard that SHE DEAFENED EVERYONE WITH HER LAMENTATIONS, came forward to plead her own cause, which I was not sorry for. "This shawl is mine," said she imperatively, laying her hand upon it as she spoke, while the other

endeavored with a blow of her fist to make her leave her hold. I was fearful that a battle was about to commence, and, anxious to prevent exposure, I addressed myself to Madame de Saint Martin.

"It is easy," said I, "to settle this discussion in a moment. This lady will have the goodness to say how she became possessed of this shawl, which so much resembles yours; and you will no longer insist upon obtaining it, as in that case you would be in the wrong."

I felt convinced that the young woman would not be able to state where she purchased the shawl, but I must confess that her impertinence astonished me.

"It does not please me, Madame," said she, looking haughtily at me, "to inform you where I purchased my shawl. This affair is becoming too ridiculous, and I am surprised you should have taken any part in it."

I was sorry for the young person; had she been innocent, such an accusation would have caused her much uneasiness, but not all this irritation; guilt is the cause of anger. I cast a supplicating look on Madame de Saint Martin; in her place I should have given up a hundred shawls. She came to me, and, pressing my hand, said:

"You are right; the scene must be terminated"; then turning to the young lady, she continued, "You persist, then, in asserting that this shawl is yours?"

The other replied with a bitter smile, and drew the shawl closer upon her shoulders, as if in bravado. Many persons whom the singularity of the discussion had attracted seemed unwilling to disperse without seeing the close of the adventure. The Countess proceeded in a loud voice:

"If, Madame, this shawl belongs to you, you will perhaps be able to explain why my name, CHRISTINE, is embroidered in red silk in the narrow border. Madame Junot will have the goodness to prove the fact."

The young woman became pale as death, and I shall never forget the distressed look she cast upon me, as with a trembling hand she put the shawl into mine. I received it with equal agitation, and sought for the name of CHRISTINE, hoping it had been removed, but the increasing paleness of the guilty party showed that this was improbable, and accordingly I found it almost immediately.

Madame de Saint Martin looked up with an air of triumph, but the distress of the poor girl affected her, and her conduct proved the goodness of her heart. "Well," said she, "this is one of those accidents which often happen. I will send for your shawl to-morrow." Then, turning to the young lady's father, who, having been detained in an adjoining room, joined us at this moment, wondering at his daughter's uncovered shoulders: "It is only an exchange of shawls," said she, as she threw the one she had been wearing round her; "you will return it to me to-morrow; we have both been mistaken, that is all." "There," said she, as we returned to the ball-room, "is a pretty adventure."

I entreated her, for the sake of the young woman's mother, who was much esteemed in society, to say as little as possible respecting it; and Madame de Saint Martin, who behaved admirably throughout, gave me her promise, and kept it. The unavoidable rumor was so slight and vague that the truth was known only to the Countess, myself, and a few other persons who were present at the explanation.

A nearly similar adventure happened at about the same period to Madame Hamelin at a ball. She stood up to dance a country-dance, and left upon her seat a very handsome black shawl; on her return the shawl was gone, but she saw it upon the shoulders of a very well-known lady who was promenading the ball-room. She went to her.

"Madame, I beg your pardon, but you have taken up my shawl."

"Madame, I assure you you are mistaken."

"By no means. I can prove it to be mine, for it has thirteen palms, a very uncommon number; perhaps you will do me the favor to count them."

"It is unnecessary, because my shawl has thirteen palms."

"But, madame," said Madame Hamelin, "in coming here this evening I had the misfortune to tear it, and should know it by the rent."

"That is very singular," replied the other, "for mine has also its rent, which is precisely the reason of its being mine, as it enabled me to purchase it much cheaper than I otherwise could have done."

It was not easy to continue a dispute with a person so determined to pursue Basil's maxim, that what is worth taking is worth keeping, and Madame Hamelin lost her shawl, with no other consolation than the poor revenge of relating the story; but a woman capable of such an action is past blushing.

Dancing was the order of the day in the spring of 1806; it was the Emperor's will that his Court should be brilliant, and he knew that it could only be so through the medium of entertainments and pleasure. These forms of pleasure did not, it is true, accord with his taste; he would have preferred a gallop of ten leagues to a *fête*. In taking violent exercise he could give the reins to important thoughts, while at a ball he was obliged to converse with men and women in set phrases, to prove that their Sovereign interested himself in their affairs. But Napoleon while he disliked this noisy kind of life, saw the necessity of it, and he was not the man to sacrifice a powerful interest to his personal convenience or inclination.

Europe was now the theater of important political events. The Kingdom of Naples had just been taken possession of by one of our armies, commanded by Joseph Bonaparte, having Masséna with him, whose two lieutenants were Gouvion Saint Cyr and Regnier. Much has been said about this occupation of the Kingdom of Naples, but it is not one of those arbitrary acts for which Napoleon can fairly be blamed. By the treaty of the 21st of September, 1805, the King of Naples engaged to remain neutral in the war with Austria. What happened? Fedinand IV. forgot his pledged word, or rather remembered only to betray it.

We are very tolerant to-day, but, in the times I am writing of matters were different; to either insult or injury the cannon was our answer. "The House of Naples has ceased to reign," said the Emperor in opening the Legislative body in the year 1806; "it has irreparably forfeited its crown. The peninsula of Italy is reunited to the Great Empire. As Supreme Chief I have guaranteed the sovereigns and the constitutions which govern its different divisions. It is pleasing to me to declare here that my people have done their duty. In the heart of Moravia I have never ceased to receive testimonies of their love and enthusiasm. Frenchmen! this

love is much more glorious even than the extent of your powers and riches!"

About this period died that distinguished advocate Tronchet, who so nobly undertook the defense of Louis XVI. The King, when on his trial, demanded the assistance of Target and Tronchet; the former declined, probably from conscientious scruples. Tronchet, though infirm, and almost a septuagenarian, accepted the noble commission. He was a man of great talent and probity. Napoleon, an acute judge of merit, sought his assistance, notwithstanding his great age (eighty-seven), in the compilation of the Civil Code.

This year, 1806, seemed to be as fatal to our navy as it had been favorable to our continental successes. I had been witness of the satisfaction with which Napoleon received the news of the victory of Algesiras; an accident made me also the witness of his grief on learning the capture of Admiral Linois by the English on his return from India. He commanded a single ship of the line, and one frigate; the enemy had not only a superior force, but an entire squadron.

The Emperor's agitation in the first moment of hearing the news must have been terrible; his countenance was greatly changed when he came, soon after, into the Empress's apartment, where we then were, and his emotion was even then violent; a frightful oath escaped him. The Empress Josephine said a few words to him in a low voice; he answered, still passionately, and I heard the words: "Poor Magon!" He recovered himself soon, and spoke of Admiral Linois in the most flattering terms, and such as this distinguished sailor merits.

Alas! the battle which took place some weeks previously to this latter affair, between the English Admiral Duckworth and the French Rear-Admiral Leissègues in the Bay of Saint Domingo, was the deathblow to our navy. It is true that it was our constant misfortune to encounter forces numerically superior. Thus, in the instance of the battle of Saint Domingo, we were, as usual, in the minority;* the English had seven ships of the line, two frigates and two sloops, and their whole squad-

*[The English reader will make allowance for Madame Junot's nationality in thus attempting to palliate the naval disasters of the French; in making the above assertion she forgets that in the battle of

ron mounted five hundred and eighteen guns; our force consisted only of five ships of the line, two frigates, and one corvette, mounting in the aggregate four hundred and twenty-six guns. The engagement lasted two hours and a half, with a fury exceeding all conception. A cousin of mine, then in the Imperial Navy, and serving in the corvette, assured me that all the knowledge we had of the disasters of Trafalgar could give no idea of the horror of this battle. At length, notwithstanding the heroic resistance of our seamen, three French vessels were taken, and two others burned after being wrecked.

Some time after these disastrous tidings others arrived from Saint Domingo of a character suited to their author, Dessalines. This bloodthirsty tiger had some time previously announced his atrocious projects in the proclamation* which he issued on taking possession of the island after the unfortunate capitulation of General Rochambeau — a capitulation to which the General was necessitated by the yellow fever which mowed down his troops, a burning climate, and the most sanguinary of wars; but, above all, by the total want of confidence which had resulted from the inexcusable artifices of General Leclerc who had rendered the whites most obnoxious to the natives of the island.

I have already spoken of General Lallemand as a valued friend of my husband and myself. He went to America in 1802, where he distinguished himself; but he displeased the General-in-Chief, who did not like such men as Lallemand, and he returned to Europe almost in disgrace. One day he entered my drawing-room, accompanied by an exceedingly beautiful young lady. She was tall and slender, and possessed that graceful pliancy of form for which the Creoles are remarkable. She had light-brown hair and soft, blue eyes, a set of teeth as white as pearls, and an expression of countenance, the charm of which everyone will acknowledge who has seen Madame Lallemand.

Trafalgar she has herself admitted the combined French and Spanish fleet to consist of five ships more than the British.]

* This sanguinary appeal to the revengeful feelings of the Haytians was couched in very subtle terms. Under the pretext of upholding LIBERTY and INDEPENDENCE, it advocated, too successfully, a war of extermination.

Even on my first acquaintance with her I formed a high opinion of her understanding; but subsequent circumstances proved her to possess a mind of a most elevated order. She had come to France accompanied by her mother, the beautiful Madame de Lartigues, whose vast fortune enabled her to rival the splendor of the most wealthy Parisians. Her property in Saint Domingo produced five hundred thousand livres per annum. All this property was lost in one day. She vainly endeavored to recover some wrecks of it when the French army was at the Cape [François]; but nothing was restored to her.

Junot was at Parma, and I was frequently receiving letters from him, in which he desired me to inquire of the Emperor whether I should not join him. It was an innocent RUSE, which I very well understood, to learn whether he was likely to remain there long. But Napoleon was not a man to give an answer if it did not suit him. I consulted the Princess Caroline, who recommended me to speak to the Emperor upon the subject the first time I should chance to meet him. "But take care," added she, "not to ask an audience for this purpose."

She was right. At the first word I said to the Emperor upon the subject of my journey he asked with a sort of pique whether Junot had appointed me his Ambassador to him, and whether my letters of credence were perfectly regular. I took special care not to answer that I had Junot's instructions to ask an audience; but I said that of my own desire I took the liberty of asking him if I might not join my husband, and carry him his children, whom he had not seen for above six months.

I must here again remark how much Napoleon valued whatever tended to promote the internal repose and concord of families. To touch this chord was the sure means of securing his attention. He turned toward me, and slowly taking a pinch of snuff, as he always did when an idea was not disagreeable to him, he said with a half smile. "It is you, then, who wish to join Junot! This is well, and would be better still if you had boys to take him, but you give him nothing but girls." He made me a gracious nod, and withdrew smiling. I wrote

this little conversation to Junot, and his answer was a pressing desire for me to commence my journey forthwith. He wrote to me that the palace of the Dukes of Parma was admirably prepared for my reception; and, indeed, I might well be tempted to act the petty sovereign, from all he told me, not only of the palace, but of his own situation there.

Junot wrote to me again to expedite my journey. He was getting weary of Parma, and was impatient to see me and the children once more. But just then I could not set out. My two daughters were both ill. The excellent M. Desgenettes, who attended them, cured them speedily, but not so effectually as to enable them, young as they were, to undertake a journey of four hundred leagues. I therefore wrote to Junot that I should set out about the end of May.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Junot's Success as Governor of Parma — Machinations of the Jesuits — Their Suppression in Italy — Junot's Kind Offices to the Princess of Parma — Treaty with Prussia — Creation of Sovereigns in Napoleon's Family — The Emperor's Conversation on the Subject of My Journey to Parma — The Empress's Jealousy — Person and Character of the Princess Caroline — The Chamberlain, M. d'Aligre — His Firmness in Refusing the Emperor's Wish to Marry His Daughter to Caulaincourt — Character of the Princess Pauline — Her Great Beauty — The Emperor's Brothers — Louis Created King of Holland — Reception of the Dutch Deputation — Character of Joseph and His Wife — Talleyrand Created Prince of Benevento — My Journey Countermanded — Conversation with the Emperor on the Subject — Junot's Arrival at Paris.

JUNOT had done wonders in his expedition to Parma, or rather to the Apennines. The insurgents were severely punished; it was necessary, though they were not perhaps the most guilty parties. But the people were, in that instance as usual, the instruments employed by others, often against their own interests. Austerlitz was recent, and the Court of Rome also bore in mind the small result of its ultramontane journey. On Junot's

arrival at Parma he found there a college of Jesuits directing the education of several students from various parts of Italy.

Among them was a young man from Bastia, in Corsica, who was recommended to Junot's notice by Generals Casabianca and Sebastiani. Junot, in consequence, visited him at the college, spoke to the Superior, and requested him to send the young man to dine with him every Sunday. The Superior observed that it was against the rules for any scholar to go out alone; upon which Junot politely invited him to accompany his pupil. The following Sunday the young Corsican came, according to appointment, attended by his confessor — a man of an austere countenance and manner, who seemed to be held in great awe by his companion. The student was thoughtful and melancholy; he scarcely answered the questions put to him, and ate little. He was pale and thin, and seemed to pay no attention to what was passing around him. In vain the aids-de-camp endeavored to lure him out of his silence; he persevered during the whole time of dinner, and broke it only when Junot addressed him. This moody reserve was increased in his subsequent visit.

At length Junot was informed that he was taken ill; he sent his physician to see the youth, but the reverend Fathers politely declined the offer. It soon became evident that some foul play was going on; whenever Junot called to see the young Corsican, the Superior of the College contrived to find some obstacle. These subterfuges were at length unavailing; Junot peremptorily demanded to see the youth. A horrible spectacle presented itself — the poor fellow, reduced to a skeleton, and in a high state of fever and delirium, was confined in a dark chamber, scarcely provided with common necessaries. At the sight of Junot he burst into a fit of frenzy, uttering incoherently words of a threatening import to the Emperor. These expressions were accompanied by gestures indicating an attempt to commit assassination.

Junot left the chamber with an oppressed heart. He walked on some time in silence, then turning to the two monks who were following him, with hanging heads, and no doubt cogitating upon the color they could best give to this adventure, he addressed them in a tone which

admitted no reply: "Fathers you will please to prepare a portable bed, that the patient may be instantly removed from this house. Obey me promptly, for I intend myself to assist in his removal."

He directed Colonel Grandsaigne to return to the young man, and himself promenaded the court of the college till everything was prepared, refusing to re-enter the house. In a few minutes the young Corsican appeared upon a mattress borne by four hussars; he seemed momentarily calm, but on seeing Junot would have thrown himself upon him, had not the soldiers withheld him. He was conveyed to the citadel, whither Junot followed him, and committed him to the care of the soldiers.

"My friends," said he, "here is a poor fellow attacked perhaps by a mortal illness; but it is possible that care and assiduity may yet save him. I confide him to you; and will divide twenty-five louis among you, if he recover."

Some days afterward the four chief monks of the College came to the Government House. They had learned that the young Corsican continued delirious, and they believed themselves safe; their own people, however, had not all been equally silent.

"Fathers," said Junot, "I know all the enormity of your conduct; I yesterday obtained information of crimes, by which the name of man, which you bear, should not have been stained. This morning I have sent off a courier to France, with dispatches addressed directly to the Emperor. Prepare for an order to quit Parma immediately."

They wished to refute the accusation against them.

"Silence!" said Junot; "I know all that has been said and done. Go! and ask pardon of God, if you are capable of repentance."

It appeared from undoubted evidence that the Superior of the College was disposed to revenge the affront which many of the clergy conceived the Holy Father to have suffered from the Emperor, in not having obtained the restitution to the tiara of the three legations ceded at Tolentino; and in his journey beyond the Alps this man had cast his eyes upon the young Corsican who had been recommended to Junot, as an agent for his purpose. The witnesses deposed that he had been deprived

of sleep, forced to watch whole nights at the foot of the cross in the church, alone, and with no other light than that of the tabernacle; and to pass whole days without food. It was thus they were treating him at the time of Junot's arrival at Parma.

It was proved that the unhappy youth, whom the fanaticism of those monks had designed to become the messenger of death, had been tortured by them to put him in a condition to commit a crime which they represented to him as a virtue, which would procure him a crown of glory, and that his weak nature could not resist all the means which had been employed.

The result of this investigation was that Junot received orders from the Emperor to banish the Jesuits from the States of Parma and Piacenza in particular, and to forbid their being received in any part of the Kingdom of Italy. Their unfortunate victim died some weeks after without recovering his reason. The two physicians to whose skill Junot had committed him, declared that the springs of life had been exhausted in the terrible trials his young imagination had been called upon to sustain.

While Junot was at Parma he was not employed only in punishing, but in performing acts of mercy and justice, on behalf of the Emperor. His predecessor, Moreau de Saint Méry, thought it did not become a son of the Revolution to give any consideration to the fate of the Princess of Parma, daughter of the last Duke, and nothing suitable to her rank and name had been assigned to her. Junot wrote immediately to the Emperor that the Princess of Parma was entitled to a certain establishment which she did not enjoy, and asked his orders upon the subject. The establishment was instantly granted.

Meanwhile the King of Prussia had signed a treaty ratifying, with some trifling modifications, the provisional Convention of Vienna, and had issued a proclamation, thanking France for having abandoned to him the Electorate of Hanover as an indemnity for Anspach, Cleves, Bareuth, and Neufchatel; this latter was afterward raised to a Principality and given to Berthier. But all this Napoleon knew to be a forced demonstration; he understood the real feelings of those kings who afterward

owed their crowns to him, and whose connection with him, beginning in perfidy, ended in ingratitude.

Alas! at this moment a mania for royalty possessed his soul. His brothers and sisters became Kings and Queens. Madame Murat was called Grand Duchess of Berg; and Joseph Bonaparte was taken from his peaceful and domestic pursuits to reign over the ancient Parthenope. "Leave me to be King of Mortefontaine," said he to his brother; "I am much happier in that domain, the boundary of which, it is true, I can see, but where I know myself to be diffusing happiness." His wife experienced the same regret on quitting home; but Napoleon had spoken, and it was necessary to obey. He had said: "The House of Naples had ceased to reign, and a new King is given to the Two Sicilies."

The Princess Eliza was the first of his family whom Napoleon preferred to the supreme dignity. He conferred on her the Republic of Lucca, which he erected into a Principality. When the Princess Caroline saw her eldest sister wearing a Sovereign crown, she also must have her ivory forehead similarly decorated. She was made Grand Duchess of Berg; but whether it was that there was no Duc de Nemours in her Duchy, or whether it was that one of her subjects, daughter of a shoemaker at Dusseldorf, but a very great lady notwithstanding at the Imperial Court, had spoken to her on terms of too much equality, she did not much like the lot that had fallen to her, and pleaded hard for a little kingdom.

Then came the turn of the Princess Pauline. The Emperor had actual warfare to sustain on her account. At length she was created Duchess of Guastalla. It was no great thing, to be sure, but even a molehill seemed too much for her to govern. If there had been kingdoms in the air, as in the time of the sylphs, she might have been enveloped in a pink and blue cloud, nicely perfumed, and sent to reign in those fortunate regions where the scepter of government is a sprig of flowers. This, however, did not suit her; her tears and her pretty airs amused her brother for some time; but as it was not in his nature to be patient, he became angry at last.

The Princess Eliza discovered that Lucca and Piom-

bino were miserable Principalities. She complained; the Princess Caroline complained; the Princess Pauline complained — it was a chorus of grievances. "Ah, *çà!*" said the Emperor; "what does all this mean? Will these ladies never be content? One would think we were really sharing the inheritance of the late King our father!"

One day I had accompanied Madame to Saint Cloud, whither she went to dine with the Princess Borghèse, who then occupied the ground floor of the palace; the Emperor came there in the evening, and, on seeing me, said laughingly "Well, Madame Junot! so you are not gone yet?" "Sire, I am waiting till my daughters are perfectly recovered, and shall then immediately commence my journey."

"Do you know," said Madame, "that you ought to leave me my ladies; here is Madame Junot, who has been absent from her duties for a twelvemonth, and you are going to send her to Italy!" "It is not I who send her — it is her own pleasure to go; ask her yourself"; and looking at me with a smile, he made me a significant sign. In such moments as these his countenance was charming. "Well, why do you not say that it is yourself who are positively determined to go to Parma?" "But, Sire, I cannot say what is not true. I have not the smallest inclination to go thither."

He burst into a fit of laughter — a very rare thing with him; for though his smile was becoming, he scarcely ever laughed aloud, if at all. "And why is it not your pleasure to go, Madame Laurette?" and my poor nose was pinched until it almost bled. "A good wife should always follow her husband; it is the Gospel law." "Sire, Your Majesty will permit me to say that the Gospel has nothing to do with this case; that I am not a good wife in this particular; and — that perhaps I might be a supernumerary at Parma."

"Ah! ah! these gossips have been putting mischief into your head! Why do you listen to them? Besides, the hen should be silent in the presence of the cock: if Junot amuses himself at Parma, what is that to you? Wives must not torment their husbands, or they may make them worse." This he said, not looking at me, but with his eyes turned covertly toward the Empress, who,

like a woman of sense, seemed not to understand him. Scenes of jealousy were becoming frequent; and, to say the truth, not without some cause.

I had opened not only my eyes, but my ears, to what the Emperor had said. I then knew nothing of what I afterward learned; but the expression of my countenance as I looked at the Emperor had probably something in it extremely comic, for he again did me the honor of laughing at me.

"Well, there you are quite stupefied about a trifle — a trifle which you wives make a great concern when you know it, and which is of no consequence whatever when you do not. Now, shall I tell you all what you ought to say on such occasions? Do you wish to know?" "I listen, Sire." "Just nothing! but if, like the rest of your sex, you cannot be silent — if you must speak, let it be to approve." "Indeed!" cried Madame. "Shocking!" said the Princess Borghèse. "I should like to see Prince Camille expecting me to approve such proceedings!" And she turned round upon her sofa, arranging the folds of her shawl.

The Empress said nothing; but she had tears in her eyes, and I am sure that a single word would have made her weep, which the Emperor did not like. The tears of a woman made a profound impression upon him, and this was why he dreaded them so much. The man who could not, without emotion, hear the sound of the evening bells — and it is well known that he would frequently stop in his walk in the park of Malmaison to listen to the church bells of Reuil or Bougival — the man who often avowed the particular charm he found in seeing a delicate girl dressed in white and wandering among the trees, must needs have naturally possessed a susceptible heart; and no doubt he concealed his feelings under a rude and dry exterior till this rind became a part of his character.

The Court was now very attentive to all the Emperor's proceedings. At the time of the coronation he was in love, as I then stated, and the love was real. During my absence some trouble had arisen about it. The Empress had been annoyed by the conduct of the favorite lady, who, in consequence, had received a recommendation to retire to a watering place.

The Emperor, while making this concession, was out of humor about it, as the Empress had occasion to feel when any new cause of jealousy arose, which, as report said, was pretty frequently during the journey to Italy on account of the coronation; for the Emperor, though his heart had been really touched in one instance, never denied himself any gratification of the kind, and his wanderings were somewhat various.

Already the departure of the Princess Louis was whispered, and, although she was about to occupy a throne, her absence could not but be regretted in a Court of which she was the life. She reminded me of Henrietta of England. Not so the Princess Caroline; of all the family she was perhaps the only one who had not learned to become a Princess; she could not leave off the satirical giggle and sneering of the schoolgirl, while her manners were undignified, and her walk the most ungraceful possible.

But in self-sufficiency she was perfectly the sovereign lady; she spoke of herself and of her person with the highest consideration, and with a contemptuous ridicule of others, which imposed upon unthinking people. Her decisions upon all points were as inexhaustible as they were injudicious. With an incomparable freshness, and that profusion of lilies and roses which were enchanting when she shaded them with a fringe of embroidered tulle lined with pink satin, half enveloped in English point, and tied with ribbons of the same color, as fresh and charming as her own complexion; with all this her beauty did not please. Her eyes were small; her hair, which in her infancy had been almost white, was now neither light nor dark; and her unfortunate sneer showed her teeth too much, because, though white, they had not the regularity of a string of pearls like those of the Emperor and the Princess Pauline.

Her mind remained in its natural state, without any cultivation or instruction, and she never employed herself except in scrawling at random some pencil strokes upon white paper, which her flatterers called drawing; as a child she had vivacity and an engaging manner; and as she began to grow into youth just as her brother, as Commander-in-Chief of the army, was drawing worshipers to the star of his family, she had her full share of flatterers;

and as some philosophy is required to weed out from the minds of children the seeds of vice and evil habits, hers flourished at their leisure, in spite of the tuition of Madame Campan, with whom she was boarded for two years. Madame Campan, though a woman of very superior merits, had the great fault of never contradicting the daughters of rich and powerful families who were confided to her.

At this period the Court became materially diminished by the departure of the Princesses and the two brothers of the Emperor; and the Princess Borghèse being always an invalid, and occupied solely with the care of her health, though not a very elegant amusement, it was on the Princess Caroline alone, or the Grand Duchess of Berg, as she chose to be called, that all the hopes of fashionable gayety rested. She then occupied the beautiful palace of the Elysée, where she began to receive the Court *en princesse*, notwithstanding her satirical vein, to which people were becoming accustomed.

M. d'Aligre was Chamberlain to the Princess. I have remarked that the Emperor had a sort of preference for, without however liking, the Faubourg Saint Germain; and whoever was of consideration there he was desirous of attaching to the new Government. The project of FUSION, of which he was incessantly talking, was not to be accomplished by such means. How could he suppose that persons whose opinions, as he well knew, differed in all points from his system, should become attached to him by such insignificant bribery?

M d'Aligre, for example, possessor of a rental of 400,000 livres, was not likely to be much enchanted with the office of carrying the Princess Caroline's white slippers in his pocket, while he was in a condition to act the petty sovereign in his own domain. The Emperor had another object in summoning M. d'Aligre to Court; he proposed to marry his daughter to General Caulaincourt; and M. d'Aligre's noble conduct in this affair amply redeemed the white slippers. The Emperor first had his desire or rather his will notified to him, and finding that the business did not advance, summoned him to his cabinet.

Napoleon at this particular period was not only absolute master of all that surrounded him, but exercised a

sort of fascination which made every eye fall under the eagle glance of his. But M. d'Aligre was a father, and justly looked upon the paternal authority as the highest of the two then in conflict. He refused his daughter to M. de Caulaincourt. The reason was a terrible one, but he had courage enough to speak it out, and the marriage did not take place. The Emperor was very much dissatisfied with this resistance, and if Duroc had not opposed the plan he would have taken the young lady out of her father's hands, and commanded the nomination of a family council, conjointly with the Imperial Attorney-General, to dispose of the hand of Mademoiselle d'Aligre, since her father, for reasons which reflected on the honor of the Government, refused a match in all other respects suitable.

The Emperor sometimes, in his first impressions, gave way to terrible explosions of passion; and so eccentric and unjust would his actions be under their influence, that his most faithful servants could not better display their attachment than by taking upon themselves to suspend proceedings commanded in a moment of passion. The most curious part of the business is that Caulaincourt was at this moment passionately in love with a beautiful woman, whose love was vastly more precious to him than Mademoiselle d'Aligre.

Although the Emperor was angry that his authority was compromised between M. d'Aligre and him, M. de Caulaincourt was perfectly determined not to accept the hand which the Emperor was desirous of covering with the bridal glove. How many times during the years which the Empire lasted have I seen unions, formed under such auspices, become the fruitful sources of misfortune and discord!

The Princess Pauline was a mimic, which, however, was not at all becoming to her. She would quiz a brown complexion, though it was neither generous nor in good taste, because her own was very fair. Another raillery to which she often condescended, and which had not common sense, particularly in an Imperial Princess, was mimicking the style of walking of all her female acquaintances. Thus, at the rehearsals of the quadrille, she had a full view of every newcomer from her station at the upper end of the gallery, and made her satirical remarks upon each.

The great difference in the figures of the sons and daughters of the Bonaparte family, while their countenances were so similar, was very extraordinary. Their heads possessed the same type, the same features, the same eyes, the same expression (always excepting the Emperor); beyond this nothing could be more unlike.

The Princess Borghèse was an elegant nymph. Her statue, by Canova, MOLDED FROM HERSELF, is that of an enchanting being. It has been asserted that the artist corrected defects in the legs and bust. I have seen the legs of the Princess, as I believe all have who were moderately intimate with her, and I have observed no such defects; indeed, the perfection of their make may be inferred from her walk. It was slow, because she was indisposed, but the grace of her movement showed that the members were happily formed. How finely her head was inclined, and how beautifully it turned upon her shoulders! The only imperfection of her person was that the ear wanted its curl.

The Grand Duchess of Tuscany was ill made, her bones were square and prominent, and her arms and legs seemed tacked to her body as if by chance. The Princess Caroline required a body at least two inches taller to be in proportion to her head. Her shoulders were certainly fat and fair, but so round and high that her throat was lost in them; and the motion of her head — that motion so graceful in a woman, and above all so important in a Princess — became altogether disagreeable and almost vulgar. Her hands were white and mottled, and of that transparent fairness which has something ideal in it, and reminds one of what we may have dreamed of the inhabitants of the air. Nevertheless, I preferred the hand of the Queen Hortense.

The brothers were equally dissimilar. The Emperor, the King of Spain, and the King of Holland, were all three perfectly well made, though small, while the persons of the Prince of Canino and the King of Westphalia were as much in contrast with them and with each other as their sisters. The King of Westphalia's head and shoulders resembled the Princess Caroline's, and the Prince of Canino, much taller and larger than his brothers, exhibited the same want of harmony in his form as the Grand Duchess of Tuscany. There was one point of

general resemblance, one countenance, that of Madame Mère, in which all her eight children might be recognized, not only in the features, but in the peculiar expression of each.

Prince Louis Bonaparte was recognized as King of Holland on the 5th of June of this year. Holland sent her Ambassadors on the occasion; the court was at Saint Cloud, where the Emperor received the deputation with great delight.* I believe he was more fond of Prince Louis than any of his brothers, except Joseph, and his affection for the Princess Louis and her children was paternal. So fine a kingdom as that of Holland was a noble proof of attachment to offer to his brother and sister-in-law. He expected implicit obedience, and considered that his family should find their happiness in it. But he found in his brothers an obstinate resistance to his authority, founded upon honor and their consciences. The conduct of Louis in Holland is worthy of the highest eulogium; Holland still remembers it with gratitude.

I have not yet delineated the domestic circle of Joseph, then King of Naples; one who, as senior, would have been the head of the Bonaparte family if the great man had not displaced him. Joseph Bonaparte, like all his brothers, was born in Corsica, but spoke French with less of a foreign accent than any Corsican I ever knew. You would seldom see a better countenance; it was that of the Princess Borghèse, with masculine strength and expression, and possessing a mild and intelligent smile.

Entering upon life at a period when disorder was triumphant, and servility and impudence were alike the road to power, his first actions gave hopes of a disposition of humanity and beneficence which the subsequent course of his life fully confirmed. He was well-read, not only in our literature, but in that of Italy and England,

* Napoleon presented his nephew, the young Prince Louis, to the deputation, and desired the child to show his regard to his future subjects. A prince of five years of age would naturally suppose that he could offer no better proof of his respect for his visitors than the recitation of his last task; he accordingly repeated for their edification the fable of "The Frogs Asking Jupiter for a King." So, at least, it was said at the time. Napoleon was greatly incensed at the jest; he did not like this sort of trifling with power.

and his studies, always seriously pursued, were continued much beyond the term prescribed by custom. He loved poetry and the *belles-lettres*, and took pleasure in surrounding himself with learned and scientific men. It has been said that his character was weak and false. He had goodness of heart, gentleness, clemency, and accuracy of judgment.

These qualities, except the latter, could only be mischievous to him in a country over which he was called to govern by the aid of force and constraint. His conduct, during his unfortunate reign in Spain, was nevertheless admirable. The situation of Napoleon's brothers had always been painful as soon as they were placed upon a throne: he wished to make them sovereigns, but expected from them the submission of prefects. King Joseph left France with great regret; he entreated his brother not to force a crown upon him; he preferred "to reign at Mortefontaine." He was a good father; even a good husband, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary; and a constant friend.

By the indigent inhabitants of Paris the name of the Princess Joseph, Queen of Spain, was held in great respect; all such as were existing when she lived at Paris, and who reside there still, will not fail to remember the virtues of this angel of benevolence. Without being handsome she was charming; she amply made amends for the want of beauty by being virtuous, charitable, and amiable. Queen Julia, as she was called to distinguish her from the Queen of Charles IV., was conscious of the importance of the art of commanding; but rejecting all adventitious aids, she based it upon genuine modesty and dignity of sentiment. She disliked show, whether in her actions or her dress. Always simply attired, she wore jewels only when necessary for the proper display of her rank.

The Emperor held her in high esteem, and was affectionately attached to her. Her husband venerated and loved her dearly. He had a somewhat checkered life, it is true, as a man of pleasure; but his natural goodness of heart always preserved him from exposures which might have given pain to his wife. He loved her as a friend and as the mother of his daughters. The Queen Julia's departure for Naples was a great grief to Madame

Mère, who, since the death of Madame Lucien, loved her more than any of her other daughters-in-law.

Madame did not love the Empress Josephine; though, to say the truth, the conduct of the Empress toward her had, since the coronation, been everything she could desire. Whether her own good fortune made her more affectionate toward her relatives, or whether the Emperor had commanded it, it is certain that a great improvement was then perceptible in the Empress's attentions to Madame.

Some time before Junot's return we had a foretaste of the Emperor's projects of nobility, not only by the creation of some orders of chivalry, but also by the almost feudal investiture of M. de Talleyrand. It was in the month of June, 1806, that this man, whom Napoleon then believed devoted to himself and his dynasty,* was created by him Prince of Benevento.

I was one evening employed in giving orders for my departure, and about to commence my journey in two days, when General Bertrand, the aid-de-camp to the Emperor, was announced. As he had not previously visited me I was rather surprised to see him. This surprise was increased when he informed me it was the Emperor's command that I should abandon my journey to Parma; at the same time he expressed his own opinion that this measure boded no harm.

As my daughter Josephine, though recovered, was still only convalescent, I was rejoiced not to be obliged to expose her to the fatigue of so long a journey. It was the 7th of July, and the heat was oppressive.

My departure being indefinitely delayed, I resumed my duties, and took my turn the following week in waiting upon Madame. I accompanied her on Sunday to the family dinner at the Tuileries. We dined at a table at which the Empress's lady of honor presided, and afterward repaired to the Emperor's salon in waiting. On this day the Emperor sent for me into the cabinet where the Princesses were. He was standing before the chimney, though there was no fire, and was observing my courtesies of ceremony with an air of mockery, almost provoking.

* All our Governments have had good cause to be well pleased with him.

"Well, Madame Junot, people always improve by traveling; how gracefully you courtesy now! Does she not, Josephine?" and he turned toward the Empress. "Is she not elegant? No longer a little girl, but Madame l'Ambassadrice! Madame——," and he looked at me with an expression so sly, and almost subtle, that I blushed, without knowing why. "Well! what would you like to be called? I suppose you know there are not many names worthy to supersede that of Madame l'Ambassadrice?"

In pronouncing these words he raised his voice; but he was evidently in high good-humor. Never, perhaps, had I seen him so disposed to chat gayly. He still looked at me, and I smiled. He no doubt understood me, for he immediately said: "Oh! I know very well that you wish to learn why you are not upon your travels; is it not so?" "It is true, Sire; and I even wish to ask Your Majesty whether we poor women are also subject to military discipline? Because, otherwise——" [I cannot describe the suddenness of his interruption. His look and his words were like lightning; all his gayety of humor seemed to have disappeared in a second.] "Well! what would you do then?" "I should set out, Sire," I replied very tranquilly, for he never intimidated me to the extent of being unable to answer him. His good-humor returned immediately. "Faith, I have a great inclination to let you," said he, laughing; "but no, stay at home and take care of your children; they are ill, says the *Signora Letizia;* the Empress avers that my goddaughter is the prettiest little girl in Paris; now I deny that she is prettier than my niece, Lætitia."

"You have not told me whether you are satisfied with Madame Junot, *Signora Letizia.* And are you very glad to be placed about my mother?" added he, addressing me. For answer, I took the hand of Madame, and kissed it with as much tenderness and respect as if she had been my mother. The excellent woman drew me toward her and embraced me. "She is a good child," said she, "and I shall take pains to prevent her being wearied in my service." "Yes, yes," said the Emperor, pinching my ear; "but be careful in particular that she does not go to sleep in overlooking your ETERNAL REVERSIS, AND IN GAZING TILL SHE IS BLIND UPON THAT PICTURE OF DAVID'S, WHICH, HOWEVER, IS A SPEAKING LESSON TO THOSE

WHO SHED THEIR BLOOD IN BATTLES; IT REMINDS US THAT ALL SOVEREIGNS ARE UNGRATEFUL."*

I was thunderstruck! I had said these very words only two evenings before in a party of four persons only, whom I will not name. But I have always remarked that the Emperor never took offense unless he had the leisure, inclination, and opportunity to punish. At that time my words had no ill effect upon him; he only said, with a serious and very affectionate expression of manner: "They are not all so." Madame, who was not always quite mistress of what was passing, owing to the difficulty of following the conversation in the French tongue, understood, from the expressive countenance of her son, that something remarkable had been said, and she took up the conversation.

"Ah!" said she, "Junot has no reason to fear being forgotten by us! I shall remember to the end of my life the day when he came weeping and kissing my hands to tell me that you were in prison. He wished to deliver you or to die with you. Oh, from that day I took him to my heart as a sixth son." "Yes," said the Emperor, "Junot is a faithful and loyal friend, and a brave fellow! Adieu, Madame Junot, adieu"; and making a farewell salute with his hand, he smiled affectionately on me as he withdrew to his private cabinet. In opening the door he stopped again, and looking at me as I courtesied to him, he added: "But this Court of Lisbon has made you quite a Court lady: do you know that, Madame Junot?"

This scene made me reflect upon what several of my friends had been saying for some days past. It was whispered that Junot was appointed Governor of Paris; reports of war were also heard; but at this time all political news was so doubtful and so cautiously hinted, that nothing could be received as authentic till it was no longer a secret from anyone. It was also said that the movements in Paris would have made no noise during the campaign if Junot had been at the head of its military government.

The Emperor's confidence in his courage was equal to that which he reposed in his fidelity, and in fact such a

* Belisarius, purchased by Lucien, and left by him in the *salon* of the Hôtel de Brienne.

choice would accord well with a probable military absence of the Emperor, when it was important that the place should be filled not only by a person devoted to him, but by one whose character, being also well known to the Parisians, would form a mutual guarantee to them and to Napoleon. A few days after this conversation I had gone to spend the evening with a friend when a message was brought me announcing Junot's arrival. As it was very fine, and I had sent away my carriage, I immediately set out on foot to return home.

In the Rue de Choiseul I met my husband, who, impatient to see me, had put himself into the carriage which was coming to fetch me. He asked me if I had any notions which could lead him to guess the course he ought to take, as he was totally ignorant of the cause of his recall. I told him the few words that General Bertrand had said upon the subject, and we agreed that there could be nothing alarming in it. The next day Junot went to the Tuileries, and the Emperor received him with the most cordial kindness.

"Ah!" said he on his return home, as he had already said at Arras, "gladly would I give my life for that man." The Emperor, however, had said nothing; he had merely given him a gracious and affectionate welcome, and had infused into the interview the amicable confidence which marked the happy days of the Army of Italy. Many reports were afloat at the time, and every one had his own conjectures. Prince Louis had been recognized King of Holland; he was therefore no longer Governor of Paris: a sort of overture on this subject was made to Junot by the Princess Caroline; upon which he remarked to me, "Of all the favors the Emperor could grant me, to be Governor of Paris would be the highest point of my ambition."

But still the Emperor said nothing. He treated Junot with the greatest kindness, but not one word escaped as to the reason of his being recalled from Parma where he was still wanted. The Emperor, however, never saw him without closely questioning him about this insignificant corner of Italy.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Junot Appointed Governor of Paris — Gift from the City of Paris — Madame Mère at Pont-sur-Seine — Gianni, the Improvisatore — An Excursion on Donkeys — Journey with Madame de Brissac — Russian Correspondence Indiscreetly Avowed — M. Millin — Death of Mr. Fox — Napoleon's Protection of the Jews — Marmont's Victory in Illyria — The Emperor Leaves Paris — Napoleon and Henry IV. — Double Character of Bonaparte — Cambacérès.

At length the mystery of Junot's arrival was explained in a manner most triumphant to himself, gratifying to his friends, and heaping confusion on his enemies and detractors. He was reappointed Governor of Paris on July 19th, 1806; the Emperor, on announcing this preferment to him, took him kindly by the hand and addressed him in these remarkable words: "Junot, you are Governor of Paris, which I wish to make the first city in the world. I have nominated you to this important post because I know you, and I know that under your administration my good Parisians will be treated as your children. They love and esteem you, and will, I am sure, be pleased to see the man, to whom, on parting with him, they presented a sword bearing so striking an inscription as that which is engraved on its blade. My friend, you must deserve another such mark of their esteem.

The Emperor made a correct estimate of the satisfaction the city of Paris would experience in learning the appointment of Junot. As soon as it was known, the Prefect of the Department of the Seine, at the head of the twelve Mayors came to see him and express their joy upon the occasion. I shall never forget the emotion with which Junot, coming to my apartment after this visit of the Prefect and Mayors, took me in his arms and shed an abundance of tears upon my shoulders. "Ah," said he, "what a blessing it is to weep for joy! What happiness have I just experienced in finding the little good I have been the means of doing rewarded by the attachment and esteem of my fellow-citizens."

A peculiarity marked the appointment of Junot to the government of Paris. It issued immediately from the

cabinet of the Emperor, without the intervention of any of the Ministers. It proceeded, therefore, from the office of the Secretary of State, as do the nominations of the Ministers. This is the copy of the original:

"EXTRACT FROM THE MINISTER OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE'S OFFICE.

"AT THE PALAIS OF SAINT CLOUD, 19th July, 1806.

"Napoleon, Emperor of the French, King of Italy,

"We have decreed and do decree as follows:

"The General of Division Junot, Grand Officer of the Empire, Colonel General of the Hussars, is nominated Governor of Paris.

"*(Signed)* NAPOLEON.

"By the Emperor, the Secretary of State,
"HUGUES B. MARET.
"The Minister of War,
"MARSHAL BERTHIER.

"*By Duplicate.*

"The Inspector-in-Chief of the Reviews, Secretary-General,
"DENNIÉE."

Such was the form of my husband's appointment. That which followed it ten days afterward, as a new proof of the Emperor's confidence, came in the ordinary routine through the office of the Minister of War. It was the command of the First Military Division, being the only instance of this command being united to the government of Paris. The first division then extended beyond Orleans, I believe even to Blois or Tours.

Some days after the appointment of Junot, a lady of my acquaintance made me a morning visit when Junot was from home. She told me that the city of Paris, desirous of expressing its satisfaction, and perhaps also of thanking me personally for what I had done in the winter of 1803, begged me to say whether I should prefer as a present a necklace of pearls or of diamonds.

"My choice is easily made," replied I. "I will accept neither the one nor the other."

"Why? Do not refuse before you have seen Junot. Consult him."

"If it will give you any satisfaction I will; but I warn you that you will meet with a more peremptory refusal from him than from me; it is doubtful if he would not be offended."

It turned out as I had predicted. On Junot's return the affair was mentioned to him. His first answer was an expression of anger, the next a direct refusal. It was no longer the sword, with its simple and affecting inscription, that was in question.

Frochot, who had been the instigator of the presentation, was vexed. "Well," said he, "we will say no more about it. Madame Junot will accept a breakfast service of porcelain and some flowers for her *fête*, on which day we intend to felicitate her. Neither she nor the General can refuse them."

We must indeed have been very bad-tempered to do so. It was an interchange of marks of attachment. The Municipal Council knew that Junot distributed through my hands more than 20,000 francs in the year in alms, and the gratitude of the city was expressed through its organ.

On the 10th of August then, Saint Laurence's Day, the Prefect of the Seine (M. Frochot) came, at the head of the twelve Mayors, at noon precisely, to congratulate me on my *fête*. It was one of those moments of my life in which I have been the most deeply affected. I know not how I replied to Frochot's witty compliment; I remember only my emotion. He presented me with a basket, three feet and a half in diameter, filled with artificial flowers, most admirably executed. The immense mass it contained may be easily imagined. On each side of the basket was placed a flower pot, the one containing an orange tree, the other a pomegranate tree.

"You have permitted us to offer you some flowers," said M. Frochot, "and though this is the season when it is easy to procure fresh ones, we have preferred giving you these, that the pledge of our homage may be the more lasting."

M. Frochot added that the breakfast service, which the city of Paris proposed presenting to me, was to have the city arms upon each piece, and required therefore a longer time in preparation; "but we hope," said he, "that it will be ready under a month."

"Well, MADAME LA GOUVERNEUSE," said the Emperor to me, when I went on Saint Napoleon's Day to pay my court to him, "so you enact the petty sovereign?"

I was dismayed, for after the pleasure I had experi-

enced in the attention of Frochot and the twelve Mayors, it would have been very distressing to me if the Emperor had taken it amiss; but on looking up, I perceived that his countenance was illuminated with that amiable and charming smile it was so delightful to contemplate.

"It is right, quite right; I perfectly approve of that which is honorable being honored. Junot holds the first place about me, after Berthier; do you know that, MADAME LA GOUVERNEUSE?"

This was the appellation by which he almost always called me. From the period of my return from Portugal, the Emperor was always very kind to me, and was continually saying something agreeable. Thus in the present instance he seemed perfectly well pleased with this proceeding of the Mayors, which was repeated on the 1st of January following, and subsequently on every New Year's day and 10th of August, and always with the Emperor's approbation.

I received in the month of August a letter from Madame de Fontanges, desiring me to join Madame Mère at Pont-sur-Seine, where she was passing the summer. It was not my turn to be in waiting, but Madame de Saint Pern had been taken extremely ill at Pont, and according to appearance it would be long before she would be able to resume her attendance. I left Junot to be, in his turn, nurse to his daughters, for I would not take them with me, though Madame had offered me an apartment large enough to accommodate them; but I had heard observations upon this subject, and I knew that children are very troublesome to strangers.

Besides, Junot had given himself a sprain, which would confine him to the sofa for the greater part of the time I should be with Madame, and I left him without fears either for him or for them. Madame Campan had procured me a young governess, an English Catholic, uniting, said Madame Campan, all the qualities desirable in an instructress, but I was not to see her, or to take her into my house, till the month of October. I therefore left my daughters under the care of Junot and of Fanchette, the nurse, and took with me only a *femme de chambre* and a valet.

I cannot tell how such a *château* as that of Pont-sur-Seine came to be purchased for the mother of the

Sovereign of France. The building is handsome, undoubtedly; but a fine heap of freestone does not of itself constitute an agreeable residence. It is near Brienne, that Brienne where the Emperor passed the first years of his youth. Was it for the purpose of enabling her to return the attention which Madame de Brienne had lavished upon the young Napoleon that Madame was placed there? I know not; but if so, the purpose was illy answered. Madame de Brienne was a petty Sovereign in her demesne, the beauty of which was truly royal. Her harsh and disagreeable countenance was in accordance with her demi-royal air and uncourteous manners.

Madame visited her the first and second years of her residence at Pont, and was received with great magnificence; but however well pleased she might appear to be while there, Madame always returned discontented from these visits. I thought I could guess the cause; the remembrance of former times, when Napoleon obtained an exhibition at Brienne, and when M. Bonaparte the father wrote to the Minister of War to request a continuation of that exhibition for one of his younger sons, probably rose as a barrier against any familiarity between Madame and Madame de Brienne.

The days were passed at Pont in a monotonous and dull routine, which might have been thought wearisome to a person of my age. But I may observe here that I have never in my life been subject to the inroads of *ennui*. We rose when it suited us, and breakfasted at half past eleven o'clock, that is to say, at noon, when all the society of the *château* assembled. These personages were M. and Madame de Brissac, M. Guieu the secretary, the Comte de la Ville, General Casabianca, and M. Campi, the latter a man of capacity and honesty, a Republican of the old stock, and of almost Spartan austerity of manners; he drank nothing but water, and ate no animal food. Besides these were the Baronne de Fontanges and Mademoiselle Delaunay the reader, an agreeable inmate, whose talents were invaluable in this retreat, where we were almost lost to the world.

A piece of good fortune, which I was very far from expecting, befell us in the arrival of Gianni. I had heard of him as the cleverest *improvisatore* of Italy, and was very desirous of meeting him. The poet was prodigiously

ugly. He was four feet high, with an enormous bust, swelling into a hump behind and a hump before; arms that would have enabled him to tie his shoes without stooping; and a face that was no contradiction to all this deformity.

Another person who came at the same time contributed much to the pleasure of our society by his extreme kindness and politeness; this was Cardinal Fesch. I have seldom met with a more amiable and inoffensive man, or one more desirous of doing good. The Emperor was unjust in not acknowledging the integrity of his motives in his defense of his rights. But whatever occurred at a later period, at Pont he was a charming auxiliary in finding agreeable occupation for hours that might have proved tedious.

After breakfast needlework was introduced, and sometimes, in very hot weather, Madame played at cards. Then we dispersed to our own apartments, or went to make visits. Then came the toilet and dinner time; and afterward, in the long summer evenings, a ride in open carriages on the banks of the Seine or in the woods toward the Paraclete. This ancient abbey, which the names of Héloïse and Abélard have rendered so celebrated, was at this time the property of a man whose manner of thinking, speaking, and acting, had not much in common with his predecessors; this was the author and actor Monvel.

Gianni, inspired by the memory of Héloïse, proposed an excursion to the Paraclete; the assent was general. But as the distance was somewhat considerable it was necessary to contrive how it should be traversed. "On donkeys," said Gianni. It was agreed; and "Yes, on donkeys," was repeated in chorus. All the cabbage carriers of the neighborhood were put in requisition, and on the appointed day twenty donkeys, in most miserable plight, were assembled in the court of the *château*. I do not remember whether Madame de Brissac was of the party, but I shall never forget Gianni's hunch protruding between the ears of his ass.

Madame was in an open carriage. It was a lovely day, and we set out on our peregrination in high spirits. My donkey, however, was not in the same case; he had been accustomed, I suppose, to carry manure to the kitchen

garden, for no other road could he be persuaded to take, and made a most desperate resistance to all attempts at putting him in motion on the highway. At last the quarrel became so vehement that we parted company, the glory of the day being all on his side.* Gianni was twenty paces from me; and the provoking man, instead of dismounting to my assistance, kept his seat upon his ass, looking at me a few seconds as I lay upon the ground, and exclaimed:

« *Laura d'un asino in giù caddè*
Perchè per gli asini Lauro non è.»

We know that Petrarch often used the name of Laura for *alloro*, or *lauro*.

« *Ho perduto il verde Lauro*
Ch' er' al mio fianco alta colonna.»

Though almost stunned by the fall, I could not forbear laughing at this grotesque personage versifying from his ass, which, much better behaved than mine, did not stir a foot during the improvisation. I was, however, dreadfully shaken. And the traitor beast had bruised me all over. Madame, on reaching the theater of my discomfiture, would not permit me to mount again, and I was bled, for my head had fallen upon a stone. She was all maternal kindness to me in this instance, as in every other, or at least if — which very rarely happened — she was otherwise, it was always my own fault.

At the expiration of my month's service I requested permission to return to Junot; my house required my presence. Since my husband had been Governor of Paris he had but once received company, and then without the proper ceremonial; it was necessary I should preside. Madame understood all this admirably; and I set out the next day, taking with me Madame de Brissac, who, for the first time in her life, resolved upon a separation of a few days from her husband.

* « Well, MADAME LA GOUVERNEUSE, so you let yourself be thrown by an ass ? » said the Emperor, the first time I went to the Tuileries after my return. As he would not have taken the trouble of making particular inquiries into what concerned me personally, it was evident from this remark that he knew all the daily occurrences within his mother's family.

On arriving at Paris I heard an important piece of news — Madame made a rule that politics should never be spoken at Pont — it was that Russia had refused to ratify the preliminaries of peace signed at Paris on the 20th of July. I was at that time in the habit of receiving frequent letters from Russia. The Emperor, who knew all that was passing to an extent that I can scarcely understand, even now that I am acquainted with the wires which moved all his machines, sometimes asked me, jestingly, whether I had news from Petersburg or Moscow.

"Will Your Majesty permit me to tell you the very expressions of a letter received from Moscow only the day before yesterday?" "Certainly." "The Russians profess, Sire, that if the Emperor Alexander would only lead them to the Vistula they would be in Paris in two months." The Emperor, looking at me with an expression to which it is impossible to do justice, said slowly: "Have you really received a letter from Russia in which they write anything so absurd? You must be in correspondence with fools." "By no means, Sire. The writer of the sentence I have had the honor to repeat to Your Majesty is the Count Novosilzoff, correspondent of the Institute of France, and one of the most scientific men in Europe."

The next day General Duroc called, and asked me why I had made such a report to the Emperor. "Because such a letter has really arrived from Russia." "I suppose so, but certainly not to you, for I am quite sure you are not troubling yourself with politics, which would be tiresome to you and very displeasing to the Emperor."

"Political letters would be certainly tiresome to me; though, if I liked politics, I really do not see why my Russian correspondents should not write on that subject as well as about balls and *fêtes*. But to comfort you I will tell you that this alarming letter, though it did really come from Moscow, was not addressed to me, but to my friend Millin. You know I have often spoken of this correspondence, partly scientific and partly political; I have read the letter, however, and the words are such as I have described." The result of my indiscretion was an inquiry extremely disagreeable to my poor friend Millin. A multitude of explanations were required of him which

distressed him exceedingly, for he was one of the most discreet and peaceable of men, and he feared that his friends in Moscow would be uneasy. I confessed my fault, and he forgave me the more readily as I was a favorite of his.

Many changes took place soon after my return to Paris from Pont. A great event had just changed the face of affairs in Europe — Mr. Fox was dead.

As Prime Minister after the death of his rival, Mr. Pitt, he opened negotiations which proved his desire to re-establish amicable relations between France and England. His death broke them off, and the spirit of Mr. Pitt returned to the guidance of the British Cabinet. This was a great crisis for Europe.

It was at this moment that a fact of little importance in itself showed the extent of Napoleon's views, and of the measures by which he was likely to promote them. The principal Rabbins of the Jewish people had held a meeting in the preceding July for the purpose of deciding upon the demands they should address to the Emperor; and they determined to request the admission of their whole nation to a free participation of civil and religious rights, with certain modifications. A great Sanhedrin was convoked, and Napoleon took under his especial protection this people, who, rejected by all other nations, were thus receiving from generation to generation the punishment of their crimes.

The Emperor displayed his skillful policy in thus granting them his support; he knew that in Poland, Russia, Hungary, and Bohemia, troops of this race were congregated, whose hearts, oppressed by persecution and misfortune, would open with ecstasy to an honorable future, and would salute with the name of Messiah the man who should offer it them. And these expectations were fulfilled. All the numerous disciples of the Law of Moses in Russia, Germany, and in Poland especially, became devoted to him, body and soul, and he thus possessed auxiliaries in quarters of which the most interested parties had no suspicion.

The horizon became daily more cloudy. One evening Junot returned from Saint Cloud with a serious expression of countenance. He had been invited to hunt with the Emperor; but the time they might have been killing

rabbits had been spent in discussion upon the most effectual method of destroying men. Illyria was at the moment the theater of combats.

General Marmont had gained a victory near Ragusa over a corps of revolted Montenegrins, who had been joined, it was said, by some Russians. War was inevitable, and honorable as was his charge at Paris, Junot was inconsolable, because it would prevent his accompanying the Emperor in the approaching campaign.

The Emperor's departure was so sudden, particularly to persons who were not in the secrets of Government, that a general surprise was manifest, and in the south some discontent. The Emperor insisted on the strictest discipline being observed by the army on its march through the northern departments, which consequently were gainers by this prodigious passage of troops; but depopulation and increased taxation were the effects through which the war was felt in the south. All the letters which I received from Languedoc and Gascony complained loudly. Bordeaux especially, which had so lately hoped for a happy termination of the negotiations with England, saw itself thrown back into a state of stagnation which was destructive to its interests.

On the 25th of September Junot was invited to dine at Saint Cloud with the Emperor and Empress. The Emperor was to set out in the night; he had observed the grief which Junot experienced in not being permitted to accompany him, and, to do him justice, he was all kindness to his old friend. The Sovereign resumed the manners which had formerly so much charmed Junot in the companion of his walks in the Jardin des Plantes. Junot was affected, for it always seemed to inspire him with new life when the Emperor spoke to his heart. He told me his feelings on the following morning, saying: "It was Sully and Henry IV." "Except," replied I, laughing, "that you are not quite so reasonable as the Minister of the good King, and ——" "And what?" "And though the Emperor is a greater man than Henry IV., it is by no means certain that he is as good." "It is very extraordinary," said Junot angrily, "that you, my wife, should advance so absurd an opinion, and that to me."

In the absence of the Emperor, his orders were to be transmitted to the Governor of Paris through the Archchancellor.

Cambacérès was now the second person in the Empire, excepting the Princes of the Imperial Family. Much has been said of him, because in France we must always laugh at the possessors of power, if we dare. The Emperor was molded in too vast dimensions for ridicule; never even was a jest hazarded upon the preposterous points of his shoes; his look had the fascination of terror, and sometimes, when he deigned to smile, of enchantment, which banished all disposition to laughter.

With Cambacérès we were more on a level, and our satirical spirit took its revenge. But we were wrong: Cambacérès was not only a man of remarkable talent, a fact which will not be disputed, but he was perfectly and graciously agreeable, and most formally polite.

The Emperor did not like certain easy habits in which he indulged, notwithstanding his solemn bows; and undoubtedly the contrast between his promenades in the Palais-Royal, his box at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, his intercourse with Mademoiselle Cuizot, and his magisterial demeanor at his levees in the Hôtel d'Elbœuf, and afterward in the Rue Saint Dominique, were enough to make the Emperor angry and everyone else merry at his expense. But the Archchancellor was equally deaf to remonstrance and ridicule; he walked not less gravely in the Palais-Royal, and indulged no less frequently in his saturnine laugh behind the wire network of his box at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, which he hired by the year. Still, he was invariably kind, and scrupulously obliging to everyone.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The *Château* of Raincy — A Surprise — Prussian Irresolution — Prince Louis of Prussia — Magical Influence of Napoleon over His Officers — Battle of Jena — Flight of the Prussians — Letters from Headquarters — Fall of Lübeck and Magdeburg — The Emperor Alexander — Reorganization of the National Guard — The Berlin Decree of Blockade — Murat Enters Warsaw.

I had always longed for a country residence. Junot, it is true, had given me Bièvre, but this house had become of very little use since his appointment as Governor of Paris. It was too far distant, and much too small besides for our family, numerous not only by the increasing number of our children, but by the colony of relations it was Junot's hospitality to lodge. He said to me one morning: "You must dine at Raincy to-day; Ouvrard has given me leave to kill some deer there, and I wish you to hunt with me in a calash."

It was in the beginning of October; the weather was charming and the chase fortunate. I looked with delight upon the beautiful groves of Raincy. The *château*, notwithstanding the vandalism which had destroyed three-quarters of it, was still a noble piece of architecture, seated in the midst of fresh verdure, and surrounded by its pretty Russian cottage, its hunting box, its clock house, and its stabling; I admired the pretty village at the extremity of its fine alley of poplars, the orangery, and all the other objects which beautify the park. But within the house I found still greater cause for admiration. M. Ouvrard had made it a palace of enchantment. The bathroom was charming. It contained two basins of vast dimensions, each formed of a single block of gray and black granite. Four pillars of the same material, and three curtains of white satin, inclosed each basin as in a cabinet. The floor was in large squares of black, white, and yellow marble; the chimney was of vert-antique, and the walls of stucco perfectly finished; round them stood an immense circular sofa of green velvet. The ceiling represented mythological subjects admirably executed. A valuable lamp was suspended from the center. On

entering this superb room, I could not forbear exclaiming: "What happiness it must be to possess such a place at this!"

Junot looked at me with a smile, and, taking my hand, led me to the *salon*, an immense apartment divided into three by pillars, between which stand statues holding *candelabra*. One extremity is the billiard, the other the music room; the center is the reception room. This was formerly the bedroom of the Duc d'Orléans, and forms one of the front wings, its three sides looking upon the home park, reserved for the use of the family, and from which the deer are excluded. The character of this portion of the park is simple and beautiful; a large lawn is terminated by the river, bordered by an orangery and summer house; on each side of this lawn a grove diverges from the house as far as the eye can reach, the part on the right composed of lilacs, that on the left of acacias. The view from the window was enchanting.

"How do you like this *château* and park?" said Junot. "Oh! it is a fairyland." "And if by a stroke of the wand you were to become mistress of it, what would you say?" "I cannot tell, for that is sure not to happen." "Do you wish that it should?"

I colored at the mere thought that it might be, and looked at him with an expression which probably pleased him, for he took me in his arms and said: "It is yours."

There are certainly hours of bitterness in life, and no one has had more experience of them than myself; but there are also moments, fugitive in duration, but indelibly engraven on the mind, which are equal to an eternity of happiness.

* * * * * * *

The first Continental coalition, in which this time Austria dared not join, was now avowed. For nine years the Cabinet of Berlin had been professing neutrality, submission, and loyalty, in perpetual contrast with its warlike preparations; but the rapid advance of a Power at once martial, fortunate, and victorious, increased the terrors of King Frederick William to such a degree that he determined to take refuge under the protection of Russia. Nothing could be more painful than the alternations of hope and deception which agitated Prussia during Napoleon's first war with Russia. "Attention!" she cried;

hen "Present!" and she was on the point of giving the word "Fire!" but suddenly came the victories of Ulm and Austerlitz, and M. de Haugwitz was sent to Napoleon's bivouac with the King of Prussia's congratulations.*

Then followed the Treaty of Presburg and the Confederation of the Rhine; and Prussia contrived a counter-confederation of the North of Germany, or rather the North of Europe, in which Russia and Prussia were to form an embankment against the approaching torrent. A beautiful Queen put on armor; and a young man, who, but for insensate profligacy and the debasing influence of ardent liquors, would have been a striking character, promised the Prussian army victory and conquest; for with defense only in their mouths, the four Powers of the North, to which Sweden had united herself since a Frenchman directed her arms,† have always dreamed of carrying the sword into France, to consummate the division of our fine provinces.

How powerful was the magic which Napoleon then exercised over those officers who had been long about his person! Among them I reckon Duroc,‡ Junot,§ Bessières,‖ Rapp, Lannes,¶ Lemarois, Arrighi,** Lacuée, Savary,†† Eugène,‡‡ Caffarelli, and I may add Berthier§§ and Marmont,‖‖ one of whom, notwithstanding all that is said, I believe to be innocent, the other only erring; but whatever may be thought of their after conduct, they were at the time now under review among the faithful followers of the Emperor. The almost fantastic sway which Napoleon held over some of these men dates from a period far anterior to that of his splendor. Junot loved him to the extent of handing over to him, as I have before stated, the means sent by his family for his subsistence, and would willingly have given him his blood.

* Drafted in duplicate, to be presented to either of the victorious monarchs, as the occasion might need.

† Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo.

‡ Duke of Friuli.

§ Duke of Abrantès.

‖ Duke of Istria.

¶ Duke of Montebello.

** Duke of Padua.

†† Duke of Rovigo.

‡‡ Viceroy of Italy.

§§ Prince of Wagram.

‖‖ Duke of Ragusa.

The campaign of 1806 is among those which have immortalized the Emperor's genius. His successes of later years were more disputed, and his forces were in greater number, but the Battle of Jena was one of his most glorious days. It is singular that the Prussians have always called this battle after the village of Auerstadt, on the right of the Saale, between Naumberg and Dornberg. That was held by Marshal Davoût with thirty thousand men, opposed by fifty thousand men of King Frederick William, with his beautiful Amazon Queen. The victory, long disputed by Kalkreuth and Blucher, who, animated by the presence of the King, fought with admirable courage, was decided by the immovable firmness and resolution of Davoût in this perilous position. What I saw upon the maps and plans, on which Junot traced the march of the army,— not according to the bulletins, but by the letters of his friends, many of which I still possess,— proves beyond all doubt that the real glory of this day belongs to Marshal Davoût. The Emperor's head is encircled by laurels enough to enable him to spare some leaves to his lieutenants.

These letters also speak in significant terms of the tardy march of the corps of General Bernadotte, which arrived very late on the Emperor's left at Jena.* From this period all who surrounded the Emperor felt convinced that Bernadotte did not like the Sovereign whom the 18th Brumaire had imposed upon him. It was long thought that his antipathy was to the Crown; but he has since proved that it was to the man he objected. He was the cause of infinite mischief to the Emperor.

We daily received news from Headquarters, and I have before me at this moment many letters speaking of the extraordinary race of the two armies. The King of Prussia fled with such rapidity that Marshal Kalkreuth, who escorted him, was obliged to stop, thus giving time to Soult to come up with and pursue him to Magdeburg. A cousin of mine, who was young, well mounted, and desirous of distinguishing himself, was on the point of taking the King, who escaped at a gallop. We had scarcely had time to read the details of this astonishing battle and pursuit, when the news of the capitulation of

* In recalling this fact I referred to the notes I possess in Junot's handwriting, and there find the same opinions expressed.

Erfurth arrived. "You cannot figure to yourself," says a letter of Berthier, "the extent of this defeat; it is like magic, or, to speak in the words of Scripture, THE HAND OF THE LORD OVERTHREW THEM." Berthier was very regular in his letters to Junot; and two days seldom elapsed without bringing us news of the Emperor, and of the seven divisions * he was leading to Berlin with the same facility as he would have marched them to the Bois de Boulogne. Every day was marked by new victories, and every courier brought us details which will appear fabulous to our grandchildren.

But of all these details, that of the taking of Lübeck seemed the most interesting. In this town, dismantled as it was, Blucher (who might have stopped at Magdeburg, or, even after passing that strong fortress, might have chosen either Custrin or Stettin) determined to make a last stand. Overtaken by Marshal Soult, Bernadotte, and the cavalry of Murat, Blucher and his pursuers almost entered the town together. An obstinate and sanguinary conflict took place in the streets. But we were victorious, and the ultimate result of this combat threw into our hands the Commander-in-Chief Blucher, the Duke of Brunswick Oels, twelve Generals, about twelve thousand men, and four thousand horses, with their baggage, artillery, and ammunition. It is singular, but it is a positive fact, that Bernadotte owes the Crown of Sweden to this affair. Among the prisoners he took at Lübeck were some Swedes, whom he treated with so much kindness and courtesy that, on their return home, they loudly extolled his generosity. At a future time this was remembered, and the Swedes, about to elect a successor to their King, demanded Bernadotte.

This marvelous campaign was completed in twenty-eight days by Marshal Ney's capture of Magdeburg, in which an almost impregnable fortress, twenty-two thousand men, seven hundred cannon, and immense magazines of all kinds, fell into our hands, while Ney had but eleven thousand men to surround and take the town! It seems to be a dream. Disappointed of his share in the campaign, Junot nevertheless followed the movements of the troops each day on large charts which he kept spread

* These were commanded by Lefèvre, Bernadotte, Ney, Lannes, Davoût, Augereau, and Soult. Murat was at the head of the cavalry.

out before him in the library at Raincy. As each bulletin arrived he altered the position of the respective combatants, which were shown by divers colored flags which were pinned on to the charts — so that he was able thus to follow every move of the Emperor. I find a note in Junot's handwriting:

«Davoût commenced the victory at Auerstadt; Ney has consummated it at Magdeburg; this campaign must be looked upon as a single battle, in unity of time; unity of place only is wanting to make it so. But it seems to me that this affair is also of infinite importance in the effect it will have upon the allies of Prussia, and upon the remains of her army. Ney, in taking Magdeburg with eleven thousand men, has performed the finest feat of arms which has illustrated this campaign.»

This note was written at the time on the margin of a letter of Berthier's upon this event. It shows that Junot foresaw the great moral advantage which our rapid victory would give us over the Russians, who with the utmost haste could not arrive in the field in time to assist their Prussian friends;* and on the 9th of November our troops entered Posen, exactly one month after the opening of the campaign. Marshal Mortier took Hanover, and Napoleon imposed a contribution of 150,000,000 francs on Prussia and her allies. I know that we have repaid this with cent per cent interest; but whatever advantage Prussia might take of subsequent events, she cannot destroy our glory in this campaign.

Junot had, about this time, a great labor in hand — namely, to carry into effect the Imperial Decree given at Berlin for the reorganization of the National Guard, those battalions of volunteers originally created by enthusiasm, and from whose ranks have sprung so many names renowned in history.

The famous decree, dated Berlin, 21st of November, 1806, for putting Great Britain into a state of blockade, was also brought to us at this time. It was the Continental System springing into life — the condemnation of England. Napoleon had discovered her vulnerable point, and his lance had penetrated to her heart.

*The Emperor Alexander is a remarkable personage in the history of Napoleon. Was he deceived? Did he deceive? This is an important question, and one upon which the eyes of future generations will be fixed.

«The British Isles are declared in a state of blockade by France; all commerce and communication with them are prohibited. All subjects of Great Britain found in any country whatsoever under the authority of France shall be made prisoners of war: all trade in articles of English merchandise is forbidden, and all English merchandise, of whatever species, is declared good prize.»

Notwithstanding my admiration for the Emperor, this is an act that I cannot approve of. Such terms are inexcusable. In these decrees the Hanseatic towns which contained depots of British merchandise, tripled in value by the war, were treated as already in our power. Marshal Mortier took Hanover, and no sooner entered the town than he gave orders to the inhabitants to declare, under the most rigorous penalties, what merchandise they had in their custody belonging to Englishmen, and even what balance sums might be owing. Bremen and Lübeck submitted to the same law.

Murat entered Warsaw. Brave even to that chivalrous valor which is the distinctive character of the Poles, he pleased this bold and susceptible people, ever ready to follow with ardor a young Prince who would throw himself upon the enemy's batteries with the same ease and unconcern that he would enter a ballroom. It was upon the entrance of our troops into Warsaw that Russia declared herself.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Letter from the Emperor — English Manufactures Prohibited — Prosperity of France — Pleasures of Paris — The Princess of Hatzfeld — Napoleon's Magnanimity — Arrest of Dupuy — Junot's Devotion to His Friend — Madame Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely — Napoleon's Rudeness to Her.

WHILE I was staying at Raincy, I received one day a letter from my husband in Paris, which ran as follows:

«I had this morning a letter in the Emperor's own handwriting, dated Berlin. I wept on reading it, and I still weep in writing to you. The friendship of such a man is sufficient of itself to give a heart to a man devoid of feeling. I have often opened mine to you in expressing the pain I have experienced from a word, a reproach, sometimes a little hard, sometimes unjust; but the letter I

have just received is enough to efface forever the remembrance of any pain he may have caused me. He speaks to me with a degree of confidence which I feel to be justly my due. To die for such a man is no more than my duty; it is the duty my sons will learn from me.»

The letter which the Emperor wrote to Junot with his own hand throughout was dated Berlin, 23d November, 1806. It speaks to Junot of the importance which the Emperor attached to the entire establishment of the Continental System, and at Paris especially.

«Let your wives,» he writes, «drink Swiss tea—it is as good as that from the East; and *chicorée* coffee is as wholesome as the coffee of Arabia. Let them set this example in their drawing-rooms instead of amusing themselves, like Madame de Staël, with political disquisitions. Let them take care that I do not find them wearing dresses of English manufacture; tell this to Madame Junot: if the wives of my principal officers fail in setting an example, where am I to look for it? This is a question of life or death to France and England; and I expect assistance in carrying it through from those who are nearest to me. I rely, Junot, upon your zeal and attachment. The Archchancellor will communicate my orders to you.»

This letter, which is very long, is perhaps the only one the Emperor wrote in that style, which those who did not know him intimately would think eccentric enough, but which was perfectly in keeping with the character of a mind occupied at once with ideas of the most contrasted littleness and greatness. The cutting short the consumption of sugar and coffee, together with that of all colonial produce, must not, however, be reckoned among his petty ideas. They were brought to us from England, and the existence of England is altogether factitious; like her island, it is exposed to the winds and storms of an adverse ocean; her life, her blood, is in India. The projected invasions of England were absurd—her heart is in India; nor is it very probable that Napoleon ever meditated a serious attack upon the British territory except in India.

To cut off her exports and imports, then, was the sure way to cause her death. Her commerce with South America and Southern Europe had been already reduced

by our alliances, voluntary on the part of Spain, though almost compulsory on that of Portugal; but the willingness or unwillingness of these kingdoms was little to the purpose; the object was the same, and it was equally obtained. Meanwhile, our manufactures of silk, cloth, linen, cambric, woad, madder, and red-beet for sugar, our industry in all its branches, prospered notwithstanding the war. We had money and content. From 1805 to 1812 the lowest peasants of France and the first officer of the Emperor were equally at their ease, equally happy in their respective stations. Then came the moment when no doubt we should have stopped.

The state of happiness which France then enjoyed is not to be described. The departure of some thousand conscripts, inflamed by the desire of conquest and of seeing their names in a bulletin of the Grand Army, can only be described as a grievance to the State by men of very perverse minds. I am not defending a later period, but at that of which we are now speaking France was happy, calm, proud, and full of hope.

While our eagles flapped their wings over foreign capitals, the pleasures of winter were resuming their sway in that of France. The Empress Josephine, after having accompanied the Emperor to Mayence, had returned to Paris and held her Court at the Tuileries; the Grand-Duchess of Berg opened her Palace, the Elysée; the Archchancellor received company in state at his Hôtel; and all the Ministers opened their houses. Junot, as Governor of Paris, was also called upon to give *fêtes* and to receive the Empress.

The incident of the Princess of Hatzfeld just then attracted the attention of all Europe. The Empress had heard from Duroc some curious particulars respecting it. She had also received a letter from the Emperor, which she brought to show Junot. Since the Emperor's departure Josephine's kindness for Junot had prodigiously increased, with what motive I shall soon explain. Duroc's letter had been written to the Empress by the Emperor's order, as the first lines announced; the Emperor had also written himself — only a few words, but they were very remarkable.

Duroc had played the second part in the drama of the Princess of Hatzfeld, and his conduct had been admirable.

The Prince of Hatzfeld, it was known, had remained at Berlin after the departure of the King and Queen of Prussia, and it was quite natural that a man of his importance, if he chose to reside under such circumstances at Berlin, should be strictly watched. It was therefore rather simple of him to put into the post a letter for the King, in which he gave an account of all that was passing at Berlin, and also of the movements, number, and sentiments of the French troops. I do not wish to exculpate the Prince's accusers, but certainly he had committed himself very unwisely, and I would not aver that in our own France, in the year of grace 1814, we were not in the same measure subjected to the rigorous examination of General Sacken.

The Emperor, on reading this letter of the Prince of Hatzfeld, flew into one of those fits of rage which acquired for him the reputation of being the most passionate man under the sun. He instantly gave orders that a military commission should be assembled, that the Prince of Hatzfeld should be brought before it, and that it should make its report before it separated. On hearing this dreadful news, his poor wife, almost out of her wits, suddenly remembered that Marshal Duroc, on his different journeys to Berlin, had always been hospitably received and entertained by the Prince and herself. She quitted her house in a state bordering on distraction, sought in vain for Duroc, but learned that the Emperor was at Charlottenberg and Duroc not with him. She continued her pursuit, and at length found Duroc, who was affected by her distress.

He was convinced that the Prince of Hatzfeld was lost if the Princess could not see the Emperor that very day. He soothed her as well as he was able; knowing the danger her husband stood in, but he also knew the Emperor: he knew that in similar circumstances his heart was capable of great and magnanimous sentiments, and he believed that in the present state of affairs an act of clemency would be of as much value as the addition of a hundred thousand men to his army. «You shall see the Emperor,» said he to the Princess; «rely upon me.»

The Emperor had been to a grand review of his Guard; they were out of humor because they had had no share

in the victory of Jena, and the Emperor unwilling to give them the least pain, had been to visit them; this caused his absence from Berlin. On his return he was surprised to find Duroc waiting for him with an air of great impatience. Duroc had been much touched by the despair of the Princess of Hatzfeld; since his interview with her he had seen two of her husband's judges, and had learned that there was no hope for him. He requested an immediate audience of the Emperor, and followed him into his closet.

"You are come to tell me that the town of Berlin is in revolt, is it not so? I am not surprised, but they will have a terrible example to-morrow to cure them of the mania of revolting."

Duroc saw that the Prince of Hatzfeld was in the worst case possible. He was convinced that the only successful advocate in his behalf would be the Princess herself; he obtained permission to introduce her, and went to fetch her. The unfortunate wife, on being brought into the presence of the man who could kill or spare her husband, had only power to throw herself at Napoleon's feet. He raised her immediately, and spoke to her with the utmost kindness. Madame de Hatzfeld sobbed convulsively, and could only repeat, as it were mechanically: "Ah, Sire, my husband is innocent!"

The Emperor made no answer, but went to his *écritoire*, and taking from it the Prince's letter, held it toward his wife in silence. She looked at the unfortunate paper, then burst into tears, and striking her forehead with her clasped hands, exclaimed in consternation: "Oh yes, it is his writing!"

The Emperor was affected, it appears, by the frankness which in the hour of peril acknowledged the whole truth to him, thus leaving him all the merit of the affair. He would not refuse it, but, advancing to the Princess, put the fatal letter into her hands, saying with a graciousness which doubled the value of the favor: "Make what use you please of this paper, which is the only evidence against your husband; when it no longer exists I shall have no power to condemn him;" and he pointed to the fire which was blazing in the chimney.

The letter was instantly burned, and its flame was a bonfire of rejoicing for the deliverance of the Prince. I

know not whether he continued grateful, but I hope so, for the sake of humanity.

I have since learned from Duroc how much the Emperor was affected by the candor of the Princess of Hatzfeld. Her profound grief and reliance upon his mercy had penetrated to his heart. He had feelings of humanity and affection, whatever may be said to the contrary, and stronger, perhaps, than may be believed.

This affair of the burnt paper reminds me of another which took place in Egypt, and in which Junot was concerned. I have before spoken of the mutual attachment which subsisted between Junot and Dupuy, the Colonel of that famous Thirty-second Regiment of which Bonaparte said: "I was quite easy, for the Thirty-second was there." On his arrival in Egypt, Dupuy received a commission, the nature of which I cannot specify, but which obliged him to employ measures that had been forbidden by the Commander-in-Chief. His expedition not only failed, but was attended with fatal consequences. Informations were laid against him, minutes of examination were drawn up and submitted to the Commander-in-Chief, and a court-martial was appointed. Dupuy was a man of romantic honor. On hearing the orders of the Commander-in-Chief, he said to Junot: "I love nobody here but you — I might lose you by a stroke of one of these Mamelukes' sabers. My resolution is taken — I shall send two balls of lead through my brain. I prefer this much to a trial before a court-martial."

Junot listened without answering, but he knit his brow, and proceeded to ask an audience of the Commander-in-Chief. "General," said he, in a voice of great emotion, "you believe me on my word of honor, do you not?" General Bonaparte looked at him with amazement, but immediately replied: "I believe in your honor as in my own — but why do you ask me?" "Why, I not only give you my word of honor, but I will answer with my head that Dupuy is innocent." "Affairs of this nature do not concern you," said Bonaparte angrily. "Ah! this affair does not concern me," exclaimed Junot loudly, "when my brother-in-arms says to me: 'Brother, I shall kill myself if they bring me before a court-martial!'" The Commander-in-Chief fixed his eyes upon him on hearing these strange words. Junot repeated his request, but

with no better success. He said nothing to Dupuy about his failure, and the next day returned to the Commander-in-Chief. Whether Bonaparte was thoroughly convinced of the culpability of Dupuy, or whether he was under the influence of one of those fits of ill-humor which would not admit contradiction, did not appear, but he refused Junot's request for permission to bring poor Dupuy to him that he might have an opportunity of explaining to himself the motives and cause of his conduct. "Let him explain himself to his judges," said Bonaparte; "the affair is not in my hands."

Junot was wounded to the heart by this persevering refusal. He shut himself up with Dupuy, again inquired into the particulars of the affair, and made himself master of them. When this was done, and he was thoroughly convinced of Dupuy's innocence, he again went to the Commander-in-Chief, and again introduced the obnoxious subject. Bonaparte bent his brow and murmured his displeasure. It was already the rising wrath of Jupiter. "I have forbidden your meddling in this affair of General Dupuy; it is altogether a bad business; but he will be tried to-morrow." "No, General, he will not be tried to-morrow." "Not be tried! why not? I ask," replied Bonaparte. "For the very simple reason that the reporting Captain will want documents to support his charge, and I defy him to produce a single one."

Bonaparte went to his *écritoire* and sought for the papers connected with Dupuy's case; but they had disappeared. He turned toward Junot, his eyes sparkling with indignation. It required all the courage of attachment to face him in such a mood. Junot was calm, for it was now his own fate that was in question. "It is I, General," said he, "who have taken the papers relating to my friend's affair — I have burned them. If you choose to take my head in exchange, here it is! I value it less than the honor of a friend — of an innocent friend." The Commander-in-Chief stood silently looking at Junot, who, without braving him, did not cast down his eyes. "You will remain for a week under arrest," said Bonaparte at length; "you must be treated like a sub-lieutenant."

Junot bowed and retired to his quarters. The next day Eugène came to him from the Commander-in-Chief

on an affair of little consequence connected with the service. He was surprised at finding him under arrest, and inquired the cause, which Junot treated as a matter of such very small consequence as to have escaped his memory. Eugène replied that he should request his stepfather to release him, because, having a breakfast-party the next day, Junot's absence would be very unpleasant to him; but Junot refused to ask pardon, as he called it. In the evening, however, Eugène came again to inform him that he was released, and Junot has ever since been persuaded that General Bonaparte sent his son-in-law to him purposely to take advantage of his mediation.

Among the persons now figuring in the Imperial Court was one deserving of notice here, and with whom I was very intimately acquainted,— Madame Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, of whose husband I have spoken in a former volume. Madame Regnault was well born and beautiful; she had a perfect model of a fine Grecian head, with its exquisite outline and correct proportions. Her glossy black and naturally waving hair never required the aid of the curling irons. Her teeth were white and regular. Her figure was symmetrical, and she never had recourse to the corset, even when she wore a Court dress; her hand and arm, foot and leg, were small and perfectly formed; in short, she was in all respects, at the time I am speaking of, a beautiful woman. She was also extremely well informed, had read much, and was very witty, but so modest that you must have known her long to become acquainted with these qualities.

In the last moments of her unfortunate husband's life her conduct was beyond praise. Regnault's muscular strength was prodigious when in a state of health; but under the influence of that malady of the brain which brought him to the grave it was terrible, and made it very dangerous to approach him. His wife, without any fear, or rather without showing any, watched him like the most attentive nurse. In this miserable state she wandered with him through Brussels, Mons, Antwerp,— wherever the unfortunate exile could obtain the slight favor of some hours' rest for her dying husband. A mutual friend, alas! also proscribed, met her in this painful pilgrimage, and has related to me traits of Madame Reg-

nault which must have obtained for her the friendship of anyone who had not felt it for her already.

The Emperor, who, notwithstanding his immense genius, had always a weak side which chained him to humanity, was liable to imbibe prejudices against particular women. Madame Regnault was one of those who had the misfortune, and it really was one, not to please him. Everyone knows the manner in which his Court circle was formed; the triple row of ladies, behind whom were ranged also a triple row of gentlemen, all listening with as much curiosity as the females to hear the speeches, polite or impolite, which the Emperor should address to them.

It is easy now to speak as we please upon this subject, and to affect courage when the battle is over; but I will affirm that when, on a Court day, the Emperor appeared at the door, which was in the angle of the throne room, with a cloudy brow, everyone was afraid; first the ladies, then the gentlemen; and last, but not least, that group assembled in the deep window to the left,—that group, generally complete, with the single exception of England, covered with jewels and orders, and trembling before the little man who entered with a quick step, dressed simply in the uniform of a Colonel of Chasseurs. I have known women, and I have a right to place myself among the number, who preserved in his presence an independence of manner which pleased him better than silly fear or base flattery. When he made an unpleasant speech to a lady, and it was repelled with respect and yet with spirit, he never returned to the charge. For myself, when I have offended him, he has often passed me at two or three successive Court circles without speaking, but he never said a word which could wound my feelings. I have heard him do so to others, and once in particular to Madame Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely.

It was at a ball given by the Grand-Duchess of Berg at Neuilly. The Emperor was out of humor, and was going the tour of the circle somewhat rudely. I believe he did not even trouble himself to know to what lady he was speaking till he stopped opposite Madame Regnault, examining her dress, which was charming. A petticoat of white crape trimmed with alternate tufts of pink and

white roses; and not a headdress worn that night had so beautiful an effect as the lovely roses which Madame Regnault had imbedded in the soft velvet of her glossy black hair. If to this elegant attire the recollection of her fine features and exquisite figure is added, and to that the age of twenty-eight years, it must be conceded that no idea but of beauty and interest would be likely to arise from the contemplation of her person.

But all this graceful simplicity seemed to increase Napoleon's ill-humor, and a bitter smile played on his lips as he said to her, in his clear and sonorous, though solemn, bass voice: "Do you know, Madame Regnault, that you are aging terribly?" The first effect of this speech was painful to Madame Regnault's feelings. To be thus pointed out to the attention of a thousand persons, of whom at least a hundred females were delighted to catch the mortifying words, was a heavy tax upon a lady's philosophy; but a moment's reflection enabled her to give proof of her good sense and spirit.

Looking upon the Emperor with an amiable smile, she replied in a voice distinct enough to be heard by all persons around: "What your Majesty has done me the honor to observe might have been painful to hear had I been old enough to be frightened by it."

The respect and fear which the Emperor inspired could not restrain the low murmur of approbation which ran around the circle. Napoleon possessed tact to an extent which can hardly be conceived by those who did not know him personally. He looked at Madame Regnault and said nothing; but soon afterward, passing us again — I was standing close beside her — he addressed himself to me with a sort of malicious smile, but with an inflection of voice almost gracious, and said: "Well, Madame Junot, do you not dance? Are you TOO OLD to dance?" Notwithstanding this prejudice of the Emperor against her, Madame Regnault was always faithful in her attachment to him, which became worship when misfortune reached him.

CHAPTER XL.

Fêtes Given by the Ministers in the Winter of 1807 — The Grand-Duchess of Berg — Danger of Loving Princesses — Death of Junot's Mother — Letter to Junot from the Emperor — The Army in Cantonments — Murat and His Plumes — Intrigues Respecting the Succession to the Imperial Throne — Josephine and the Grand-Duchess — The Battle of Eylau — Lannes versus Murat — Bitter Altercation — An Unwilling Conspirator — Murat and the Empire — M. de Flahault — The Battle of Ostrolenka — The Great Sanhedrin.

DURING the winter of 1807 all the Ministers gave *fêtes*. The Grand-Duchess was the Queen of them all, because the absence of the Queen Hortense, and the age of the Empress, who no longer danced, left the field open to her. She was at this time very fresh, and indeed very pretty. She dressed very elegantly, opened all the balls with the Governor of Paris, played whist with the Governor of Paris, rode on horseback with the Governor of Paris, received the Governor of Paris alone in preference to all other persons, till the poor Governor of Paris, who certainly was not an angel, and whose head, and even heart, though always attached to me and his children, was not insensible to the impressions of the moment, could no more resist these seductions perpetually attacking him than the Christian knights could resist the temptations of the palace of Armida.

He fell in love, passionately in love, with the Grand-Duchess of Berg; not that she returned his love — she has assured me that she did not, and I am bound to believe her. The results, however, of this mischievous affair were the misfortunes and death of Junot. How dangerous it is to love Princesses! witness M. de Canouville, to whom it cost his head; M. de F——, who was exiled; M. the Duc d'Abrantès, exiled also; for the Viceroyalty of Portugal, as it was called, was but a gilded exile. It is true the predicament was sufficiently embarrassing, for M. de Septeuil lost one of his legs because he could not love the Princess Borghèse. Truly the love of such great ladies is not all ease and delight.

A great misfortune now fell upon our family in the loss of my mother-in-law. To understand Junot's distress upon this occasion it would be necessary to know how

much he loved her. To save him many painful hours I had concealed her danger from him, and the stroke consequently came upon him with the shock of an unexpected calamity. Junot loved his mother with so much tenderness that nothing could relieve the weight of grief with which her death oppressed him.

During the days which followed he was ill; but determined to attend the funeral. My mother-in-law was buried at Livry, a small village of which M. Arthur Dillon was Mayor, and the Curé was a particular friend of ours. I knew Junot's excessive sensibility, and I dreaded some accident. In fact, at the moment when the holy water was thrown upon the corpse, he fell down in a swoon, from which he was very slowly restored. For a long time he refused to receive company, and it was only the necessity of fulfilling his duties that induced him to go out. He never afterward spoke of his mother without tears in his eyes.

The Emperor wrote to him upon the occasion a very friendly letter, full of such words as are sure to go direct to the aching heart when they are used by such a man as Napoleon; and this letter was written wholly by his own hand, although seventeen lines long. It is remarkable that in this letter the Emperor *tutoyait* Junot, and spoke to him as in the days of Toulon or Italy. It concluded with a curious sentence.

My father-in-law was keeper of the forests and waters in the department of the Côte-d'Or. The grief he felt at the separation from the companion of his life unfitted him for business; he felt a distaste for everything, and would not retain his employment; he wrote to his son to this effect, and at the same time requested him to solicit from the Emperor the permission to resign it in favor of his son-in-law, M. Malden. Junot, in writing to the Emperor, submitted to him his father's petition, saying that he was so overwhelmed with grief by the death of his wife as to be unable to fulfill the duties of his situation. The Emperor's answer, as I have said, was in a strain of friendship and of the truest kindness; but on the subject of M. Junot's petition he wrote:

"I do not see why your father should wish to resign his employment; when I have seen him I have always

supposed him a man of energy and strength of mind. What is there in common between his office and his wife? If he is at a loss for a wife to receive company according to his duties, let him marry again." I own that this inevitably leads to the conclusion that Napoleon was not sentimental; nor was he. The objects that engrossed his thoughts were too vast to leave room in them for the ideas of ordinary life. He refused the transfer of the place at that time, but granted it some months afterward. The Emperor's letter was dated from Warsaw.

It often happens that we commit blunders ourselves which we should think it impossible for another person to fall into. On the evening after Junot had received this letter he went to the Tuileries to pay his court to the Empress. She had already learned from the Archchancellor, who told her all the news that would bear telling, that Junot had received a letter from the Emperor.

Junot, thinking to interest the Empress in his father's wishes, spoke of his grief and his desire to retire; he then repeated the Emperor's answer, and gave it word for word, not in jest, for he was much hurt by it, but in perfect innocence of saying anything that could at all affect the Empress. Nor was it till she made him repeat the whole sentence that he began to discover that this indifference to women and wives was likely to prove painful to the Empress; and that, in fact, she was deeply wounded by it. She was not, however, the less kind and gracious to him, but spoke with great interest of the situation of his father.

The severity of the season had determined the Emperor to allow his troops some rest. After the battles of Pultusk and Golymin he closed the active campaign, and, as Berthier said, put his army into cantonments. This army, increased by the contingents of Holland and the Rhine, was now immense; our confidence in it was unbounded, and the women of France proved it by a tranquil security which certainly did not arise from indifference to the fate of their sons, their brothers, and their friends, but from their trust in the man who led them to the enemy. With him it was impossible not to conquer.

The repose of the army was not, however, long. The Emperor left Warsaw on the 1st of February. I have now a letter before me which states that the snow lay two feet deep upon the ground, and that the thermometer had fallen six or seven degrees below zero. The passage of the Vistula had become, in consequence, more difficult, the ice having broken up the bridges. Murat, with his ever-brilliant valor, led the van, and pushed his outposts very near to the Russian army. At Hoff he came up with them, and his cavalry made the finest charge that had ever been made by an army in actual battle.

This boiling courage, united to coolness of forethought in action and a real military talent, might well procure pardon for the absurdity of his toilet. All the world knows his little riding cloak *à la polonaise*, his *schapskis*, his *schakos*, his *colbaks*, and whole collection of the most ridiculous military headdresses that it was possible to find or invent. But what is not so well known is the value of the plumage that ornamented all these fine caps. The Princess Caroline told me herself that, perfectly astonished at the multitude of feathers sent for by the Grand-Duke, she had made inquiries as to their price, and had learned that plumes to the amount of 27,000 francs had been delivered in the space of four months. The white plume of Henri Quatre is a proof that the French may be led to victory at less expense than this.

A mysterious circumstance occurred at this period, but was unknown to the Emperor (if, indeed, he ever was fully informed of it, which I doubt) till after his return from Tilsit.

Although a faint rumor began to be heard about this time of the Emperor's chagrin at not having children, a chagrin which he certainly felt, and which was sometimes manifest to his private friends, the power of the Empress over him was solidly established; it was not only the power of habit, but of an essentially gentle and pleasing influence, which, to a man like the Emperor, always agitated by the immensity of his thoughts, was an Eden to which he retired for repose.

Nothing, then, at this time appeared to trouble the conjugal peace of the Empress Josephine; but there were other causes of anxiety which would intrude when the

Emperor was exposed to the dangers of war. Prince Eugène, her son, was beloved by all who surrounded Napoleon, and very justly, for he was brave, affable, a friend to the soldier, and possessed of all the qualities which could be desired in a son of the Emperor. The Empress knew this, and was often on the point of sounding the Emperor on the great subject of adoption.

But it was necessary that one person should be won over, and this was Junot. The Empress, without further delay, determined to enter directly upon the business, when the Emperor opened the new campaign; accordingly, two days before the Battle of Eylau, Junot was invited to breakfast with the Empress, and the strangest conversation imaginable passed between them. They were not on bad terms, but a marked coldness and distance had always existed between them. Junot was respectful, as it was his duty to be toward the Empress, but I believe she would always have done him mischief with the Emperor.

The memoirs of M. de Bourrienne have explained to me the cause of her malice against Junot. I know that the coldness of Josephine was painful to Junot. It was therefore with surprise and pleasure that he received her overtures of unbounded confidence,—a change which he owed to his command over so great a number of troops, that had any unfortunate news arrived he was in a situation which would enable him to decide any irresolution on the part of the people, and to impose whom he pleased upon them, with more facility than could the Prætorian Guards or the Janissaries.

The Empress began by assuring Junot that she had been greatly instrumental in his appointment to the government of Paris. It has also been asserted to me that she had strongly requested this favor for a man who had not a single requisite for a general, or even a soldier. Junot also knew how much of this to believe, but he said nothing. He could sometimes be prudent. This profession of the Empress set him at ease, however, and he was all gratitude.

The Empress entered upon the delicate subject she had so much at heart, and, to do her justice, she managed it very cleverly. She represented that the Emperor was as liable as the meanest soldier of his army to the

stroke of a cannon ball or other mortal wound. What, then, would become of France? was it to fall back into the anarchy of the Directory? This was no longer admissible.

"But, madame," said Junot, "it seems to me the case foreseen by your Majesty has been foreseen also by the Emperor and the Senate. King Joseph would supply the Emperor's place, King Louis would succeed, and in his default the two sons of King Louis, and even in the last resort Prince Jerome." "Ah!" said Josephine, "do not hold the French nation so unjustly cheap as to suppose they would accept such a Prince as Jerome Bonaparte for their sovereign." "But, madame, without defending Prince Jerome, who is little more than a child, I would remind your Majesty of your grandson, who in the order of succession would occupy the throne of France." "And do you believe that France, still bleeding from her intestine wounds, would run the risk of incurring new ones under a Regency? I believe, on the contrary, that my grandsons would meet with great opposition, but that my son Eugène would find none."

Speaking afterward of this semi-political interview, Junot told me that at the name of Prince Eugène, who was really much beloved in the army, and who was entitled to call himself Eugène Napoleon, he hesitated a moment before he answered. At length, considering that this was but an ordinary conversation, he replied, with becoming reserve, in such a manner as not to compromise himself even by an indiscreet word. The conversation was long; it was three o'clock before it closed, and it had commenced at one.

But there was in Paris an ambition much more active, because the Imperial Crown with which it sought to encircle the brow of a husband would also adorn that of the wife. Murat had a great name in the army. Undoubtedly Lannes, Macdonald, Oudinot, and numerous other generals, deserved as well of the country, but Murat, as the Emperor's brother-in-law, came before the army and the people under peculiar advantages.

His wife, the most dexterous person in creation, was sensible of the value of their position, and did not hesitate an instant to accept its inconveniences for the sake of the prospects it offered. But as she could not go

direct to the Governor of Paris, and say, "If the Emperor should fall in battle, would you make my husband King?" she said such things as were intended to insure that when the decisive moment should arrive he could refuse her nothing. It was one of the most detestable combinations I have ever known!

About the middle of January the Minister of Marine gave a ball. An immense crowd was assembled at it. I have been told that as many as fourteen hundred persons were invited. This ball was distinguished by having taken place on the very day of the Battle of Eylau. Alas! how many young women who quitted it, fatigued and satiated with pleasure, learned, eight days afterward, that it had been to them a day for mourning and woe. The Russians were in great force in this battle, which was one of the most murderous that ever took place. I have heard accounts of it that make one shudder. The victory was long in dispute, and a glorious charge of the cavalry of the Guard finally decided it.

It is difficult to judge of the events of this memorable battle as they actually occurred; but a real intention to discover the truth in the contradictory evidence which is offered will throw light upon facts. The most painful result of the investigation is the conviction that the Emperor's statement is false. The bulletin relates the affair so greatly to our advantage that it makes our loss only 1,900 killed and 5,000 wounded. The Prussians, according to Ruschel, raise our loss to 30,000 killed and 12,000 wounded, and state their own at 7,900 killed and 12,000 wounded. Here, then, according to this account, has a single day witnessed the last agonies of 38,000 human beings, violently sent before the tribunal of their Creator, and the groans of 24,000 more struggling upon the same field of blood!

A dispute arose between Murat on the one part, and Lannes and Augereau, each claiming the merit of this victory. The Emperor's bulletin represents Murat's courage as having been the cause of fortune's decision in favor of the French arms; while the reports of a thousand officers, who had no friendship to flatter and no revenge to gratify, assert that the Grand-Duke of Berg was not engaged with his cavalry till the concluding act of this bloody tragedy.

Augereau was coarse, absolutely vulgar. I am distressed to be obliged to connect this word with the name of a Marshal of the Empire; nevertheless it is a melancholy fact. But Marshal Lannes was so different a character, that to see these two names conjoined is a still greater source of regret. Lannes asserted and maintained that Murat was engaged only at the close of the action. The crown of laurel that encircled Lannes's head might easily spare a few of its leaves without missing them; but he declared that he would not permit a single one to be torn from it. Some time afterward, during the repose of the troops, a scene occurred between Lannes and the Emperor, so extremely disagreeable to Napoleon that the brave and loyal soldier at length discovered he had gone too far. The words were strong, as was the emotion which dictated them.

"That brother-in-law of yours is a sham, with his pantomime dress and his plumes like a dancing dog. You are making game of me, I think. He is brave, you say — and what Frenchman is not brave? In France we point our finger at anyone who is not. Augereau and I have done our duty, and we refuse the honor of this day to your brother-in-law, to his Imperial and Royal Highness the Prince Murat. Oh! how this makes one shrug one's shoulders! he, too, must catch this mania for royalty, forsooth! Is it to stitch his mantle to yours that you steal our glory from Augereau and me? You have but to speak, and we submit; but we have enough and to spare. I can afford to be generous."

This conversation was reported to me by an earwitness, who was then and always about the Emperor. The scene was so much the more violent as the Emperor replied in the dry tone of command, and with all the displeasure of an offended Sovereign; while Lannes, alive only to his anger and the injustice that had been done him, perpetually repeated with a disdainful smile, which was itself sufficient to complete the exasperation of the Emperor: "So you would give him our glory? well, take it, we shall still have enough." "Yes," exclaimed Napoleon, unable any longer to contain himself,—"yes, I shall distribute the glory as it suits me; for, understand, it is I, and I ONLY, who give you your glory and your success."

Lannes became pale, almost faint with anger, and,

leaning upon the shoulder of Duroc, who had just come in, alarmed by the increasing noise of this quarrel, said in a voice trembling with emotion: "And so because you have marched through blood over this field of execution, you think yourself a great man for your Battle of Eylau! — and your plumed cock of a brother-in-law comes to crow over us. This cannot be; I will have my share. Then this boasted victory; what is it? Is it those twelve thousand dead bodies still shrouded in the snow, and fallen there for you, to preserve to you that field of battle, the ensanguined object of your wishes, now a field of infernal horrors, where one sees the French uniform on mutilated corpses, — and you deny me, me, Lannes, the justice which is due to me?"

This dialogue was overheard by several persons, but not so distinctly as I have transcribed it. It was after the return of the army that a mutual friend of Lannes and ourselves related to me the whole scene. The Emperor was calm in appearance while it lasted, but it produced a terrible effect upon him, notwithstanding his attachment to Lannes.

The latter had the imprudence to mention Augereau in the explosion of his passion. He was less covered with glory than Lannes, though he displayed great bravery when he was in Italy. He was audacious, and had a coarseness of expression repugnant even to the common soldiers. They like to find in the officer who commands them a bearing and manners different from their own; and Napoleon was so strongly impressed with this opinion, that he considered it one of the first attributes of a good commander.

"The soldier," he would say, "does not much respect physical strength, or even extraordinary courage, provided his leader is not a coward; but what he expects from him — what, indeed, fixes his confidence — is the certainty that his General, his Colonel, his Captain, the officer, in short, under whose orders he marches, is wise and skillful enough to foresee and provide against any accident which might occur."

I have frequently heard the Emperor express this opinion, once in reference to Augereau, occasioned by an adventure between Junot and the rough-mannered General, at a ball given by Prince Kourakin when Russian

Ambassador at the Imperial Court; and though I am not fond of anticipating, I cannot forbear giving it here, while we are upon the subject of Augereau.

I was dancing then at the Ambassador's ball, and Junot was waiting the close of the country-dance to go home. He was naturally a great sleeper, but he never at any time said to me: I AM GOING HOME; YOU MAY FOLLOW. His attention was invariable, and even my mother never waited with more complaisance, till it was my pleasure to leave a ballroom, though it might be five o'clock in the morning. He sometimes gaped, to be sure; but I could not be ill-tempered enough to be angry with that.

This night of Prince Kourakin's ball he was gaping as he watched the motions of our young heads crowned with flowers, which, sleepy as he was, he would willingly have seen exchanged for nightcaps, but, as usual, acting his part of husband to admiration, when Augereau, by no means in so patient a mood, approached him and, opening an enormous mouth from ear to ear, called out:

"Well, comrade! what are you doing here? How long do you propose to wait for the *bourgeoise?*"

Junot, accustomed to the jargon of his brother-in-arms, as Augereau called all the Generals who had fought with him in Italy, and therefore not surprised at his eloquence, answered him quietly, but suppressing a yawn (which may be done politely):

"My wife is dancing; I hope she will not engage herself again, though, in fact, it is not late."

He drew out his watch, and found that it was not yet one o'clock.

"The devil!" said Augereau, looking at it; "you have a dashing ticker there; but you were always a dandy. I remember in the Army of Italy you were always gilded as fine as a tankard; and then you never would smoke. Not but that I have learned to be very elegant myself; look at me."

Junot had hitherto been content to hear him, and now for the first time looked at his dress. He found that his brother-in-arms had some right to boast of his finery, for he had put himself into full Court costume according to the latest order; but he had left its embellishments wholly to the taste of his tailor, and the cross-legged artist, desiring nothing better than full latitude for his

trimmings, had so covered the Marshal's blue velvet coat and white satin breeches with gold lace, that between the rich display of bad taste upon his ignoble figure, and the sergeant-like precision of his hair-dressing, with his enormous powdered and pomatumed queue, the vulgarity of his appearance and manners contrasted so oddly with a manifest intention to be elegant that Junot could not restrain a laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" said Augereau, with an air of astonishment; for he thought nothing could be better imagined than his dress, though he found some of its finery very inconvenient, and wore his fine clothes with very much the air of a peasant in his Sunday suit.

Junot replied that he could not help laughing to see so stanch a Republican attired so magnificently.

"And why not?" said Augereau; "other times, other manners, as the proverb says. We must do at Court as the courtiers do; besides, when one has one's own purposes to serve, attending the Court is no such bad game, after all." Then he pulled down his ruffles, set himself in a military attitude, and stuck out his right foot with an air of proud satisfaction, as if he had been at the head of a brigade of infantry. He cast an eye of self-complacency upon his ill-shaped leg and its silk stocking with embroidered clocks, his white satin breeches and gold-laced garters; making, evidently, a favorable comparison of all this finery with the simplicity of Junot's uniform frock, as Colonel-General, of sky blue with scarlet facings embroidered with gold. But his sleepy fit overcame his vanity. His wife was still waltzing, I believe, but am not sure, with M. de Saint Aldegonde. Tired of waiting, he cried out to *la Maréchale*, with the voice of a Stentor: "Come here!" then putting or rather throwing her shawl over her shoulders, and pushing her before him, he called out: "Forward, march!"

We frequently visited the Empress in the course of this winter in which the Emperor was braving the frosts of Poland. She suffered much uneasiness, and was very desirous that Junot should more openly pronounce in favor of Prince Eugène. She told him so one day in so undisguised a manner that on his return from the Tuileries Junot could not forbear communicating his feelings to me.

"They will certainly give me," said he, "against my will, the appearance of being a conspirator. What can I do under such circumstances? I see no possibility of coming to any resolution, except in the case of a catastrophe I cannot so much as think of. And even in the event of such a calamity befalling France, we have the King of Naples, then Prince Louis and his children. I shall never depart from the line of succession traced out by the Emperor himself." "And Murat?" said I, looking attentively at him; for my own observations had already revealed to me the projects of the Grand-Duchess of Berg. But Junot was not then so far involved in them as he afterward became.

"Murat!" said he; "Murat Emperor of the French! what can you be thinking of? Why not as well give the Crown to Masséna, Lannes, or Oudinot? If bravery is what we want, the Generals of the army are all as brave as the blades of their swords; and Murat, though as valiant as those I have mentioned and many others, is in no respect superior to them. On the contrary, his pride and boasting make him disliked in the army. His last folly of the uniform for his Staff has given the finishing stroke to his unpopularity."

Junot was right; Murat was much less popular in the ranks than Prince Eugène, whose simplicity of manners and goodness of disposition were appreciated by all, from the Marshal to the private soldier. In the affair of the uniform Murat had exhibited great want of judgment. He wished to compel his aids-de-camp to wear a uniform which was, in fact, his livery: amaranth, white, and gold. At a subsequent period, at Naples, he had the advantage, for he was King; but in Poland several officers of his Staff, at the head of whom was M. de Flahault, revolted against a measure extremely disagreeable and repulsive to them.

M. de Flahault, a handsome youth, notwithstanding the assertions of the Emperor to the contrary, could not endure him; M. de Flahault, who sang like a troubadour of good King René's time, was willing enough to be a troubadour altogether, and wear the colors of the Grand-Duchess of Berg; but he would not wear these same colors in the fashion his General would impose them; and the affair gave rise to a sort of insurrectionary

movement in the Grand-Ducal Staff, the result of which was that M. de Flahault ceased to wear the colors either of the Grand-Duke or Grand-Duchess of Berg, and was transferred to the handsome Staff of the Prince of Neufchâtel.

During the discussion of these matters, affairs of quite a different nature arose; Suchet and Oudinot gave battle to General Essen at Ostrolenka. An officer wounded in this engagement writes that the day was one of the most sanguinary of the whole campaign. Its success is attributed solely to the skillful manœuvers of Suchet, and the intrepidity of Oudinot. I was shown the position of the two armies on the table of Junot's cabinet, by the little black and red marks placed to represent the Russians and French; for as to the Prussians, they had been scattered before the winds, and were no longer in question.

The present also was a remarkable crisis in the political history of the Jews. The great Sanhedrin, which had assembled in February, terminated its sittings on the 8th or 9th of March; and the result of its conferences was sufficiently important to occupy some portion of our attention. These ancient people, whose strange destiny it has been to wander for fifteen centuries under the weight of the Divine anathema, were now offered a habitation, and in acknowledgment of the asylum and protection afforded them, voluntarily submitted to the laws of the land which received them. Polygamy was abolished, with a clause the wisdom of which I could not but admire. The Sanhedrin declared that the obligations of their law were twofold, religious and political; and while the former were absolute, the latter, intended for the internal regulation of the Hebrew nation in Palestine, could no longer be applicable to a people destitute alike of country and of civil policy.

CHAPTER XLI.

The Empress and Patience — Napoleon's Illegible Letter — Extraordinary Visit of the Princess Borghèse — Her Chamberlain — Household of the Princess — Madame de Champagny — Madame de Barral — Marquise de Brehan — Mademoiselle Millot — Proposed Representation of "The Barber of Seville" — M. de Longchamps — Mademoiselle Mars — Royal Actresses — Court Scandal.

THE Empress, it is well known, was fond of the game of patience. Every evening the packs of cards were placed upon the table, and patience proceeded, while that of the spectators was sorely tried. As her love for the Emperor was sincere, and her solicitude, I am persuaded, was as great for the individual as for the Sovereign whose crown she shared, she had recourse to every means of tranquilizing her anxiety; and as cards proved among the readiest, they were continually resorted to. One evening when I was with her, having exhausted her favorite game in every variety of form, the Empress wondered whether a courier would arrive that night: it was nine o'clock. "I cannot make up my mind," said she, "to retire to rest till I am satisfied whether there will be any tidings for me to-night."

She recommenced the game of patience, and before it was half accomplished was certain she would succeed, which accordingly she did; and scarcely was the last card placed on the last pack, when the Archchancellor entered, with his usual solemn pace, and delivered to her Majesty a letter from the Emperor — a letter the more agreeable to her as it announced that the army would repose, during the month of March, in cantonments between the Vistula and the Passargue. This last particular is impressed on my mind by the circumstance of an entire line of the Emperor's letter containing the names of the two rivers being utterly unintelligible to the Empress. It was handed to us to decipher if we could, but with equal ill success; for my own part, I could as easily have read the inscription on Cleopatra's needle. At length Junot arrived, and as he was even more accustomed to Napoleon's handwriting than the

Empress herself, the incomprehensible line was made over to him, and he read it.

"Really," said the Empress, "it is very fortunate for me that you took it in your head to fetch Madame Junot, otherwise we should have seen nothing of you, and I should have remained in ignorance that the army was stationed between the Vistula and the Passargue."

This was mildly spoken, but Josephine was visibly hurt that Junot paid her no other attention than was due to the Empress. She laughingly whispered a few words in his ear; upon which Junot colored and looked round to see whether I was listening or observing, and replied in a tone which made it apparent that he was piqued in his turn.

I was poorly at this time, without positively knowing the cause of my malady; I guessed it with indescribable joy, for it seemed to give hopes of a boy after my five girls. In consequence, however, of this slight indisposition, I kept my bed somewhat later of a morning, and had not risen from it on the day following the incident of the letter, when I heard several voices in my *salon*, and suddenly my bedroom door was thrown wide open, and the Princess Borghèse was announced.

"Well, my little Laurette, so you are ill? I can easily believe it. You are vexed: hey? Come, tell me all about it." And, jumping on my bed, she established herself on my feet quite to her satisfaction, and regardless of any inconvenience she might cause me. I rang for some pillows, that I might sit up and offer my duty as a Lady of the Court, instead of thus remaining in my nightcap in presence of so august a personage; but she would not suffer it, and we had the strangest conversation possible.

"So, so, Laurette, tell me why you have not given me a *fête* at your country house of Raincy?" "Because, as your Imperial Highness can scarcely bear the motion of a carriage, I did not imagine you could hunt, which is the only *fête* we can offer you at Raincy." "And why should not I hunt as well as Caroline? Your *fêtes* are all for her." "But, madame, you do not ride on horseback." "What does that signify? I could follow in my palanquin. Have you seen my palanquin?" "No, madame . . . but that is of no consequence, you cannot

hunt in a palanquin." And the idea struck my fancy as so perfectly ludicrous that I could not avoid laughing.

"Very well; they all laugh when I tell them I can follow the chase with my bearers. M. de Montbreton tells me I have not common sense. But we shall see; I want to consult Junot about it: where is he?" I rang and inquired for Andoche: he was gone out. "Ah! ah! gone out already! Really he is very early in his visits. Perhaps it is for the Empress's *fête;* he is Director-in-Chief of everything that is done at the Elysée. You ought not to allow it," added she, with an air of seriousness quite amusing. "I have no control in such matters," I answered, with a heart a little swelled, for I understood her allusion. "But what *fête* do you mean, madame?" "Why, the 19th of March, to be sure — Saint Joseph's Day. We are to *fête* the Empress our sister. We are to perform a comedy at Malmaison; you are one of the principal actresses. What! do you know nothing about it, my dear Laurette?"

A message was at that moment brought me from the Grand-Duchess of Berg, desiring to see me, to which I answered that I would hasten to attend her commands; but it was not easy to get rid of such a personage as the Princess Borghèse. I was obliged to listen to the full detail of her projected costume and singing, then to complaints against such of her ladies as had been wanting in respect. Then she talked of the Emperor's victories, of my nightgown, and then again of her dress for Rosina: it was the most discursive *tête-à-tête* imaginable. She was determined to perform Rosina on the occasion; a complimentary song was to be added to the music lesson, and that affair would be settled. Then followed lamentations sufficiently comic, addressed as they were to me, on Junot's HAVING FORGOTTEN how beautiful she was. . . . Oh, the strange being! Suddenly she exclaimed in an ecstasy:

"My little Laurette, do you know my new Chamberlain?" "No, madame; who is he?" "M. de Forbin." My brother was well acquainted with him, but I had seldom seen him; though I knew that he was both sensible and agreeable, and that his elegance of manners and distinguished merit naturally fitted him for the situation to which he was appointed. "What, my dear Laurette,

do you not know my new Chamberlain?" She leaned over me and pulled at once all the three bell ropes at the head of my bed. My *valet de chambre* and women came running in all together. "Send in the gentleman who is in the *salon*," said she to the *valet de chambre;* and in walked M. de Forbin.

I do not know whether I am infected with the prejudices of persons who are growing old, but I must say that in my opinion the present day does not produce men so attractive for talents, manners, and personal appearance, as numbers who figured at the period of which I am writing, and among whom M. de Forbin was eminently distinguished. He was well formed and handsome; his language was remarkable for grace and elegance, and his abilities in painting, poetry, and literature made him the most delightful drawing-room companion in the world. Such was the M. de Forbin whom the Princess Borghèse brought into my chamber while I lay in bed, to show me HER CHAMBERLAIN; for her State household was as yet a splendid novelty, the establishment being composed of persons no better suited to each other than that of Madame Mère.

Madame de Champagny (Duchesse de Cadore), wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was lady of honor. I have met with few women so indifferent to their person as was Madame de Champagny. She was the most worthy but wearisome, the most tender yet least feminine woman I have ever known. Her tenderness, indeed, was all reserved for her husband, who might fairly be cited as a model of excellence in every respect, but seemed to have been gifted by a wicked fairy, who neutralized all his good qualities with a most disagreeable exterior united to towering pretensions. He spared no pains to please, flatter, and oblige susceptible women who might make him happy; but he unfortunately carried in his own person an antidote to all his efforts.

Madame de Barral, now Madame de Septeuil, was a tall, handsome, and graceful woman, with too small a head for her formidable stature, but she was sprightly and altogether agreeable. The newly-married Marquise de Brehan, daughter of M. de Cressy, was handsome, well made, with an air of fashion, and a most fascinating address; pretty light hair, feet eminently French, that is

to say, peculiarly small; a skin of satin, and beautiful teeth; and combined with all this a keen and lively wit, which never gave offense.

Mademoiselle Millot, since become Countess of Salucca, was indisputably the most remarkable personage of the Princess's household. The granddaughter, or at least the pupil of Pougens, her education was perfect, if I may use the expression, especially for the age, and sown in a soil which Nature had provided with every requisite for fertility. Her acquirements were masculine, but her talents feminine, and of the most pleasing kind. She could talk of trifles, of dress, and public sights, and then would join in a conversation on the most serious subjects, which she knew how to direct with peculiar address. She was not pretty; her eyes were small and Chinese; the turn of her ideas was, however, unfortunately far too original for a woman whose thoughts should all be subjected to inviolable rules of propriety, and to this she owed misfortunes much to be deplored, and a premature death. She was the author of a historical romance entitled "Foscarini; or, The Practitioner of Venice," comprising all the imagination which the age demands, together with all the valuable instruction that knowledge such as hers could furnish.

The household of the Princess Borghèse was doubled when subsequently Prince Camille was appointed Governor-General of Piedmont. Mesdames de la Turbie, de Cavour, and de Mathis were the Italian ladies then added to it. Of the latter the Emperor Napoleon was so enamored as to write her several letters a day; and this (notwithstanding the contempt with which he affected to speak of the inhabitants of the South) nearly about the same time that he gave proofs of attachment to Madame Grassini and Madame Gazani.

The whole establishment had been summoned to deliberate upon the piece that should be selected for the Empress's *fête*. Let it be understood that the two sisters-in-law thought no more of the Empress than if her name had been Saint Lucia. They were determined on a *fête*, and a *fête* in which they should play the principal parts, and attract universal applause. Could the party have been transported to Madame de Genlis's Palace of Truth, this would have appeared as the really actuating impulse.

The Princess Pauline therefore insisted on the representation of "The Barber of Seville." "Because," said she, "I shall play Rosina to admiration." "But, madame, it is an opera." "I do not mean the opera, but the French piece translated; I have it, and very well translated." "But, madame, it is very long, and, besides, it is for the Empress's *fête*. Nothing could be so suitable to the occasion as——" "Really," said she, quite irritated, "she must be very hard to please; what can she wish for but that we should be amused? Well, it will well suit me to perform the comedy, and take the part of Rosina. How pretty I should look in the black and pink hat, and the little pink satin dress, with an apron of black blonde!"

The Princess Caroline, who had far more sense than her sister (although I cannot subscribe to the extraordinary pleasantry of M. de Talleyrand in saying she had the head of Cromwell placed on the shoulders of a pretty woman), had also set her mind on a part contrived expressly and exclusively to show herself off. The two sisters could not, therefore, be brought to agree, and the great Sanhedrin which had just closed its sittings could not betray more irresolution than the present council.

A lucky motion was at length made to consult Junot, whose opinion was fortified by former favor with one sister and present favor with the other. I will not say whether this was wholly attributable to the strength which friendship acquires from the recollections of infancy; but, however derived, he had sufficient influence with both to induce them to abandon the project of performing a great drama, and to play two small pieces composed expressly in honor of the day, telling each that her part might be made as prominent as suited her own inclination.

M. de Chazet was to compose one of these pieces; the witty, agreeable M. de Longchamps, at the command of the Princess Caroline, the other; and he never failed to charm, whether giving parties of pleasure, sketching after the most caustic manner of Teniers the pilgrimage of an old maid, warbling the despairing strains of a patriot on the eve of exile, or simply in the chimney-corner relating some old legend with that grave spirit and interest which is the exclusive gift of Nature, and

cannot be acquired by study.* Spontini, known to the musical world by *La Vestale*, was to contribute the music.

No sooner were the pieces prepared than the parts were distributed; and now the eagerness to be *prima donna* appeared in its full force. The male characters were fairly assigned; but as to the female, it mattered not whether they were or were not suited to the talents of their several representatives, provided those of the two Princesses were carefully worked up and comprised all the interest of the pieces.

Our only resource was in playing something less badly than our Imperial coadjutors, and in that respect we had full latitude. The actresses besides the two Princesses were La Maréchale Ney, Madame de la Valette, and myself. The gentlemen, Messieurs de Brigode, d'Angosse, de Montbreton, and Junot; besides another who acted a subordinate character, and whose name I have forgotten. La Maréchale Ney acted an old grandmother with the talent she uniformly displayed, for I never knew her to do anything otherwise than well, but her part was not very important.

The pleasure of this comedy was certainly not so great to its ultimate audience as to ourselves during our three weeks' rehearsals; not that the matter was uniformly laughable to us all, or to me, for example, when on entering one of the palaces at which we were to rehearse, an equipage met my eyes with amaranth liveries, turned up with yellow and laced with silver, that is to say, my own; but where was the person the landau had conveyed? Not in the gallery! I found, in short, that a council was being held; but not in the fashion of the *Comédie Française*, to which the dramatic corps were admitted, and each allowed to give an opinion. In our company we had not even the liberty of remonstrance.

The Princess Pauline, as an actress, acquitted herself tolerably well, but her singing was so outrageously out of tune that it was scarcely endurable. It was, besides, sufficiently ridiculous to see her carried into the middle

*He composed the affecting ballad of «We must depart! Adieu, my Laura!» (so beautifully set to music by Boieldieu) at the moment he was himself embarking for his exile in America, and was also the author of «My Aunt Aurora.»

of the theater (for the state of her health prevented her walking), and there in her armchair rehearsing the part of a young affianced bride. Who was her lover? I do not remember, unless it was M. de Brigode, who in the second piece performed Lolo Dubourg admirably. Madame Ney and Madame de la Valette also performed in the first piece, the former extremely well; as for Madame de la Valette, M. de Chazet, who was her instructor, exclaimed rather angrily: "Cannot you, dear madame, express a little more emotion? rather more tenderness, I conjure you! really one would suppose you were asleep!"

His reproach was just. It would be impossible to speak or move with more monotony or cold indifference; she was perfectly provoking — an animated statue, but not animated like Galatea, with the sacred fire of the heart. And yet this woman, who appeared so cold, has proved that her soul was warmed by the noblest passions.

In the second piece Junot was a lover, a character not at all adapted to his comic talent. It was love in its utmost passion, in all the vigor of first impressions. I think M. de Longchamps must have been bent on placing his Charles in RECOLLECTED SITUATIONS, and putting into his mouth words he must pronounce with pleasure; I cannot otherwise account for the parts of Junot and the future Queen of Naples in this piece.

Its plot is simple. The scene is laid at the house of the Mayor of Ruelle; Caroline and Charles, mutually in love, and born the same day, are engaged in marriage. An insufferable coxcomb is desirous of crossing their hopes; but the good genius of the weeping lovers has recourse to Malmaison. The wedding is to be celebrated, and the Empress designs to honor it with her presence. Meanwhile Charles and Caroline sing together to the air of "*O ma tendre musette.*"

Junot was much affected: those who knew his heart could have no difficulty in divining the nature of his emotions. Not so the lady; she tried to appear moved, but could not succeed. Her feigned agitation was revealed only by the increased *alto* of the tones that came fretfully from her lips, which, however pretty, were never intended for the passage of harmonious sounds.

The Princess Pauline was enchanting in her costume

of a peasant bride. The timidity which she really felt, and which a first public appearance cannot fail to excite even in persons of first-rate talent, was most becoming, and enhanced her beauty in an extraordinary degree. The performance was certainly very amusing, both to see and hear. My education in good manners was never more essential to prevent a burst of laughter in the midst of a reply, for though the Princesses might be the two prettiest women in the world, they were certainly two of the worst actresses that ever trod the boards of a theater.

My part was in the piece of M. de Longchamps, which was by far the prettiest. My dramatic skill was at best but indifferent, and this character quite unsuited to it. I had never aspired beyond the part of waiting maid, or one of distrust and malice, such as Madame Dervil in the "Rivals." On this occasion I was to be a very silly, frivolous young girl, goddaughter of the great lady who was expected at Ruelle; and I came to request a compliment for my godmother from the Mayor, whom M. de Montbreton personated to perfection, with an ease and truth seldom to be found in an amateur.

I was quite certain of failing in my performance,— a circumstance probably very desirable to others, but quite the reverse to myself. I therefore requested Mademoiselle Mars, if she had a few minutes to spare, to have the goodness to hear me rehearse; and by the more than urbanity with which she complied, rehearsing with me unweariedly every morning during the fortnight that elapsed before the appointed *fête*, I had an opportunity (of which I perhaps stupidly availed myself far more effectually than of her lessons) of admiring the play of her pliant and charming features, her expressive smile conveying some idea while it disclosed her pearly teeth, and those beaming eyes, which, in accordance with the smile, revealed the coming sentiment before it could find utterance.

Hearing her thus in a private room, divested of all that delusive attraction which the lights, the public plaudits, the whole witchery of the scene cast around an actress on the stage, I mentally exclaimed: "This is the greatest actress in the world! she is pursuing her

natural vocation. Here is no appearance of acting; it must therefore be the perfection of the art." From that moment I became a declared and enthusiastic admirer of Mademoiselle Mars, and considered it a public misfortune that she refused to receive pupils.

In these interviews I had equal reason to appreciate the tone of her conversation, her excellent judgment, and her good taste; I found in Mademoiselle Mars everything that could constitute a woman formed to shine and please in the very best society.

On the important day we breakfasted with the Empress in the stuccoed dining room on the ground floor at Malmaison leading to the Emperor's closet. We were five-and-twenty seated at a table, over which the Empress presided with her accustomed grace, and all the simplicity of a hostess in ordinary society. She had desired me to bring my two eldest daughters, Josephine and Constance. Josephine, her goddaughter, was placed beside her. Their English governess accompanied them.

The representation, terminating with a humorous madrigal of birthday congratulation to the Empress, passed off tolerably. The Princess Pauline performed far better than her sister, notwithstanding the vanity of the latter, who is perfectly persuaded that in every word, step, and action she excels all other women.

It was late before we left Malmaison, and our return was rather painful to me, for the Grand-Duchess of Berg took it into her head that we should accompany her in her carriage, though I had my own in waiting, and should have much preferred traveling at my ease in it. We had not proceeded far before the Princess was taken ill: it was at Ruelle; I ordered the coachman to stop; the carriage door was opened, and she alighted, which I would willingly have been excused doing, for the night air, though not absolutely cold, was far from agreeable.

The Princess had had a nervous attack in the course of the day, and had even fainted; when the Empress Josephine, finding a letter entangled in her gown, put it into her hand, which she held closed with her own during her swoon,—a trait which deserves publicity. When the Princess recovered and perceived this delicate attention, she said with ill-concealed ill-humor, in reply to a ques-

tion which no one asked, for the Empress took no notice of the circumstance:

"It is a letter from Murat."

"I very well knew the writer," said the Empress afterward to me; "for I recognized the hand."

We reached Paris at three in the morning. I set the Princess down, and Junot handed her out of the carriage and conducted her to her apartments; her carriage conveyed me home, but alone.

This little comedy of the 19th of March, 1807, had occupied the whole Imperial Court through the preceding winter, filling it with intrigues, petty hatred, vengeance, and scandal; for, alas! all these existed among us, and other bickerings still more despicable. But is not this the secret history of all courts?

CHAPTER XLII.

Visit of the Archchancellor — The New Duke — The New Duchess — The Empress's Usher Reprimanded — Death of the Young Prince Louis — Queen Hortense in the Pyrenees — Her Return to Paris — Her Albums and Musical Compositions — Napoleon Less of a Corsican than He Is Thought — His Economy and Liberality — Cause of the Aspersions upon Junot by Las Cases — Campaign of 1807 Continued — The Emperor's Ear Grazed by a Ball — Napoleon's Observation to Marshal Lannes — Resolution of the Russian Soldiers — Battle of Friedland — The Emperor in High Spirits — Victor — Marshal Ney — Prodigious Slaughter — Capture of Königsberg — Interview of the Two Emperors at Tilsit — Humiliation of the King of Prussia — The Emperor Alexander Fascinated — The Queen of Prussia's Intercourse with Napoleon at Tilsit — Napoleon's Error in not Re-establishing the Kingdom of Poland — The Queen of Prussia's Beauty — Effects on Prussia of the Treaty of Tilsit — Violation of Locks and Seals.

One evening the Archchancellor paid me a visit. He appeared thoughtful, and, seating himself beside my sofa, which I could no longer quit, accosted me with: "I bring you strange news; the Emperor is not only re-establishing the ancient NOBLESSE, but is creating new titles of rank; and who do you think is the first military Duke? Guess."

"Marshal Lannes?" "Very natural, but not correct." "Marshal Masséna?" The Archchancellor smiled and

shook his head. "Well, then, unless it is Bernadotte, who, in spite of his violent republicanism, seems to wear harness as a courtier with perfect docility, I can guess no further."

"It is Lefebvre; I have just seen his wife." "And not ill chosen. Madame la Maréchale's manner may not be in perfect harmony with her dignity of Duchess, but she is a good wife; besides, you know the Emperor makes no account of us — one difficulty in his choice was therefore obviated; and Lefebvre is one of the most estimable members of our military family. I am sure the Emperor has well weighed his choice."

The Archchancellor, with all his caution, smiled at me, and we understood each other without speaking. It was evident that Napoleon, willing to revive the high nobility and revive the twelve peers of Charlemagne, intended to give additional luster to his twenty-four Grand Dignitaries of the Empire, which, however, should be the just reward of their services; but it was necessary to feel his way, and to proceed warily with a people who held the very name of King in abhorrence, and had only accepted an Emperor in consideration of the ancient relation of that dignity with a Republic.

Napoleon, surrounded by a thousand perils, never relaxed his precautions; and, though apparently regardless of obstacles, was careful not to shock the men of the Revolution; they were to be gained, but this was no longer a work of difficulty. The temptation was spread before them, and Nature achieved the rest.

No sooner was the bait offered, than all, far from repelling it, were eager for a bite, and that which Napoleon presented in the duchy of Dantzic was of the most attractive kind. Aware of this, he would not confer it where it might in any case be liable to abuse, and Marshal Lefebvre, esteemed by the army and all true Frenchmen, and deserving of the highest reward of valor, was the person best adapted to the Emperor's purpose.*

The important question which at this time agitated the Imperial Court was how the new Duchess would bear

* The siege of Dantzic was one of the most brilliant military successes of a campaign rich in triumph. Something of Frederick's spirit was at length aroused in General Kalkreuth; he was once more the soldier; we had not, indeed, spared the spur, but the steed at

her dignity, and she speedily resolved it. She went to the Tuileries to thank the Empress Josephine for the favor the Emperor had just conferred. The Empress was in the great yellow *salon;* and as Madame la Maréchale had not demanded an audience, the usher, accustomed to call her by that name, entered to take the orders of the Chamberlain-in-waiting; he returned and addressed her: "Madame la Maréchale may enter." The lady looked askance at him; but suppressing all audible tokens of indignation she entered the *salon;* and the Empress, rising from the sofa she usually occupied beside the fireplace, advanced a few steps to meet her, saying with that engaging graciousness she could always assume when it pleased her:

"How is the Duchess of Dantzic?" La Maréchale, instead of answering, winked intelligently, and then, turning toward the usher, who was in the act of shutting the door, "HEY, MY BOY," said she, "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?" How was it possible for the most determined gravity to resist such an attack? Toward the end of the Empire the Duchess of Dantzic became tiresome, and almost as rational in her speech as Madame Fabre de l'Aude, who once answered the Emperor's query when she would lie in of her twenty-fifth child: "When your Majesty pleases." But La Maréchale Lefebvre, or the Duchess of Dantzic, as you may please to call her, was very amusing at the time her husband was made a Duke (a year before the other Generals), and for a long time maintained her eccentric character under the ducal dignity.

While we in Paris were celebrating our conquests at five hundred leagues' distance with dancing and various diversions, all Europe was marching at the Emperor's bidding; and already new plans were succeeding to those

length began to feel it. During the two months' siege the trenches were open fifty-two days; and when Kalkreuth capitulated, and engaged for himself and his men not to bear arms for twelve months, only eight thousand and some hundred men defiled before the French General, though he had shut himself up there at the head of eighteen thousand. Eight hundred cannon and immense stores were captured in this fortress, the fall of which secured our left flank and rear, and left to Prussia only the post of Pillau along the whole coast of the Baltic.

of which a few weeks had witnessed the accomplishment. Spain in her treachery imagined she had deceived him, but already did his finger point to the Peninsula, which he devoted to ruin.

A great misfortune befell the family of the Empress Josephine in the death of the eldest son of Queen Hortense, who died in Holland of the croup. The letters of Madame de Brock described the grief of the Queen as so violent as to threaten irreparable injury to her health. Whatever might be the projects of the Empress, her heart was deeply smitten by this event. She seemed to apprehend the menace of divorce in every tear that was shed over the tomb of the young Prince. "Oh, what a misfortune!" she continually repeated with sobs of distress. It is impossible to speak too highly of the young Prince Louis, who, had he lived to fulfill the promise of his childhood, must have become a distinguished character. He bore a striking resemblance to his father, and consequently to the Emperor, from which likeness the malice which pursued the Emperor even into his holiest affections has invented a calumny so infamous that I should degrade myself by refuting it.

The Queen of Holland left her marshes and aquatic plains to come and seek, not consolation — for what mother consoles herself for the loss of her child? — but an alleviation of the despair which was undermining her health. She went to the Pyrenees, to Cauterets, and from thence made the famous tour of the Vignemale. From her gracious manners and benevolence she was positively adored by the inhabitants of this district.

Queen Hortense came to Paris, after the season for visiting the watering places, in this same year, 1807, and brought back to us the charming parties where the most distinguished artists of France came to bring their tributes to a Princess whose proficiency in the arts enabled her so perfectly to appreciate them. How delightfully did the hours pass in such gifted society! There at a round table, sat Gérard, with his immortal pencil; Isabey, whose productions may be imitated but never equaled; Garnery, who, after working long upon a pretty design for an album, ended by sketching the room we were in, with such fidelity that its most trifling articles of furni-

ture might be recognized, and yet with such excellent effect that no minuteness of detail was observable.

But the talents of the mistress of the mansion were worthy to compete with those of her distinguished guests, and were in no way more remarkable than in the extraordinary resemblance and beautiful effect of her portrait sketches. Thus the Queen possessed a unique collection of drawings, if in her adventurous peregrinations she did not lose them. I have seen in her albums faces which no doubt would have been surprised to find themselves in company. It was at this time that she composed *Partant pour la Syrie! Reposez-vous, bons chevaliers, Le beau Dunois, Le bon Chevalier, En soupirant j'ai vu maître l'Aurore*, and many other romances which we still know and sing, and which I always sing with renewed pleasure. Queen Hortense is no longer here to receive flattery; and truly her productions may be praised with a very clear conscience.

Among other talents she possessed in a remarkable degree was that of attracting friendship. I have always thought that had she succeeded, her reign would have been fortunate, because many of the good actions which in other Princes result only from policy, would have originated with her in love of her duties and of the public weal. She would have perfectly understood that her peace of mind depended upon the well-being of her people. She would often have pardoned when she had the power of punishing, looking upon vengeance as the attribute of a base mind.

This reminds me of an anecdote, related to me not a week ago by a person high in the Emperor's confidence. This person was at the head of a certain department in the State, and brought to the Emperor, when he was about to set out for the army, just before the Battle of Wagram, a list of seventeen names, borne by men whose fortune and situation in the State were calculated to alarm Napoleon at a period when he could not be perfectly at ease concerning the internal peace of the country, though all was apparently calm. These men were conspiring, but in so unskillful a manner that all their manœuvers were known as soon as contrived. "What does your Majesty command with respect to this affair?" said the Minister. "Nothing."

The other looked at him with astonishment, and again offered his list; but the Emperor smiled, and repeated: "Nothing at all, my dear Count; I punish my enemies only when their machinations interfere with my projects for the good of my people: it is for that, not because they oppose ME, that I punish them. I am less of a Corsican than I am thought."

This expression appeared to me a noble one. The person who heard it, and who repeated it to me, spoke also much of the degree of consideration in which Napoleon held the persons who surrounded him. He made a great difference between his friends and the men of talent whom he recompensed. He was less affectionate, less familiar with these latter, but he was often prodigal in his gifts to them. Favoritism was not in vogue during his reign, and very seldom superseded positive merit. He did acts of kindness by those he loved; as by Junot, for example, or Duroc, or Lannes, and many others; and when by their services to the State, of which they were the pillars, whether by their pens or by their swords, they had merited rewards, he bestowed them munificently.

The Emperor was a great economist: every month M. Estève submitted to him an account of his privy purse and of the general expenses of his household. It usually showed a surplus, and this was always divided among his generals. Many of them were young and fond of pleasure, perhaps of luxury. And why not? A life of splendor became naturally one of indulgence; it appeared to them doubly delightful after entire years passed in tents, amid the barren sands of the tropics, the bogs of Poland, the snows of Siberia, or the rocks of Spain. In looking upon those fine velvet curtains fringed with gold, which canopied a head of scars, and arms lacerated in deep cicatrices, and a bosom seamed by the enemy's sword, it was delightful to the brave soldier who enjoyed this pleasurable mode of existence to be able to say: "I owe it all to my own courage, to my exertions for my country." And this many of Napoleon's captains might say with justifiable pride—Junot, Lannes, Rapp, Marmont, Bessières, Duroc, and a long list of names too numerous to cite.

I have learned only very recently that, in this monthly division of surplus revenue, General Oudinot, who belonged to the Army of the Rhine, and who had not the

same claims upon the Emperor as his old friends, received, nevertheless, a monthly gratification of eight or ten thousand francs, and that this munificence was long continued. Gratitude was soon obliterated in the bosom of that marshal: I have positive reasons for saying so.

No doubt the Emperor made reflections upon Marshal Oudinot, quite as bitter as those M. Las Cases has transmitted to us relative to Junot. Why, then, have they not been communicated to us? It would be odd if I could solve this problem. I was, a few months ago, working tapestry in my boudoir with the Comtesse d'Hautpoul, a name of some note in our literature, a lady advanced in years, but full of life and satire, and whose stories were most entertaining to listen to. A long pause had taken place in our conversation; it had been a very laughable one, and I was turning over in my mind a multitude of anecdotes, every one more amusing than its predecessor, which she had been relating.

My needle passed in and out, while Madame d'Hautpoul sat upon a well-cushioned sofa looking at me, and swinging to and fro a neatly-dressed foot, about the size of that of a child six years old. Suddenly winking at me, she exclaimed: "Will you not answer him?" "Who?" "Why, Las Cases, to be sure." We had not pronounced his name the whole evening, but we had spoken of him often enough for me perfectly to understand her. "Yes, undoubtedly I shall answer him," said I; "but do you understand this violent antipathy to my husband?" "But, my dear child, he was a long time your neighbor in the country." "He, Monsieur de Las Cases! and where?" "At Bièvre. Was not Madame de Montesson your neighbor at the great *château* of Bièvre?" "Yes, but she is not M. de Las Cases." "Patience, we shall come to him by and by."

And accordingly my friend opened her budget of anecdotes once more, and in so doing let me into all the mystery of the animosity of Las Cases toward Junot, to whom it would appear he had been the rival in the good graces of a certain English lady,* who had hired the

* Lady C. and M. Las Cases were very intimate while the latter was in England; they returned together to France. It was at this period that Las Cases felt violently jealous of Junot, which feeling seems to have accompanied him even to Saint Helena.

château of Bièvre after Madame de Montesson. "So, then," said I, "here is the explanation of our revelations from St. Helena;" and we relapsed into our respective contemplations, for which the last few words had furnished me with ample matter.

We were in the summer of 1807, and each courier brought us news of the progress of the campaign. The Emperor, supported by Marshals Lannes and Ney, had attacked Guttstadt, and entered the town after a terrible resistance. In this affair a ball, which just missed Napoleon's ear, passed so close that he felt the wind from it; I trembled when Duroc related the circumstance, and he assured me that it was not an uncommon thing, for the Emperor was frequently exposed to great personal danger, and he gave me instances of his courage in battle which would have inspired me with admiration if I had not already felt it.

Junot had always spoken of his conduct in the Army of Italy in the same terms; but I considered the Emperor as a different character from that of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy. I was mistaken; he was still the same individual; he knew mankind and how to lead them; and he knew that the influence of valor was the first essential in mastering the affections of the French people.

Battle succeeded to battle in Poland. That of Deppen followed the combat of Guttstadt, and was succeeded by that of Heilsberg, in which we lost a frightful number of troops, officers and generals in particular, a fact which usually indicates that the soldiers do not engage willingly. This murderous day gave us only the barren honor of conquering foot by foot the spot upon which we fought.

Marshal Lannes, being near the Emperor in one of the most anxious moments of this day, remarked to Napoleon how great a change had taken place in the formation of the Russian order of battle, and how much use they made of their artillery, for in this engagement their batteries did great execution, and they maintained their position within their intrenchments. The Emperor replied in these remarkable words: "YES, WE ARE GIVING THEM LESSONS WHICH WILL SOON MAKE THEM OUR MASTERS."

The famous Battle of Friedland followed in a few days. And here I must observe the immense difference between the two nations we had to fight. In twenty days Prussia was conquered. Russia was an adversary worthy of our arms, and our almost uncertain victories had at least this advantage — that they had been honorably disputed. Friedland is but eight leagues from Preussisch-Eylau, where the great battle was fought on the 8th of February; that of Friedland took place on the 14th of June, during all of which time, signalized by innumerable combats, we had advanced only that short distance.

The Russians even disputed with us some victories to which we laid positive claim. They defended themselves, not indeed in the most scientific way, but like men determined to permit the invasion of their country only when the last soldier had fallen before the frontier. This is honor, this is true patriotism; and when, after an equally fine defense, we behold the conflagration of Moscow, it must be confessed that the Russian nation promises greatness.

This Battle of Friedland was the more gratifying to Napoleon, as at Eylau a great part of the glory remained to the enemy. He could not even say: "I have conquered!" for it is useless to conceal a well-known fact. But at Friedland, Victory returned to her favorite, and was all his own. He stood upon an elevation from whence he could see all the movements of both armies, and the success of his plans so exhilarated his spirits that his joy displayed itself in a gayety of manner which he seemed unable to restrain, notwithstanding his disposition to preserve an attitude of royal dignity, and I have been assured by some friends who were with him throughout the day that he did and said a thousand frolicsome things; this cheerfulness of heart was the more striking to his officers, as the natural bent of his character was by no means gay.

He was hungry, and asked for bread and Chambertin wine; "But I choose," said he, "to have the common bread of the country." And as he was standing in front of a mill he insisted that it should be brought to him at once. The people of the house hesitated, because the common bread of the Russian peasantry is made of bad

rye flour, full of long straws, and in all respects detestable. He, however, petulantly insisted upon having it, saying: "It is what the soldiers eat." Then, with his pearly teeth, he bit a piece of black bread that we should have rejected. But when the soldiers learned that their Chief had eaten of their bread and found it good, who among them would have dared to complain?

It was at Friedland that Victor, whom the soldiers called *Beau Soleil*,* first came into notice as Commander-in-Chief of a division of the army. Bernadotte, wounded in the engagement of Spandau the preceding week, had left his division under the command of Victor. But the General who principally contributed to the success of this day was Marshal Ney. "You can form no idea," Berthier wrote to the Archchancellor, "of the brilliant courage of Marshal Ney; it appears fabulous in relation, and resembles only the time of chivalry. It is to him chiefly that we owe the success of this memorable day."

All the letters which Junot received spoke of this as one of the most terrible battles our troops had ever been engaged in. All the morning was passed in the most fearful carnage, but toward four o'clock in the afternoon the combat became so murderous, so desperately bloody, that the most determined were struck with horror. A battery of thirty pieces of cannon, commanded by Gen-

*Marshal Victor was a little man, with a waist like a pumpkin, and a round, rosy, jolly face, which had caused him to be nicknamed *Beau Soleil*. A temperate fondness for red wine added occasionally to the luster of his complexion. He was not a general of the very first order, but brave and faithful; he had an honorable share in the victory of Friedland, and after this battle was promoted to the marshalate and to a dukedom. Victor would have liked to be made Duke of Marengo, but Napoleon regarded Marengo and Austerlitz as two victories especially his own, and he would never confer the titles of them upon any of his soldiers. The Emperor's sister Pauline suggested that Victor's services in the two Italian wars could be commemorated as well by the title of "Belluno," pronounced in French "Bellune." It was not until after Napoleon innocently acceded to this suggestion that he observed that his clever sister had, in choosing the title of Bellune (Belle Lune), played upon the sobriquet of Beau Soleil. He was at first highly displeased at this, but Victor himself took the joke so very badly that the Emperor ended by joining in the laughter, and said that if the Marshal did not like the title that had been given to him, he should have no other.—"Temple Bar Magazine," August, 1883.

eral Senarmont and erected in front of our columns, played upon the enemy, and ground their men like so many grains of corn under a millstone. The enemy, who had formed in close columns, seeing their masses broken by our fire, fled to the right bank of the Aller, and were pursued until long after sunset.

This time the victory, the actual success, could not be doubtful; the Russian and Prussian bulletins acknowledged their immense loss. Nevertheless, in confessing their defeat, the Russians exhibited infinitely more dignity than at Austerlitz. The result of this battle was the almost total destruction of the Russian army, while in ours one division of the Imperial Guard was not even brought into action. It was one of the finest military achievements of Napoleon; he was brilliantly seconded, it is true, by Marshal Ney. But though the arm which executes is much in all operations, the skill lies in the head which forms the plan.

The ultimate consequence of the victory of Friedland was the Peace of Tilsit, signed in the following month. Its first result was the capture of Königsberg by Marshal Soult two days after the battle. This second capital of Prussia contained immense magazines of all kinds; and in its ports were English, Russian, and Prussian vessels laden with arms, provisions, and colonial produce.

The pursuit continued without intermission. Murat overtook the Russians at Tilsit, where they burned the bridge as soon as their troops had crossed the Niemen, and they urgently begged for peace. Then it was that the famous interview between the two Emperors took place. The King of Prussia was of so little account in these conferences that nothing more was said of him than if he had been at Berlin. I have heard a number of inferior officers in our army express themselves with respect to his situation at Tilsit in terms that were painful to hear. To see a King—for, in fact, he was a King—following his conqueror with an eye of apprehension, fearing to speak, walking always behind the two other Sovereigns, and thus, by his own conduct, placing himself in a subordinate rank, must always be distressing.

It was at the second meeting that the King of Prussia was introduced, and Napoleon the same day said to Duroc, whom he affectionately loved: "If I had seen William III.

before the campaign of Jena, I should have had less uneasiness for its results. I know that he is your *protégé*, Duroc, but even your friendship cannot give him the dignity of a king."

It is certainly a brilliant page in the history of Napoleon which relates this interview in a tent supported by a raft, on a river at the extremity of Poland, almost in the dominions of Peter the Great, between the grandson of that extraordinary man and him, the son of his own actions; him, who had belonged but two years to the College of Kings, but before whose little hat all its members trembled. There he was, with all his glory, surrounded by his victories as by a triumphal Court, with France always by his side, that France whom he had made great, powerful, and respected.

The Emperor had determined to conquer in every fashion in this Polish campaign. It entered into his political plans to conquer the Emperor Alexander, and he accomplished his purpose with irresistible grace. He possessed, when he chose to display it, a fascinating charm from which there was no escape; and he exercised this ascendancy nobly — not by caresses and advances unworthy of the majesty of his Crown, but by a glance, a smile; all the fire of Heaven was in the one, all its mildness in the other.

"On our meeting at Tilsit," said the Emperor Alexander to me when I had the honor of receiving his Majesty at my house in 1814, "I stepped upon the raft, quite determined to sustain my dignity in my deportment toward the man whose treatment of the King of Prussia was, in my opinion, violently unjust. I intended to do much for my unfortunate friend, and much also for my own people; but scarcely had I seen Napoleon, scarcely had he spoken, before I was overcome."

The Queen of Prussia is an instance of the power of circumstances in forming the female character. It is impossible for a woman to exhibit more moral courage than did this unfortunate Queen during the few days of her residence at Tilsit. She must have suffered every kind of torture at that period. She was firm and resolute in her will, and possessed all the virtues that adorn the Sovereign dignity. She did not like the Emperor Napoleon, who certainly gave her legitimate cause of aversion,

especially at Tilsit. Who cannot understand the resentment of a beautiful and still young woman who endeavors to please and finds her overtures repulsed? The Emperor proved on this occasion how much he was master of himself in his intercourse with women, and how light he made of their attacks.

The Empress Josephine has related very remarkable traits of direct advances on the one part, and of firm reserve on the other. He one day took from a porcelain vase a rose of exquisite beauty, which he presented to the Queen of Prussia. "This gift would be of inestimable value," said she to him, "if you would join to it what justice demands, that you should restore to an orphan, from whom you are wresting it, his inheritance." But what must have been seen to be appreciated, as a spectator afterward informed me, was the expression of the stolen glance and the supplicating smile. Napoleon smiled also, but not with his usual soft and gracious smile, and answered the Queen with an air of cold politeness:

"Your Majesty knows my intentions. I have communicated them to the Emperor Alexander, because, as mediator between us, he has been pleased to undertake to impart them to the King, and they are unalterable. I cannot conceal from you, madame, that what I have done has been done for the sake of the Emperor of Russia." The Queen turned pale; Napoleon's language was certainly too harsh. Her fate was lamentable; half the dominions of the King of Prussia were taken from him; the penalty of retaliation was inflicted on the descendants of Frederick; all the Polish territory so basely seized from that brave Republic was required to be resigned. Warsaw was delivered over to Saxony; Dantzic declared a free town.

The Emperor Alexander, who could refuse nothing to his WELL-BELOVED BROTHER,— this was the formula under which the letters of the two Emperors to each other were at this time addressed,— offered his mediation between France and England; recognized the Confederation of the Rhine and the Kingdom of Italy; and, what is still more astonishing, acknowledged the three brothers of Napoleon as Kings of Naples, Holland, and Westphalia; the Czar even anticipated the wishes of his new ally.

My profound veneration for Napoleon, the religious worship I have vowed to his memory, do not prevent my judging impartially the faults which he committed, and which, much more than the Continental coalition, were the true causes of his downfall. I have therefore no prejudice to blind me to his great mistake in failing to re-establish the throne of Poland; which he might the more easily have effected, as he had in his own army the man whom he could with the greatest confidence have named King of Poland.

This was the Prince Joseph Poniatowski, nephew of the last King, handsome, brave, enterprising, and determined, as he himself once assured me, to undertake everything for the liberation of unhappy Poland. I know, however, that Napoleon had for some time a fancy for giving another King to Poland in the person of his brother-in-law Murat, who passionately desired this crown; he imagined that because he could wield his saber elegantly, and had worn feathers during the campaign to the value of thirty millions of francs, he ought to be King of Poland!

The Queen of Prussia's beauty was celebrated; Duroc considered her the prettiest woman he had ever seen. The Emperor was not of the same opinion, and when I heard him speak of the beautiful Queen it was by no means in terms of admiration. He acknowledged that she was handsome, only SHE DID NOT SUIT HIS TASTE; the expression of her countenance, he said, was too lofty and severe. He would not take her situation into consideration, nor admit that the Queen of Prussia, despoiled of her dominions, and appearing before him in the character of a petitioner, ought at least to assume a reserved attitude. I have known Prussians belonging to her establishment who adored her; I have everywhere met with universal suffrages in her favor from those who had opportunities of knowing her real character; and those attacks which were directed against a beautiful and virtuous woman have always given me pain. I have professed not to attempt excusing the Emperor's faults, and this is certainly one of them.

The unfortunate King of Prussia lost by the Treaty of Tilsit four millions and a half of the ten millions of subjects he possessed before the Battle of Jena. He was

compelled to open military roads into the heart of his remaining possessions, all of which, Napoleon continually repeated, were restored to him only at the intercession of the Emperor of Russia. These dominions formed a long parallelogram, extending a hundred and eighty leagues upon the coast of the Baltic, while its utmost breadth did not exceed forty leagues. The prohibition of English commodities was stipulated with the utmost rigor; a sentence of death to Prussia, whose heaths and sands, bathed by the waves of the Baltic, lost thereby all hopes of fertilization through the medium of maritime commerce.

All the military operations upon which I have touched in this volume are reported from letters addressed to Junot in my possession. Happily they escaped the grasp of the Duke of Rovigo when, by the order of the Emperor (an order which the Emperor subsequently disowned), he came to my house in my absence to take away his Majesty's private letters; and when, in fulfillment of that order, he broke the seals which, in the absence of the mother, the legal and natural guardian, had been affixed upon private chambers, and forced open the secret lock of an iron chest, the depository of articles of value. The Emperor had, it is true, ordered the restoration of his letters, but they were safe in this chest under the security of seals, affixed as usual to all cabinets, drawers, and other depositories of papers and valuables after death, before the succession to property is established.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Emperor's Return to Paris — Conduct of the Emperor's Sisters — Painful Interview between the Emperor and Junot — The Red Livery — Murat and Junot — Duel Forbidden by the Emperor — Reconciliation between Junot and Napoleon — Cardinal Maury — Corneille and Racine — The Emperor's Judgment — Christmas Revels at Marmont's, and Mass at St. Roche — Napoleon's Adventure in the Gardens of the Tuileries — Fête at the Hôtel de Ville — Junot Appointed Commander of the Gironde — Parting Interview with the Emperor — Junot's Unhappiness — Kingdom of Westphalia Erected — Suppression of the Tribunate — Career of Conquest — Bombardment of Copenhagen — Proclamation.

THE Emperor, on his return to Paris, was received with as much joy as when he came from Marengo. Acclamations and harangues were not spared, and addresses poured in from all quarters of the kingdom. Adulation did not prompt these addresses. They were the expression of the enthusiasm of France — an enthusiasm amounting to delirium, and which Napoleon rejoiced to accept. The Emperor returned to Paris about the end of July, 1807, and this event produced results very important to my family.

I had long foreseen them, but unhappily had no power of prevention. I loved Junot, but I had not reproached him on account of his connection with the Grand-Duchess of Berg, because I never considered it criminal. I saw, however, the course he was running, and the end to which it would inevitably lead. The Emperor had a peculiar mode of thinking relative to his sisters, which led him to exact from them the strictest propriety in their conduct; and he believed it to be true that none of the Princesses had ever given occasion for the slightest reflection upon their reputations. Up to this period it had been a matter of indifference to Fouché, and to another whom I will not name because he is living, whether the Emperor's sisters caused the world to talk of them or not — whether M. le Comte de Fl——, M. de C——, etc., compromised these ladies, or were compromised by them.

The Princesses were gracious to Savary, Fouché, and others, and the Emperor was the only person who remained in ignorance of what all the world knew. He thought that the Princess Pauline was an inconsistent beauty, wearing a pretty ball-dress in disobedience to Corvisart, and only guilty of not keeping the house when ordered by her physician. Hitherto these ladies had never been betrayed by the superintending authorities; but when it became known that a man they did not like might be ruined by a direct accusation, this complaisance ceased. Alas, I had long foreseen it!

When the Emperor arrived at Paris the storm had already gathered. The clouds had been collecting in Poland. The Emperor had received written intimations that Junot was compromising the Grand-Duchess of Berg; that his livery was seen at unsuitable hours in the court of the Elysée, and that numerous corroborating circumstances might be adduced. It was one of Junot's comrades, still living, who preferred this accusation. Napoleon's heart was wounded by this news, and when Junot presented himself before him on his return he met with a stern reception and constrained language. Junot's fiery spirit could not endure the Emperor's coldness, and he asked an audience. It was immediately granted, and was stormy. The Emperor accused him without reserve, and Junot, sorely wounded, would not answer upon any point, asserting that the Emperor ought to depend upon his care for the honor of his name.

"Sire!" he exclaimed, "when at Marseilles I loved the Princess Pauline, and you were upon the point of giving her to me — I loved her to distraction — yet what was my conduct? Was it not that of a man of honor? I am not changed since that period; I am still equally devoted to you and yours. Sire, your mistrust is injurious to me." The Emperor listened, watching him meanwhile with marked attention; then walked the room in silence, with his arms crossed and a menacing brow. "I am willing to believe all that you say," at length he replied; "but you are not the less guilty of imprudence, and imprudence in your situation toward my sister amounts to a fault, if not to worse. Why, for example, does the Grand-Duchess occupy your boxes at the theater? Why does she go thither in your carriage? Hey!

M. Junot! you are surprised that I should be so well acquainted with your affairs and those of that little fool Madame Murat?"

Junot was confounded at finding that the Emperor had been informed of this circumstance, which, nevertheless, was sufficiently important, considering the relative situation of the two personages, to fix the attention not only of the police, but of the public; nothing but the infatuation, which so often blinds those who are entering upon the career of ruin, could have caused his astonishment at the natural consequences which had followed his conduct.

"Yes," continued the Emperor, "I know all that and many other facts which I am willing to look upon as imprudences only; but in which also I see serious faults on your part. Once more, why this carriage with your livery? Your livery should not be seen at two o'clock in the morning in the courtyard of the Grand-Duchess of Berg. You, Junot! You compromise my sister!" And Napoleon fell into a chair.

Before proceeding further I wish to explain the motives which have induced me to raise the veil which with my own hand I have thrown over the private life of Junot. All the other connections which he formed acted only upon my own happiness, and in no way upon his destiny. Here the case was totally different. I do not hesitate to ascribe all my husband's misfortunes, and even his death, to his unhappy entanglement with the Queen of Naples. I do not charge this connection with real criminality; I even believe that there was only the appearance of it; but the suspicious appearances which really did exist led to the most fatal consequences: they kindled the lion's wrath. Subsequently, circumstances produced an eruption of the long-smothered volcano, and the tempest burst forth.

It is on this account (its political and direct influence upon my husband's life and fortunes) that I have determined to write what follows, this sort of preface being essential to the understanding of the events which took place in Russia in 1812, and of the tragedy which closed them in 1813. A family bereft of its head, children made orphans, an illustrious name assailed, are sufficient grounds for conferring on my narrative all the solemnity

it merits, and preserving it from the insignificance of an amorous intrigue. I shall entertain my readers neither with jealous passions nor with romantic sorrows; it is facts alone that I shall record.

At present my readers must return with me to the Tuileries, to the closet of Napoleon, and there see him, not alone, but in company with those who poisoned his life by their daily, nay, hourly reports. It was not Lannes, it was not Bessières, it was not Masséna, it was not even Soult, for I must do him justice, though, for what reason I know not, he does not like me; neither was it Duroc, notwithstanding all that has been said again and again upon the subject of his police of the interior of the palace; neither was it Junot, notwithstanding the quantity of reports which he received daily as ACTIVE Governor of Paris, a personage who no longer exists except in memory; it was none of these men: they had notions of honor which would have made them feel an antipathy to such conduct; neither was it Rapp, with his rough exterior but noble soul, who would thus have betrayed the secret of a comrade's heart to soil twenty pages of a scandalous report, which was destined to serve no useful end or political interest, but simply for a moment to engage the curiosity of the Emperor, whose singular turn of mind on these subjects led him to take a real pleasure in knowing how many grains of salt I or anyone else might strew upon a buttered muffin.

The men who played this odious part are well known, and universal contempt has amply recompensed their infamous conduct. Two in particular carried in their countenances sufficient indications for the judgment of the public. The one is dead, and as a Christian I have forgiven him all the evil he did to Junot; but as a widow and mother I have not forgiven him the irreparable wrong which the father of my children suffered from him. The other, as guilty, is not yet gone to give an account of his conduct as a man and a citizen before the tribunal of his Maker. He not only lives, but he still injures; he menaces, he acts, he is influential in evil. Such were the men who filled the poisoned cup which the Emperor compelled his oldest friend to drink!

The Emperor's ignorance respecting the real conduct of his sisters is inconceivable, for his eagle eye penetrated

many other mysteries. Fouché, Junot, Duroc, and Dubois, the four persons in whose hands all the State police of Paris and France was vested, were silent upon what they knew on this subject, because it would have distressed the Emperor; none of them was willing to do this. It came to his knowledge at last, but clandestinely, and through a channel so unusual that he placed but little confidence in the rumor, which he attributed to the imprudence of young women, and said to Madame Mère: "*Le diable!* Signora Letizia, why do you not reprimand your daughters, and warn them against compromising themselves with a tribe of young fops? Let them dance with the officers of my Guard; they are brave men at least, if they are not handsome."

I shall not undertake to answer all the calumnies which have been attempted to be fastened upon the family connections of the Emperor. It is sufficient to have lived in intimacy with Napoleon to know his mode of thinking upon matters of morality; my blood boils when I hear him accused of CORRUPTION. A scene at Malmaison, recorded in a former part of these "Memoirs," will perhaps be brought in evidence against me. I answer by referring to the scene itself. Napoleon employed no manœuvers to induce me to accede. Had I yielded to his will he would have despised me, for the wife of his friend, failing in duty to her husband through the allurements of the Sovereign, would have appeared infamous in his eyes.

Napoleon was not informed of the indiscretions of one of his sisters until the time of the Portuguese War; and the man who was accused of causing them was almost exiled to Junot's staff. I know that those who chose to turn everything into ridicule will assert that it is impossible. It is a fact, however; and suspicion once infused into such a mind as his, everything became speedily known to him. Still he would have remained ignorant of the adventures of Messieurs de Septeuil and de Canouville if the histories of the horse and pelisse, and of the explanation, had not come to enlighten him —but these circumstances belong to the year 1810.

Junot's indiscretion, then, was the first which reached the Emperor's ear, and, as I have shown, it violently irritated him. "Suppose," said he, walking up and down

the room, "Murat should become acquainted with all these fine stories of the chase at Raincy, the theaters, and your carriage and livery." It seems that the carriage and livery offended him most highly. Junot attempted to excuse himself by observing upon the brilliancy of that of the Grand-Duchess; the Emperor stamped with violence, and looked at him for some time without speaking; at length he said in a voice of severity and an interrogative tone: "And what color are your liveries, then?" Junot cast down his eyes and said nothing.

The fact is, that the color of our livery was precisely the same as that of the Grand-Duchess; the difference was in the trimming and lace, the Grand-Duchess's being turned up with white and gold lace, ours with yellow and silver; the coat of amaranth cloth was precisely the same shade in both. This similarity was, in truth, the will of the Grand-Duchess; I always thought that it was to serve some crafty purpose, and now I found my suspicions proved.

"Yes!" said the Emperor, still pacing the room, "if Murat had learned all that I have been repeating, what would he say? What would he do? You would have had a terrible storm to encounter!" Junot's countenance instantly changed; at length, recovering all his energy, he made two steps toward Napoleon, and said firmly: "If Murat should believe himself offended, it is not so long since we were on equal terms, both on the field of battle and elsewhere, but that I should be ready to give him all the satisfaction he could wish for. Though the Cossacks may be afraid of him, I am not quite so easily frightened, and this time I should fight with pistols." "Ah! truly," cried the Emperor, with admirable *naïveté*, "that is precisely what I feared;" and then he added in a gentle tone: "But I have settled that; I have spoken to him and all is right."

"Sire, I thank you; but I must observe to your Majesty that I cannot consent to an accommodation being arranged between the Grand-Duke of Berg and myself; if he believes himself offended, which I deny that he has any right to be, he can easily find me; my Hôtel is very near the Elysée." "Yes, yes," said the Emperor, "much too near; and *à propos* of that, what is the meaning of the frequent visits my sister has been mak-

ing to your wife?" "Sire, my wife is much indisposed, and cannot go out without great care. Her Imperial Highness, the Grand-Duchess, has done her the favor to come and see her two or three times this spring, which is the amount of the numerous visits that have been reported to your Majesty." "That is not true," replied the Emperor, taking a long letter from a drawer near him, and looking it entirely through, while his brow became more and more contracted. Junot cast a momentary glance upon the letter and recognized the writing. "I beg your Majesty's pardon, but if you condemn your sister and your oldest friend and most faithful servant upon the accusations of the writer of that letter, I cannot believe you impartial."

Napoleon seemed surprised, but made no objection to this observation; an almost imperceptible smile seemed to curl his lip, and Junot proceeded: "Besides, Sire, this is not a letter, for he* was with your Majesty; it is therefore A REPORT, A REPORT OF HIS POLICE, copied by him! It must be a beautiful production! He ought at least to have respected your Majesty's sister; but there are very efficacious means of teaching people circumspection and politeness; and I shall employ them with him." "Junot," exclaimed the Emperor, "I forbid you to fight S——." Junot smiled contemptuously. "You have suspected me, you have accused me of treachery, Sire; I cannot ask satisfaction of you for this; I must then go and demand it of him who has caused me all this pain, and, by Heavens! I will. If afterward Murat has any commands for me, I am at his service; unless, indeed, this paltry fellow should send a ball through my head, which is possible, for I have known very indifferent soldiers kill a brave man. But if I come out of this affair safe and sound I shall be ready to attend the Grand-Duke of Berg."

Napoleon rose impetuously, and coming to Junot, who was leaning against the mantelpiece, took him hastily by the hand, and turning him sharply toward himself, said to him in a loud and agitated tone: "Once more I command you to keep the peace! Neither S—— nor Murat; I will not permit you to fight either with the one or the other." Then drawing nearer to Junot and again taking

* General Savary.

his hand, he pressed it affectionately, saying: "Come, promise your old friend."

With Napoleon such moments were brief, but they were triumphant; he never failed to come off conqueror on such an occasion. There was an irresistible charm in his look and in his voice which was sure to overcome the firmest resolution. Junot felt his anger giving way under their powerful influence; he clasped the Emperor's hand, and pressed it to his heart, which beat violently; and the Emperor, on feeling its agitated pulsation, also experienced a moment of indefinable but visible emotion; nevertheless he overcame it, gently withdrew his hand, passed it through Junot's thick light hair, and tapping his head, said with his melodious voice, which vibrated like an Æolian harp: "Promise me to be reasonable, wronghead; and come to me again, I have more to say to you."

This conversation had lasted an hour and a half. The waiting-room was full of persons all upon the watch to learn the result of this long conference. One man in particular wished it shorter. He knew the Emperor, and he knew that very long audiences were never accorded to men about to fall under his displeasure; and Junot's countenance, when he at last came out, confirmed his opinion. Junot passed within two paces of him, but affected not to see him: "For I could not have avoided telling him my opinion of his conduct," said Junot to me when we were in Spain eighteen months afterward, and more united than ever, conversing confidentially upon this period of his life, of which he revealed to me the most minute circumstances.

"I perhaps ought to have done so," added he; "for that man is one of those serpents who bite the more fatally when the victim is quiet."

Two days after this conversation, one morning, I was alone in my study — a retired apartment at the extremity of the house, into which I admitted no one but my most intimate acquaintances — when his Eminence Cardinal Maury was announced. I knew this celebrated man thoroughly, as during seven years he came to my house every day, without exception, at seven o'clock punctually, and left at ten, but, strange to say, I never could reckon him among my friends. He possessed, however,

or at least I presume he possessed, all the qualities requisite in a friend, and I believe he was willing to be mine. But confidence is not to be commanded, and his unconciliating manners were, I believe, the primary cause of this repulsion.

Cardinal Maury, better known perhaps as the Abbé Maury, returned to France in 1806. The frontiers had been reopened to him in consequence of a letter written by him to the Emperor, which was in all respects unsuitable to both parties, as being addressed only to power; its eloquence was tarnished by a strain of base servility. On arriving at Paris the Abbé Maury perceived all that the CARDINAL had lost in the respect of the noble Faubourg, and found himself received with cold politeness in houses where he had been accustomed to meet with attachment. Notwithstanding his extraordinary eloquence, the Abbé Maury had been, before the Revolution, what he was in proscription, what he continued under the Empire, a man of talent rather than a man of sense, and a curé of the time of the League rather than an abbé of the reign of Louis XV.

His appearance was in the highest degree disagreeable. An enormous square head, a bald forehead of immense capacity, surrounded by that tuft of hair which the country abbés and the curés of villages formerly had made by their *perruquier;* his eyes were remarkably small, and, except at the moment of speaking, when they were animated, were inexpressive; his nose was almost sunk in two immense masses of flesh, below which Nature placed a prodigious horizontal aperture, which the two ears only seemed to prevent from making the tour of the head; his small teeth were all shaped like the incisors, a peculiarity which must have been extremely useful to his Eminence, who devoured an enormous quantity of food; his manners at table were revolting.

Notwithstanding his profound veneration for power, the Cardinal sometimes discussed (he did not dispute) literary subjects with the Emperor. Napoleon highly esteemed Corneille. He admired Racine and loved Corneille, which I can perfectly comprehend, because I feel with him. But the Cardinal, to my great surprise, was not of the same mind. The Emperor one day said to him: "How is it that you do not like Corneille?"

"Sire," replied the Cardinal, "I admire Corneille, but I like Racine." "And I accuse your Racine of affectation in all his love scenes," said the Emperor, "for love he must have in his plays; it is as essential to the piece as a prompter to the actors. None but young people can possibly like Racine. And how, *diable!* can you, Monsieur le Cardinal, at your age, set up for the champion of Racine, the ladies' poet? Give me Corneille: he is the man who knew the world." "And how should he come by his knowledge when he saw no one?"

The Emperor cast a contemptuous look at the Cardinal, as if he now measured him for the first time. "That is precisely why I maintain that Corneille is a great man. At a distance from the Court, from intrigues, and from business, he guessed, as it were, the true situation of empires, sovereigns, and people. The great Condé, on seeing some piece of Corneille's represented, —I believe it was '*Sertorius*,'—exclaimed: 'Where did Corneille learn the art of war?' And I say," added the Emperor, "that for Corneille's fine tragedies to be justly appreciated, the audience should be composed of kings, ministers, and great functionaries."

In fact, Napoleon was formed to understand the genius of a man whose principal talent lay in generalizing his ideas, in reducing them to political maxims, and in expressing them in poetry which often rises to the sublime. On another occasion the Emperor said to the Cardinal: "If Corneille had been living in my time, I should have made him a prince!" "And why not a minister, if he was so clever?" said the Cardinal with sufficient sharpness and a half smile. "No," replied the Emperor dryly; "I have had experience that the best composer of phrases may make the worst man of business. The Coadjutor could make good speeches, but he would have been a bad minister; and Mazarin, of whom he spoke ill, would not have liked him for a secretary. He was a marplot and a caviler" (*ergoteur*). This latter word the Emperor frequently applied to persons who spoke and argued much.

Junot and I had dined one Christmas at Marshal Marmont's, who, with his wife and Lavalette, formed the remainder of the party. We were all the best friends possible, and happy in finding ourselves together. The

evening passed quickly away in the little room at the extremity of the Duchess of Ragusa's apartment, which already at that time was her favorite reception room for her most intimate friends. We chatted, laughed, played Christmas games, and thought that eleven o'clock had arrived too soon, when my carriage was announced.

"*Mon ami*," said Junot to Marmont, "arrange your matters as you like, I do not stir from hence; I am very comfortable, and here I shall stay."

"You are quite right," said Marmont, "stay, and I will give you a supper; we will have a Christmas revel."

"Yes! yes!" cried Junot and Lavalette together; "we will have a revel; come Marmont, a Christmas revel."

General Marmont was then what he always has been and what he still is, a brave and good-natured man. He was attached to Junot and Lavalette as if they were brothers, and he smiled at their youthful spirits, but his smile was melancholy: it seemed as if he even then saw into a futurity of unhappiness. His laugh had no merriment in it.

Lavalette jumped up and exclaimed: "Ah! but we must complete the day, we must go to the midnight mass. For my part, I was so young when I was last there that I do not very distinctly remember it; these ladies have never seen it,"—which was true, "so let us go to the midnight mass."

"Yes! yes!" said Madame Marmont and I, "let us go; but to what church? Shall it be to that of the Rue Montmartre?"

"No," said Junot; "it must be to Saint Roche or Saint Sulpice."

"Saint Sulpice is too far off."

"To Saint Roche then."

Though I had not dressed very gayly to dine with Madame Marmont, with whom at the time I was very intimate, I had on a rich silk gown with a half-train, and dress cap trimmed with flowers. It was impossible to go to a midnight mass in such an attire: my horses were in waiting and I proposed going home first.

"No, no!" said Madame Marmont; "such a proceeding would mar our night's pleasure! Stay here: I will lend you a cloak; we will pin up your gown, and under the

cloak no one will see it; then one of my bonnets will be a very good substitute for your smart cap."

No sooner said than done. But we never thought of the burlesque figure I should appear in a cloak much too short for me, and rendered still shorter by the immense folds of my trained gown of very thick silk wrapped round my person. We burst into fits of laughter in getting into the carriages, we laughed as we drove along, and we laughed as we alighted; and sure I am that the Church of Saint Roche did not that night contain five other individuals as merry and as happy as we then were. Lavalette, who was alone, because I had taken Marmont's arm, and Madame Marmont had Junot's, personated the beadle and marched before us, uttering a thousand follies, which, though they were a little misplaced, made us laugh till we cried. Suddenly, as we were passing round a pillar somewhat darker than the rest of the church, two men passed us, dressed in great-coats closely buttoned and round hats drawn very much over their foreheads.

"When people come into a church, they should behave as becomes a holy place," said a low but well-known voice close to us.

It was the Emperor!

An instantaneous stop was put to our mirth. Lavalette, who had been cut short in the midst of a miraculous history of Saint Hermenegild, was the first to recover himself; he declared that it was not the Emperor, because he saw that this apparition tormented me; but I had recognized, beyond the possibility of mistake, that countenance, like to no other when he wore a round hat. The effect produced by his unexpected presence upon men who, though little susceptible of any other species of fear, above all things feared to displease him, was never more conspicuous.

At this day, what reflections arise from reviewing the wild gayety of those times forever gone by! We were five — only five; all young, rich, happy; fortunate seemingly to an extent that might defy fate! And where now are these favorites of fortune? Junot is dead — and how! Lavalette, after enduring for two years all the miseries which imagination could heap upon a human being, has followed him. Marmont is not dead; but of what avail

is such a life as that which he lingers out in exile, without a hope of returning to his country, which rejects him?* And his unfortunate wife! I pity her from my soul! She repulses friendship, may she at least accept the pity of a heart which knows how to sympathize and love; and I remain to complete the list of these five persons whom twenty years have sufficed to sweep from the scene of their former joys. And of the five I am the most to be pitied; what they have witnessed, I have witnessed; what they have suffered, I have suffered; and much more — yet I still live!

This mania for going the rounds of Paris à la Caliph Haroun Alraschid, sometimes furnished Napoleon with some gratifying adventures, one of which befell him on the 15th of August, after his return from Poland. To appreciate the enthusiasm which then pervaded the nation, the triumphs he had achieved, and which were at this moment at their climax, must be remembered. The sentiment which was entertained for him was an ecstasy of attachment founded upon his glorious deeds; it had nothing of superstitious devotion to his station, it was personal to himself.

On the evening of this anniversary of his birth, the terrace of the Palace, on which in those happy times everyone was at liberty to walk, was occupied by a dense crowd almost too closely packed for moving, and this crowd neither listened to the concert that was provided for their gratification, nor cast a glance upon the million of variegated lamps which illuminated the gardens behind them. No; all eyes were directed toward two windows upon the ground floor, in the hope of catching a momentary sight of their much loved Emperor. Yes, he was beloved! France did not then refuse him her gratitude, and in Paris especially the enthusiasm of the nation could be estimated.

The cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" resounded through the blue arch, which was skirted by the bright line of light displayed from the mansions which lined the quays, and reflected the illumination of the Imperial Palace. Then was the luminous Cross of the Legion of Honor seen blazing in the sky. That insignia granted

* Marmont was a voluntary exile from France, and for a time Ambassador at Vienna. He died at Venice.

to the brave as the price of blood, to the learned as the reward of vigils of study, was not yet become so vulgar that the men really elected by THE VOICE OF HONOR AND THE COUNTRY should disdain as now to wear it, and its appearance was hailed with the universal shout of admiration and joy.

On the evening preceding this 15th of August the Emperor left his palace with his faithful Giaffar — with Duroc, who never left him, and who yet feared that his vigilance might not be sufficiently active;* his care was always awake, but the Emperor sometimes gave it the slip, as a young maiden would do a lover, jealous as well as fond.

"Your Majesty must be very happy," said the Grand Marshal to Napoleon, who, with his arms leaning upon the parapet of the water terrace, surveyed the whole extent of a line crowded like that which I have been just describing; "you have gone through immense fatigues, but the result is glorious; listen, Sire!"

At this moment innumerable voices rent the sky with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" And it was soon perceptible that a half-opened window on the ground floor had caused the general enthusiasm; some among the multitude had supposed they caught a sight of him. Napoleon smiled, and, turning his eyes to the other side of the water, seemed again for awhile absorbed in contemplation. Then pointing out to Duroc the Hôtel de Besenval recently purchased by Marshal Ney:

"Is not that Ney's house?" said he; "it is a proper place for him to occupy; by the side of the Palace of Honor, and opposite me. He is a brave fellow! and so is my son Eugène; and Mortier, and Bessières; and Berthier, too."

Then, plunging among the somber foliage of the shrubberies which surround the Hôtels of the Rue de Lille, he proceeded with a rapid step to the gardens of the Tuileries, and arrived there at the moment that new acclamations were rising in his honor. But his attention was immediately attracted by a child about five years old,

* Yet M. de Bourrienne has dared to write that Duroc did not love the Emperor! But why again express my anger against a work which proclaims in every page its author's ignorance both of facts and persons?

beautiful as an angel, whose soft and melodious voice was shouting his joyful "*Vive l'Empereur!*" as loudly as if he had been twenty years old, while his pretty little black velvet cap cut capers in the air; he was alone, but seemed quite insensible to fear.

The Emperor, astonished to see no one taking care of a child who by his dress and manners belonged to a family in easy circumstances, made a sign to Duroc to speak to him.

"Who are you?" said the Grand Marshal to him, "and why are you here alone?"

The child made no answer, but fixed his large eyes upon his interrogator with an expression of curiosity, which seemed to say, And who are you who ask me these questions?

Duroc repeated his inquiries.

"My name is Gabriel," said the child at length; and the beautiful light ringlets that curled round his cherub face made him a good resemblance of his celestial patron. He looked again at Duroc, then, dexterously escaping from his hand, ran to a few paces' distance, again threw up his cap, and cried "*Vive l'Empereur!*" louder than ever.

This time Napoleon seized him, took him up in his arms, and looked at him with admiration. "Why," said he, "do you cry so loudly *Vive l'Empereur?*"

"Because I love the Emperor."

"Why do you love him?"

"Because papa tells me to love him. Papa loves the Emperor, too, and I pray for him every morning and night."

Napoleon was strongly agitated; he set down the child, and told the Grand Marshal to interrogate him further. Duroc asked him why he was all alone.

"I am not alone," said the little cherub, and he pointed to a gentleman about forty years old, standing at a few paces' distance with a young woman hanging on his arm, who held by the hand a little girl, seemingly two years younger than Master Gabriel.

"Sir," said the Grand Marshal, saluting him politely, "I believe that fine child is your son?" And he pointed to the fair curly head which the Emperor's hand was caressing; but, unwilling to be recognized, he had turned his back to the party.

The father took off his hat, and answered with apparent uneasiness:

"Yes, sir, he is my son; I hope he has not been troublesome."

Duroc assured him, and asked his name; upon which inquiry the father again expressed uneasiness respecting the conduct of his son.

"It is certainly your son who has excited my friend's curiosity and mine; we found him crying *Vive l'Empereur!* with an enthusiasm——"

"Which is easily inspired in children, sir," interrupted the father, "when the parents feel it themselves. I venerate, I adore, my beloved Sovereign; and if my children wish for their father's blessing, they must love him as I do."

The Emperor came forward, holding his little friend by the hand; and having pulled his hat over his eyes to avoid recognition:

"Sir," said he to the father, "I presume you have served under General Bonaparte?"

"No, sir, I do not belong to the army."

"Then your father did?"

"No, sir, we are from Brittany — a good and loyal province, to which the preceding Government has given but too much cause for taking up arms. But I have not borne them in our civil wars, for I could not endure to fight my countrymen. My father was an advocate belonging to the Parliament of Rennes, and he died in the exercise of the noblest duty of man — defending a victim of the ancient tyranny."

"And you would not avenge him?"

The countenance of the stranger instantly changed. "If I have avenged him, sir, it has been as he would have wished to be avenged, by aiding the triumph of the holy cause for which he died."

"You are an honorable man!" exclaimed the Emperor. "And how are you employed at present?"

"I am in the office of the Minister of Justice, sir."

"The chief of a division?"

"Oh no, sir; my place is of very small value. But we have few wants, and no ambitious wishes."

"Oh! as for that," said the wife, raising her finger in a playful menace to her husband — "as for that, it is not quite true."

The husband laughed. "My wife is right, sir. I have one wish very ardent, and very imperious: it is to see the Emperor — that is to say, to speak to him. I have seen him sometimes at the parade, but that is scarcely seeing him, he passes like a Will-o'-the-wisp; then, in the Palace Court the grenadiers of the Guard are so strict that I have not yet been able to get a sight of our Emperor."

"And yet you admire him?"

"Ah, sir, it cannot be necessary to see him in order to love him! It is sufficient to look around one — in our country, for example. Our fields were ravaged, our villages burned, our towns sacked. All that now exists in memory only; Brittany is at peace. We have no Vendée there now; we shall have no more civil wars; for it is not under the reign of Napoleon that we shall see a renewal of the revolting abuses and iniquities which drove us to despair. He who has caused our walls to be rebuilt, and our fields to be sown, will not suffer the cannon to destroy his own works. No, no; under him our beautiful France will long be happy. And, therefore, sir, what my son has told you is true, we pray for him daily."

"And will you not give me your name, then?" said Napoleon.

"Undoubtedly I will, sir," was the honest Breton's reply, and drawing a card from his pocket he gave it to Duroc; but it was visible that this desire to know his name caused him some uneasiness. Napoleon saluted him with his hand, and withdrew after again caressing the little Gabriel, whose engaging manners pleased him, and whose strongly expressed attachment to his person, at an age when sentiments are not developed, had excited his interest.

"Many such scenes in one night, and I should be a lost man," said the Emperor, smiling, but much affected. "Duroc, you must to-morrow make inquiries about this man."

His name was D'Alleaume, and he lived at Chaillot. Duroc made inquiries concerning him, and the answers were quite satisfactory. M. d'Alleaume was promoted to a superior situation in the Office, but not till his rotation and length of service entitled him to it.

He only obtained justice, and the certainty of not being overlooked, by his accidental meeting with the Emperor.

"I should have been sorry if it had proved otherwise," said the Emperor, when Duroc related to him the result of his mission.

But no words can describe the ecstasies of this family on learning that they had had Napoleon among them for a quarter of an hour, and that he had embraced their child: the little cap and coat which the boy wore on this memorable day were laid by in a wardrobe to be preserved as sacred relics, for Napoleon had touched them. The Emperor was godfather to the child of which Madame d'Alleaume was then *enceinte;* it proved a girl, and was named Napoléonie: this is the only instance I have heard of the Emperor's name being so rendered. M. d'Alleaume died in 1812; his wife married again, and lives, or in 1818 did live, at Lyons.

The Emperor's return was the cause of many festivities. The city of Paris wished to express its joy in receiving him again, and invited him to a *fête.* He accepted the invitation, and the 15th of August was the day appointed. Preparations were made with great expedition. To have the means of conveniently accommodating sufficient numbers on such occasions, a banqueting hall had been constructed in the grand Court of the Hôtel de Ville; the *fêtes* given there were always very splendid.

Comte Frochot, who was then Prefect of Paris, perfectly understood the art of superintending such fairy contrivances. Madame Frochot was not at Paris; all the ceremonial of the day, therefore, devolved upon me. I was six months *enceinte,* and the fatigue did not suit me at all; but it was not allowable to reason with the Emperor upon the possibility, more or less, of performing any task; if you could march with him you must march. The heat was excessive and was extremely inconvenient; I was uncomfortable and out of humor,—cause enough for making the finest day appear cloudy and the gayest *fête* dull.

Junot went to meet the Emperor, but M. Frochot and I received the Empress on the great steps of the Hôtel de Ville as she alighted from her carriage. I was at

the head of twenty-four ladies representing by their husbands' names the commercial and banking interests of the Capital. I had previously submitted a list of their names to the Grand-Marshal and Grand Master of the Ceremonies, and it had been by them laid before the Emperor, who one day made some loud complaints of this list, because two of the names represented the wives of two Chamberlains. "Ladies who have been presented, I see often at the Tuileries," said he; "at the Hôtel de Ville I wish to see only Parisian faces. I wish to become acquainted with the city of Paris; do you understand that, Madame Junot?"

The Empress came late. The ceremonies of her reception were the same as in the preceding year. The ball was opened by the Grand-Duchess of Berg, the Princess Stephanie, Madame Lallemand, a Lady of the Palace, a city lady, the daughter or wife of one of the Mayors, and myself. I cannot remember the partners of all these ladies, but I danced with the Grand-Duke of Berg, or rather walked, for I dared not exert myself further.

One cause in particular had greatly contributed to dampen my spirits on this occasion, so joyous to others, and in which certainly I was at the height of my feminine glory, and receiving flattery enough to have made me forget any circumstances less painful than those which at that moment were opening before me. Junot was about to quit Paris in expiation of the fault he had committed in listening to gracious words and returning tender looks. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Observation of the Gironde, now assembling at Bordeaux and Bayonne.

This was undoubtedly an important command, but nothing could compensate Andoche for the Government of Paris under the circumstances of the case. Accordingly, he was in a condition bordering upon despair when he brought me this information. He would refuse the new appointment — he would resign the governorship of Paris — in short, he was in that state of violent excitement from which my voice only could relieve him. I spoke to him and consoled him, though my own heart was deeply wounded. I perceived the intention of punishment in this decision of the Emperor's. I dared not

say so, however, to Junot, for we had had already some painful scenes on this subject, and I felt that it would be ungenerous now to twit him with my previous warnings that it must come to this.

A man never liked by Junot, or any other military officer, I believe, also exerted an unfriendly influence upon his prospects. I allude to the Duc de Feltre, the Minister at War (formerly General Clarke). I knew Junot's feelings in regard to the degree of obedience due to the Minister at War, and that the Emperor had been sometimes called upon to stretch, as it were, his scepter between them, and I dreaded to see him engage in a struggle so likely to have an unfortunate issue, but from which it could hardly be expected that he would refrain in the course of a campaign undertaken with repugnance.

How Clarke had contrived to make himself so generally disliked, I know not, but of ten persons questioned as to their degree of regard for him, nine answered negatively. Junot did not like him, and never professed to do so. He acknowledged to the Emperor his aversion, and one day, when Napoleon was recommending him to be more mild and amiable in his intercourse with the Minister at War, Junot cried out, as if transported by a feeling too powerful to be mastered: "Ah, Sire! can I forget the Army of Italy?" The Emperor looked at him with a smile of kindness. The springs of Napoleon's actions were inexplicable.

The fact was that General Clarke had been sent to the Army of Italy by the Directory as a spy upon General Bonaparte. Clarke was cunning; he did not see the great man in Bonaparte, but he discovered him to possess a character very superior to the myrmidons who employed him; knowing that in a period of revolution nothing is more common than for the most talented to displace inferior minds, without being prompted by one spark of generosity, he determined to take advantage of the opportunity to conciliate a rising genius, and revealed to Bonaparte that his mission to the army was that of observing and giving an account of his proceedings, but that he was wholly at his service. Treachery is always despicable, but there exists in all of us a personal feeling which makes us liable to overlook the treachery if it is perpetrated for our benefit. Napoleon

never esteemed Clarke, which the manner in which he had organized the functions of the War Office sufficiently proved. What was Clarke's department? To direct some movements of the troops and sign some appointments. And even in these particulars the Major-General was privileged to communicate directly with the Emperor. The Minister at War had then but little authority, and revenged himself upon the unfortunate parties who depended upon him, and as the march of the troops and their quarters belonged to his jurisdiction, Junot was obliged at first to hold some communications with him. "I foresee that they will be stormy," said he to me, "and that the fellow will injure me with the Emperor; but you will be here, and I charge you to watch his proceedings."

He intimated the same apprehension to Napoleon, and added: "Be assured, Sire, that your Majesty's service would be much better conducted if we had to deal with a man who was not at such perpetual variance with all of us; for you know, Sire, that it is not I only who complain, but that not one of the marshals can endure the impertinence of his manner toward them. I am a Grand Officer of the Empire as well as Ney, Lannes, and Murat; I am, moreover, your Majesty's first aid-de-camp, Governor of Paris, and Commander-in-Chief of a fine army, which your goodness confides to me, and I choose that General Clarke, whose functions under your Majesty are little better than those of a clerk, and who has never seen a battle except in the pictures of Bourguignon or Van der Meulen, should behave with proper respect to me, or at my return I shall teach him better manners by the smell of gunpowder."

"Monsieur Junot!" said the Emperor, bending his brow.

"Sire, I choose that he should respect in me, not his equal"—the Emperor smiled—"but a man invested by your Majesty with a great authority, and with your confidence."

The Emperor paced the room some time in silence, then, suddenly stopping opposite Junot, he said to him: "Well, to deprive you of all pretense for quarreling, I am going to give you a great privilege; I authorize you to correspond with myself; the Chief of your Staff will correspond with Clarke. Are you content now?"

I have often said that in such moments Napoleon might soften steel. Junot took his hand and pressed it, but it was some moments before he was able to say: "I can only promise my blood for so much goodness!"

I shall never forget the impression which the Emperor's order to go and assume the command of the army of the Gironde made upon Junot. "So, then, you exile me!" he said to Napoleon in a tone of affliction, which sensibly affected the Emperor; "you send me from Paris at the moment of your return to it! What more could you have done had I committed a crime?" "You have not committed a crime, but you have erred. It is necessary that you should be absent for some time from Paris, to silence the reports which have long been current respecting my sister and you. I defy any human being to persist in spreading them when the confidential service with which I am intrusting you becomes known. You will correspond only with me; you will continue Governor of Paris. Come, my old friend . . . the Marshal's *bâton* is yonder." He held out his hand, which Junot seized and wept like a child, still repeating: "And yet you remove me from you!" "But I am at this moment in no danger," replied the Emperor, affected by Junot's emotion. "You will only lose a few *fêtes*, and you have had dancing enough in my absence. Come, my friend, take courage. It is an important post that is confided to you. I was on the point of giving it to Lannes or Murat; then, remembering that you had been deprived of your share of glory in the last campaign, I wished to make you amends. Believe me, the true reason of your appointment is my solicitude for your own honor."

When Junot repeated this conversation to me I did not remark to him what principally struck me, because in my opinion the Emperor was desirous of administering balm to the wound. How skillful he was! how well he knew the hearts of men! Junot had gone to him in despair, he left him comforted, and ready to shed the last drop of his blood to add one leaf to Napoleon's triumphal Crown.

As soon as Junot had made up his mind to accept the command of the Army of Observation of the Gironde, the ultimate destination of which was at this period

known only to himself, he hastened the preparations for his departure. I saw that he quitted Paris with extreme reluctance; and though he could not acknowledge to me the true cause of this sorrow, I guessed it, and pitied him; but I can never forgive her who was the cause of his disgrace (for disgrace it was to him, however gilded), and who had not greatness of mind sufficient to acknowledge that all the fault was on her side.

I was afterward made acquainted with every secret feeling of Junot's heart; of that noble heart which never conceived a deceitful thought or a malicious plan to destroy the innocent. I knew how generously he kept silence, and I shall follow his example in what concerns myself. But I owe it to his memory to unveil the manœuvers which were put in practice to secure him in Murat's interests in the terrible hypothesis of a misfortune happening to the Emperor in one of his military absences,—at least, at that time it was only in this contingency that it became habitual to consider Murat seated upon Napoleon's chair, mounting his horse—Murat, in short, as Master of France.

The marriage of Prince Jerome with a German Princess was now much spoken of. There were Archduchesses, but they were too young; there were Grand-Duchesses, but their mothers would not give them to France, not even to its supreme Chief; conjectures were numerous, but no certainty was obtained until the Emperor himself announced the approaching marriage of Prince Jerome with the Princess Catherine, daughter of the reigning King of Wirtemberg. The dominions of Hesse Cassel, Brunswick, Fulda, Paderborn, and the greater part of Hanover, had just been united to create the kingdom of Westphalia.

It was pretty loudly said that the bridal pair were to reign over it, but the Emperor did not explain his intentions, and it did not answer to make guesses at them in his presence. But while the subjects of this new State were waiting a king of the Emperor's choice, he sent them a Regency composed of the Councilors of State,—Beugnot, Siméon, Jollivet, and General Joseph Lagrange.

Some sensation was excited in the interior of France at this time by the suppression of the Tribunate, which

the Emperor had felt to be a restraint upon him ever since the coronation. The repeated opposition of this body to his will, especially in respect to the Legion of Honor, and to the establishment of the Empire itself, had given him an antipathy to it; he never took such antipathies on slight grounds, but they were generally, as in the present instance, irrevocable sentences of death. Every time that the preparatory discussion of a new law was brought before the Chamber of the Tribunate, a host of difficulties arose, which always renewed the Emperor's discontent.

The moment, then, that he thought himself strong enough to carry measures according to his will, he joyfully suppressed the Tribunate; ordaining that in future the proposed laws should be discussed by three Committees of finance, of administration, and of legislation, taken from the Legislative Body. Another *senatus consultum* of the same day made a great inroad upon the political rights of Frenchmen by decreeing that no one could be elected a deputy under the age of forty years.

The army, notwithstanding the Emperor's absence, continued its career of conquest. Marshal Brune took Stralsund, and the island of Rugen fell into our hands. The King of Prussia closed the Baltic against English commerce; and England, so attacked, must soon have bowed before the iron will of Napoleon. It is a remarkable circumstance that the English, attacked on all sides and abandoned by all, made no effort to relieve Gustavus, their only remaining ally, but suffered him to be overcome, while they abandoned themselves to internal intrigues and to a cunning and sordid policy, the evidence of weakness. At this time England was weak, for the attack upon Copenhagen must not be considered as a proof of strength in her government. A really strong government commits no act of baseness, and the bombardment of Copenhagen certainly was one, and equally impolitic.

Then appeared that proclamation, as it may be called, for it had nothing of the nature of a diplomatic note, in which Napoleon proscribed all connection, political or commercial, with England; he added in this State paper, one of those which most decisively announced his domineering will, that among the Continental Powers in alli-

ance with him there was one which must be punished for its duplicity. He threatened the Prince Regent of Portugal with deposition, and from that moment his fate was known.

A treaty of alliance immediately followed the bombardment of Copenhagen; the Danish King, in his wrath, would, I believe, have sold his people to obtain the means of vengeance. At the same time the Emperor Alexander, for whom I acknowledge a great predilection, and whom I believe to have long acted honestly with us, proclaimed anew the famous armed neutrality, the masterpiece of Catherine's wisdom. He also issued a manifesto filled with wise reasons in justification of this measure. I shall always believe that the Emperor Alexander would long have been the sincere friend of France if Napoleon would have permitted him.